Personal Holiness and Ministerial Efficiency.

A SERMON.

BY REV. B. W. GORHAM.

"Be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord."—ISAIAH lii. 11.

THE chapter from which this text is quoted contains a most animated prophecy of the gladsome return of the Jews from the captivity in Babylon. Isaiah, as was his custom, represents the scene as actually transpiring before his eyes. The messenger of deliverance comes with feet "beautiful upon the mountains," exclaiming, "Shake thyself from the dust, arise and sit down, O Jerusalem," [people of Jerusalem,] "loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O, captive daughter of Zion. For thus saith the Lord, Ye have sold yourselves for naught, and ye shall be redeemed without money." "Thy God reigneth." Then comes the bustle of preparation for the departure from Babylon, in the midst of which the cry is heard, "Depart ye, depart ye, go ye out from thence, touch no unclean thing, go ye out of the midst of her." But the people are not only allowed to depart with their substance, and with supplies for the rebuilding of Jerusalem, but the vessels of the Lord's house, which had been taken away, are now to be returned. These, as was meet, are to be borne forth by the priests of the Lord; and the prophet directs the language of the text to them as they are about to take up the same burden, and bear it back to the Holy City. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord."

This striking view of the deliverance of his people through Cyrus, whom he calls God's shepherd, immediately transports his thought to *that other deliverance*—the deliverance from sin—through *that other* and *greater Deliverer*, whose "visage was so marred, more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men," whom he beholds "sprinkling the nations," while the kings of the earth "shut their mouths," dumbstruck at the teachings of his divine wisdom.

No violence is done, therefore, to the original scope and bearing of the clause we have selected as our text, when it is quoted and applied, as it often is, in a strictly spiritual sense, as referring to the importance of personal holiness in those who are appointed to sacred offices in the church of God. And we propose to fall in with this habitual use of the passage, and to consider the importance of obedience to the precept in a single light—namely, its influence upon *Ministerial Efficiency*.

But what is it to be thus "clean," or holy? We understand it to include, not only in general the progressive development of the graces of the Spirit in the soul, which supervenes upon a primal experience of gospel salvation, but also, and especially, that maturity of grace, that utter displacement of sin from the nature toward which this progressive sanctification tends. In other words, we mean that state of grace particularly, which is indicated in the Scriptures by the phrases "perfect in love"—"perfect in Christ Jesus"—"perfecting holiness"—"sanctify you wholly"—"cleanse us from all unrighteousness"—"pure in heart"—"Be ye holy"—"be perfect," and which, as a state to be distinguished from earlier and lower conditions of the mind, is set forth by the metaphors of "*fathers*," as distinguished from "children," and "young men," and of "*the full corn in the ear*," as distinguished from the "blade," and "the ear."

Holiness is God's image, fully developed in all its lines, in the soul—a certain agreement and coincidence with God, on the part of the soul who has it, with respect to moral condition, volitions and affections. This agreement has respect to condition, for it supposes the actual absence of sin, in fact and in principle, through grace, from the nature of the wholly sanctified man; it has respect to the volitions, for it supposes the soul to be a living echo of the will of God so far as that will is known, and it has

respect to the affections, for it supposes them instinctively and steadily to reject sin, and to pursue whatsoever things are pure.

Entire holiness, when we use the terms in their lowest sense, without any allusion to the fulness of God, or to those wonderful manifestations of the divine glory, with which God visits, at times, the souls of his peculiar people, is simply the perfect purification of the soul from the pollution of sin through the power of the Holy Spirit. It is being "cleansed from all unrighteousness;" "pure in heart;" "sprinkled with clean water."

Thus far, then, you perceive the work to be rather negative than positive; since the idea of purity is rather an idea of the removal of something, namely, impurity, *from* the soul than of the introduction of any thing *into* the soul. As a matter of fact, however, impurity is only expelled from the soul by the power of the Holy Spirit working *in* the soul. Still it is good to keep the simple idea of *purity* before the mind when we speak of holiness, that being the Bible idea of that state.

Holiness is union with God in the sense of *agreement*—such agreement as leads the heart to regard with approval and delight all that God says; giving unhesitating credence to all the doctrines and narratives of his word, bowing with meek consent of the will to all the precepts of his law, and trusting, with childlike confidence, all his promises.

Again, holiness is union with God, in the sense of *communion* and *intercourse;* the purified heart habitually unbosoming itself, with frankness, before its heavenly Father, and receiving from him those refreshing cordials of grace, which afflictions, or ignorance, or weakness, may render necessary to it. Holiness establishes, therefore, a sort of companionship between God and man; not, indeed, a companionship of equality, in which communications are supposed to be reciprocal in kind between the parties; but a union of far greater advantage to man; the sweet intercourse between sovereign and subject, guardian and ward, teacher and pupil, parent and child.

Once more. Holiness is the primal, characteristic attribute of all the inhabitants of the celestial world. By the act of God, it is the test of our witness for heaven, while, in its nature, it is indispensable as a qualification for celestial society and joys. Says an eminent living writer, "Holiness, by the constitution of its ever-blessed Author, produces happiness under all external circumstances indifferently; among the friends or enemies of God; in physical ease or suffering; in the body or out of it; among the sons of earth, or the sons of heaven. But, in doing this, it constitutes the mere meetness for reward. The reward itself is a valuable consideration not naturally belonging to it as an effect to a cause, but appended to it by the positive act of God."

"Holiness is the signet and mark of approval and sonship with God, the possession of which erects the pure of all the universe into a class, distinguished from all others by the character it gives them, who, collectively, by the will of God, appropriate to themselves, as a society, the title, "*Family of God.*"

To pursue this thought a little. Every family is supposed to have a *home;* thus "the city that hath foundations," "the New Jerusalem," "the kingdom of heaven," "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and the like, are phrases appropriated in Scripture to denote the ecstatic and everlasting dwelling-place of a holy God, holy angels, and holy men. Whether, therefore, an angel of love minister for a time on earth, to one who shall be an heir of salvation, or a holy man tabernacle in clay, the cases are substantially alike; both are absent from home, both are on duty in a foreign land, they are alike strangers and pilgrims on the earth, and the angel can say, with no more propriety than the man, "I look for a city that hath foundations"—"I desire a bet-

ter country"—"my conversation is in heaven."

Such is holiness, and such are some of its direct and incidental results to its possessor. Its influence, when fully possessed by a gospel minister, in promoting his efficiency, we come now to consider.

It is a truth fundamental to such investigations, that each of the avocations has its peculiarity—its characteristic feature, by which it is distinguished from all other callings. This being true, it follows that there is needed a corresponding peculiarity in him who devotes himself to any one of them. Accordingly, there is demanded, —in the sailor, *agility*—in the porter, *strength*—in the magistrate, *judgment*—in the teacher, *learning*—in the legislator, *political wisdom*; and certainly, for equal reasons, in the gospel minister, holiness. But to particularize:

1. Holiness inspires a *genuine zeal* for the glory of God. It would, perhaps, startle many ministers to know how little real zeal for God they have; to learn precisely the character of the motives which impel them in their work. Says the late Dr. Olin, "It is not always easy to practise beneficence and charity, to exert the highest public, or social, or private virtues, without having—whether we will or not—some reference to the returns which we are likely to receive, in the form of gratitude, or reputation, or public confidence, or posthumous fame. This selfishness, to whatever extent it mingles with our motives, not only produces a sense of self-degradation, but it is, in fact, degrading to our performance and character; and so largely does this debasing alloy enter into our spirit and conduct, and so utterly impossible is it to exclude it altogether, without some more potent exorcism than mere human virtue can summon to its assistance, that most men, after some vain struggles against its occult, malignant influence, yield to its dominion, and become satisfied with doing their duty, without much concern about the motive. Under such circumstances, it is but too obvious that virtue has nothing left besides its form and its name. It has no longer any power to purify, etherealize and exalt our nature. It is a mere earthly thing, a matter of business, a balancing of interests and conveniences, a skilful and comprehensive solution of the question, How can we take the best care of ourselves? Now he who has so put on Christ as to be made perfect in love, has found a perfect antidote for all this. Love is the perfecting of the law, and this is a motive from which self is wholly excluded. We work, we suffer, we live for another, even for Him who died for us, and rose again. When we have fully put on Christ, then is love made perfect, and all fear and all selfishness are fully cast out. Disenthralled from all low, personal ends, and seeking only how we may please Christ, we enter upon a high, holy career of virtue, which can never know the taint of worldly maxims; which finds its model, its resources, and its ends, in Jesus Christ our Lord. Gratitude, love, loyalty; these are the motives by which all heaven is swayed. They impel the angels onward in their career, and yet more the spirits of just men made perfect. Indeed, heavenly pursuits, and enjoyments, and virtues, are no other than those into which the good man is introduced when he thus puts on Christ; the remote and invisible parts of the orbit in which he has already begun to move.

Entire purity of heart is never enjoyed but in connection with a love to God so abounding and intense as to fill the soul's capacities, and move it in his service with heroic vehemence; and it is ever accompanied with a yearning, tender love for the souls of men which binds its possessor in sympathy with the perishing masses around him. The faith that brings it dissipates the fogs that had veiled, in a degree, the gospel from the view, causing that wonderful system of means, organized by the mind of God for the rescue of man from hell to break forth upon the soul a living

and felt reality. The zeal of a heart thus enlightened and purified will be pure, steady, well-advised and strong.

2. Holiness saves its possessor from incongruities in his Christian and ministerial course. His teaching and his conduct agree. His life illustrates and enforces his doctrines. His whole agency among his people is a unit, conducing, in the entireness of its action, to the great end of his mission,—the salvation of them that hear him.

3. A truly holy minister is always ready, —always prepared to work. The opportunity to do something for a soul's salvation, though it arise ever so unexpectedly, finds him, *just then*, in a state of heart to improve the occasion to the glory of God. He is full of the theme of salvation. He is full of salvation itself. It is in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

4. Again, holiness makes a man watchful for occasions to do good. It leads him to regard men with respect mainly to their spiritual states and prospects; so that, where another might see only a gentleman, a citizen, a traveller, or a politician of a given school, he will recognize a spirit on probation for eternal life; and he will be forward to inquire after its present condition with reference to the great result; and, instead of wasting time in frivolous conversation, will labor, by every proper means, to draw a soul to Christ, or help it on to God.

5. The holy man is an efficient man, because he has *clear views* of scripture truth. This arises from several facts. The faith that sanctifies the soul operates as a strong spiritual light, disclosing to its possessor many delightful announcements and provisions that had escaped the notice of a less acute eye. The holy man, too, searches the Scriptures as no other man does. He pores over the page with care and toil, like one working a mine. He lives on the word. He "eats the book." He receives it into his nature, and thus experiences the words of Christ, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by *every word* which proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

Add to these, that the holy man, most of all men, has an *experimental knowledge* of spiritual truth. The struggles of his soul, that issued in the attainment of the great salvation, have brought him acquainted with the depravity of the heart, so as no creed on earth could teach him; and his conquest over sin through grace has established him in the truths of the promises, and the power of the gospel to save, so that, when he preaches of the riches of grace, he testifies the things he has seen, and speaks the things he knows. The meditative habits of a holy heart serve further to illuminate it in sacred truth. Sinful thoughts are painful to the instincts of such a mind, and it naturally thinks of those things that are true, and pure, and lovely, and of good report. The laws of suggestion, by which the mind travels from thought to thought, are known to lead minds variously according to their various characters. Thus, every thing reminds a filthy mind of some filthy thing, and every thing reminds a holy mind of some holy thing. The parables of the Savior, in which some common place occurrence is declared to possess a principle illustrative of some valuable truth in morals, or some great principle in the divine administration, are beautiful instances of the operation of the laws of suggestion in a perfectly holy mind. Now, in proportion as a man comes to possess the mind of Christ, he dwells in thought upon spiritual truth, and this habit conduces to the lucidness and force of his apprehensions of that truth to a wonderful extent. It is in these meditations upon sacred things that the Spirit of God, in fulfilment of the Savior's promise, guides a man into all truth; for "he shall take of mine, and shall *show* it unto you." Such a man has apprehensions in his soul which will be sure to tell, in the pulpit, of the holiness of God, the guilt of sin, the danger of damnation, the atonement, the adaptation of the gospel, the freeness of salvation, along

with animating views, and frequent foretastes of that exceeding weight of glory which is at God's right hand forever and ever.

Thus furnished, with what holy violence does he lay hold upon a sinner! With what effectual severity does he deal out the timely rebuke upon the lukewarmness of the church! True, the pulpit performances of such a man may possibly fail to rank very high, when considered merely as intellectual efforts; but they will neither fail to command respect, nor to secure results. He resorts to no tricks; no little artifices, of questionable propriety, to gain attention, or make an impression. On the contrary, there is such evidence of honesty, and such real earnestness in his manner, and there is something so life-like in his exhibitions of truth, as to render him, in some sense, an eloquent man. Indeed, he *is* eloquent. He has the very thing which is appropriately characterized "*logic on fire.*" His clear apprehensions of gospel truth make him a strong man, because to preach the gospel clearly is always to preach it powerfully. It is the gospel's *self*, in its unveiled dignity and glory which brings salvation, and just this he exhibits to his people, while he preaches in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. The exhortations of such a man, always hearty and moving, will be found at times overwhelming; for he has gone up into the high places of faith where his spirit bathes in the light of the Sun of Righteousness, which never penetrates the mists below, where his vision sweeps the eternal fields, and perceives motives to godliness immeasurably beyond what would have suggested themselves to his thought at an immature stage of his experience.

6. The *humility* of a minister, entirely sanctified, is an element of strength. He has learned a lesson of self-abhorrence, in his fearful struggle with innate depravity, which will be useful to him as long as he shall remember that he is purged from his old sin. 'T is painful to contemplate the defeats sustained by the gospel, through a little pride in the ministry. The unsanctified minister's heart betrays him often when just on the eve of victory. He sees the indications in moistened eyes, and pallid faces, and heaving bosoms, that the word of the Lord is taking effect in his congregation, and that many hearts are on the point of yielding to be saved. A little more clear, heart-felt, searching, evangelical truth will do the work, and these souls shall come to Christ. But just here pride steps in, and leads the man of God astray. Some term, some phrase, is used, which, though adapted to set off the speaker's ingenuity, or literary taste, or learning, is not at all the form of words to exhibit Christ at this moment; the result is, the attention is diverted from a heart-subduing view of Jesus to mere admiration of the speaker, and the added grain of spiritual power is wanting that should have turned the trembling scale for holiness and heaven. From all such mistakes and blunders, the humility of the sanctified minister saves him. He really loves, infinitely more, to exhibit Christ than to show himself; for, while he is filled with self-abhorrence, he is also filled with adoring love to the Savior.

But humility gives a holy man influence in another way. As nothing offends and alienates us more than vanity in one who seeks to lead us, so nothing pleases and captivates us more than humility in such an one. It is noticeable, too, that men are offended with the vanity of others in proportion as they are vain themselves. Especially does an exhibition of personal vanity in a minister sap the foundations of confidence in his sincerity. While, on the other hand, were the same man only filled with the Spirit, the same flock should readily yield to the godly admonitions of him whose whole deportment declares his single aim to be the glory of God. It is mainly owing to the deep sincerity, to the perfect humility, and to the simple-hearted and honest Christian zeal which such a man

exhibits, that he comes soon to have the universal confidence of men, and thus a thousand doors of usefulness are opened before him, which had else remained closed forever. Nor is he unprepared to enter them; for, if any man have a clear and thrilling sense of the truth and weight of the gospel message, 't is the man who lives in continual communion with the Author of it. A penetrating sense of the shortness of time, and the value of the soul, urges him on, in the diligent improvement of one for the salvation of the other. He apprehends the danger of sinners as arising from their depravity; for he has a most affecting sense of his own. The intrinsic value of holiness, the exceeding brevity of the period allotted to man for its attainment, and the eternal awards suspended upon its possession, all pour their tides of impulse through his spirit, and impel him on to mighty labors for the extension of the kingdom of grace among the tribes of men. Such a man is instant, in season, and out of season; he reproves, rebukes, and exhorts, with all long-suffering and doctrine; he watches in all things, he does the work of an evangelist; he makes full proof of his ministry.

7. Holiness helps a man's efficiency greatly, in the influence it exerts upon his studies. He who undertakes to live in a state of entire devotion to God soon learns that he can only do so by being, in the proper sense, an early riser, a temperate eater, and an industrious student. By the first of these, he secures time to study; by the second, he has both relish and aptitude for it, and, by the third, his intellectual labors are made available to the ends of his ministry in the highest possible degree. Nor will he pursue his studies as he formerly did. His relish is much keener for just that kind of reading which is best adapted to promote his usefulness; he, therefore, wastes no time in useless or pernicious books, while the freedom from inward disturbing forces, from unholy cares, solicitudes and distractions, which characterize the sanctified state, eminently fits him to be a thorough student, and a profound thinker.

This personal holiness promotes the efficiency of a gospel minister, because it bestows upon him great spiritual strength, because it inspires the strongest motives, and because it multiplies the opportunities for usefulness. If there is truth in these views, then it is true that nothing will answer in the stead of holiness, as a qualification for the Christian ministry.

8. But the subject must not be dismissed without a remark further. It is entirely obvious that no man will, or can, preach effectually any measure of Christian attainment materially above the level of his own experience. There are some in the church in every place, and they are the strength of the church, who, in the higher sense, are fully purposed to live godly in Christ Jesus. These persons require to be looked after, and fed, and nourished, and instructed with respect to their peculiar trials and temptations, and led forward in holiness as really as do the young converts in relation to justifying grace. It is a painful reflection, to a man who wishes to be a useful minister, that the very best of Christ's flock are the ones he is least able to feed; yet nothing less than personal holiness will give a man that ability. The minister who is himself fully saved, and who daily *knows* that he is fully saved, is he alone whose position realizes the idea of Jesus, when he says of a true shepherd, that "he calleth his own sheep by name, and *leadeth them out.* And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he *goeth before them*, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice."

This work of leading the people on *to* holiness, and leading them on *in* holiness, is the great work of the Christian ministry. Paul expresses it in these words: "Warning every man, and teaching every man, in all wisdom, that we may present *every man perfect in Christ Jesus*," and the Methodist Discipline conveys the idea in the rules for a preacher's conduct [see Part First,

Section 9] when it says, "Observe! It is not your business only to preach so many times, and to take care of this or that society, but to save as many as you can, to bring as many sinners as you can to repentance, and, *with all your power*, to build them up in that holiness without which they cannot see the Lord."

It is doubtless God's order that but a brief period should elapse, after conversion, before the young convert be made perfect in love. Between the hour of the sinner's pardon and the hour of the soul's complete deliverance from the remains of the carnal mind, the soul is in a sort of transition state, and the phenomena of its emotions and its exhibitions, are often dubious, or even anomalous. God does not intend that this state of things shall be protracted. It is clearly not for the glory of God that it should be. Hence it is that persons embrace full salvation during the first year of their Christian history more naturally, and are more apt to retain it, than are those who have long possessed religion without it.

Further, it is true, equally in the kingdoms of nature and grace, that infancy must grow or die. The only effectual method, therefore, for preventing apostacies from desolating the churches, is to lead on the sacramental host up to the heights of the delectable mountains of holiness. This work must be done, and it demands a holy ministry.

But to conclude—brilliancy is desirable in the pulpit, and it might suffice as a qualification for the preacher if our business were to gratify the taste merely or to teach men eloquence. Profound reasoning would do if we were only to teach men logic. A thorough education would complete our preparation for our work if we were mere school-teachers to teach the theory of salvation. But ours is another calling. The world is revolted from God, and is now in a state of actual hostility to the government of heaven. God, at an amazing expense, has made overtures to the rebels. They must accept the terms, or tumble into perdition in a few days. We are God's chosen messengers to convey the tidings of his mercy to the sinning and dying multitude. We are to pour the light of heaven into the gloomy chambers of these minds. We are to arouse the sinner from the stupor of death that is stealing over him. Ours is a great *moral* enterprise; we seek to reform the *characters* of men—to cure them of their hatred to God—to break their alliance with sin and death—to inspire them with holy aspirations and desires—to win them back to sympathy with heaven. We may well be assured that this is just the kind of work which he is ill qualified to do, whose own heart is but scantily supplied with the graces which he seeks to plant and rear in others.

That this baptism of the Spirit is recognized by the Savior as the essential want of the ministry is indicated by his emphatic instructions to the first of their number. "Go," said the Son of God, about to ascend to his Father, "go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature, beginning at Jerusalem." But what first is to be done? Why go not now a step of your vast journey over the earth—preach not yet a sermon in fulfilment of your great commission—you lack the anointing. "Tarry ye at Jerusalem, till ye be endued with power from on high." "I will send the Comforter." "The Spirit of truth shall come"—"the promise of the Father." "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence."

The apostles, thus instructed, returned to Jerusalem after the ascension, and it is said, "They continued with one accord in prayer and supplication." The sequel is familiar to you. After a few days thus spent in united prayer, the sanctifying Spirit came—came in a moment upon the assembly of waiting ministers—came in a baptism of fire, under the inspiration of which Peter arose and preached a sermon which resulted in the conversion of three thousand souls.

If the men who had been the personal companions of Jesus Christ for three years —who had listened to his teachings, witnessed his miracles, and seen him die—needed yet one thing more as the great prerequisite of success, is it not presumptuous and vain in us, who engage in our work in the absence of all those advantages, to look for any thing like general or apostolic success without the baptism which the Savior saw was indispensable to theirs?

No minister was ever eminently successful who was not also eminently holy, and, on the contrary, God has never left a man remarkable for his devotion long to mourn over the desolations of Zion in any place.

My Brethren in the Ministry—Will you excuse the liberty we have taken in thus addressing you? As Mr. Fletcher once said, "God once taught a prophet by an ass, and daily instructs his children by the ant," so we beseech you let not the obscurity and unworthiness of the author of these suggestions prevent a candid reception of whatever they may contain which shall be thought intrinsically worthy of your regard. The position and the work which God has assigned us are such as an angel of God might covet. Our opportunities of usefulness are greater than those of any other men in the world. Our work is upon human character, and consequently upon human destiny. We are constantly touching immortalities. Every day we touch a chord somewhere, that shall vibrate when the spheres are fallen. O it is a glorious thing, or else a very fearful thing, to be a gospel minister. And shall we—*dare* we, any of us—rest without the *essential* preparation for this work?

He that commands us to renounce the pomps and vanities of the world, and devoutly submit to the severest dispensations of Providence, was himself born in a stable, and first laid to rest, perhaps, on a little straw in a manger.—[John Heylyn.

A man of understanding is of an excellent spirit.—[Proverbs.

Believing and Knowing.

BY E. J. P.

THERE are but few words more important than the above, yet few, we apprehend, are really less understood.

Sceptical philosophy has attempted to make them synonymous, and prove that every thing is real, just so far as we *believe*, and we *know* just what we *believe*, and no more nor less.

This, however, is a great mistake. Using the term in a somewhat popular sense, what we know we *must* believe; but it by no means follows that we must *know* every thing we *believe*.

In scientific accuracy there is a marked difference between the meaning of these two words.

The one is voluntary, while the other (the appropriate conditions having been fulfilled,) is involuntary; the one is regarded as the work of the understanding, while the other is the work of the primary faculties. As to the different kinds of belief, we can conceive of but three, imaginary, rational and religious. The first is that act of the mind which regards the possible as actual or about to be so, without any suitable evidence; the second regards the possible as actual or about to be actual in view of appropriate evidence; the third, prompted by a spirit of voluntary obedience to God, regards the object of his faith as real, or about to be real, simply because he is commanded by God so to regard it, either with or without appropriate evidence.

This last is the faith of the heart, that which worketh by love.

The evidences in view of which, and the object in which we may believe, are many and various. Not wishing, however, to explore their entire domain, we shall confine ourself to two thoughts — Consecration and Sanctification.

What then is the relation of faith to these two realities?

An answer to this question involves the consideration of two prominent theories,

one claiming that consecration is an object of faith, while the other affirms it to be an object of knowledge.

The former, we believe, relies principally, if not entirely, upon two arguments. First, the heart is deceitful above all things and who can know it? Second, many seekers have *thought* they had consecrated all, but afterwards were presented with objects which they felt somewhat reluctant to give up; hence they define genuine consecration to be such a degree of voluntary power or momentum as includes the cheerful giving up of every object of present or future consecration that shall be presented.

As the advocates of this theory advance from consecration to sanctification, they divide themselves into two classes, one depending upon consciousness for a knowledge of our sanctified state; while the other relies entirely upon the Spirit.

Leaving this point, however, these two classes again unite in affirming that we are never to *believe* that we either have or are now receiving the thing sought until positive knowledge of its bestowment has been given either by consciousness or by the Spirit.

In reply to this theory it may be argued.

1st. If a knowledge of consecration and sanctification depends upon the Spirit, why may not the Spirit give us a knowledge of the one as well as of the other? and if this is *possible*, where is the reason or the scripture that makes it even probable that it does not give such knowledge?

2d. The scripture quoted evidently is irrelevant. It teaches that the heart of one man cannot be perfectly known by another, and not that we cannot know our own heart in its voluntary acts, much less that the Spirit cannot know and reveal it.

3d. So far from this, there are many passages that directly or indirectly seem at least to teach the opposite. Mark the following. Who knoweth the things of the man, except the spirit of the man (his own spirit). Again we are told to seek, knock, etc. Is it supposable that we are commanded to seek and knock, and yet not to know what it is to seek and knock? In other words, are we commanded to do what we have no ability to do understandingly?

4th. If the heart is a great deep, and, hence, consecration cannot be known by consciousness, we ask how, by the same function, sanctification is to be known? Is not the heart a great deep, after it has been sanctified as well as before? Perhaps it will be said that the mind is illuminated after being sanctified; very true, but is it so illuminated that consciousness can detect in every instance the precise source of all its moral state and phenomena? Can it tell the exact source of every moral impulse and feeling, whether they sprang from the world, the flesh, or the devil? If not, we do not see how mere consciousness can ever give us certain knowledge of our sanctified state.

5th. If, then, we are not in any case authorized to *believe* that we either have or are now receiving the promised blessing, until we have had positive knowledge to that effect, and if we are dependent upon consciousness for that knowledge, and yet it is incompetent to give it, who will tell us how long we must wait before we may *believe* that we are sanctified?

6th. Besides, if we are not to believe ourselves to be in possession of anything, without previous knowledge of such possession, and such knowledge is not given, either by the Spirit or by consciousness, to say nothing of *knowing*, we again ask, how long we must wait before we may even *believe* that we are consecrated.

7th. This theory seems to us self-contradictory, or at least very inconsistent, since it never finds fault with any one for believing that he is consecrated, when it is possible he is not; yet uniformly affirms that it is absurd to *believe* that a thing now exists when it is possible that it does not exist. Again, how is it consistent for this theory to exhort us, as it often does, not to believe we have received or are now receiving,

but *shall now receive*, when the very conditions in view of which alone the blessing can be given, may not *now* exist? It seems to us that the more appropriate language of this theory should be, Believe it is possible, or at most probable, that you will now receive.

8th. If this theory is true, what shall that justified or sanctified person do, who is now under peculiar trials, whose sun is so obscured that he does not *know*, for the time being, his real position? Must he, therefore, *believe* he is not a Christian?

9th. Again, what right have we to believe in the integrity or want of integrity of our brethren, since it is possible such integrity or want of it may not exist at the time we believe it! Indeed, if this theory is true, we shall be denied the privilege of *believing* four-fifths of all present realities.

10th. The case of the seeker may present a seeming argument, yet we apprehend it is only *seeming*, since it will admit of a very different solution. Whereas, if the definition inferred is correct, that consecration implies such a degree of momentum of voluntary power as includes the actual giving up of every object of present or future consecration, then final perseverance is the true doctrine not only for the sanctified but for the merely consecrated.

South Norwalk.

(*To be continued.*)

Can we have a Revival?

BY REV. JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

How many anxious minds are now revolving this question! "The ways of Zion mourn." The languid summer is past. The pastor has preached, preached honestly, soundly, and we trust energetically. But the congregations have not always been large, sometimes distressingly small indeed, and those scattered through the house of God have felt the oppression of heated and exhausted air,—seemed quite unable to rouse their attention to the elevated truths uttered by the ambassador of Christ. All but a few have demanded short services,—been quite impatient, if by any means the preacher has forgotten himself, and extended his discourse to an hour's length. The evenings have been short, and, under all the disadvantages, it has hardly been deemed prudent to present the altar; and, perhaps to be quite honest, we must allow that the preacher has not felt much like it. Unless his faith has been especially active,—unless he has wrestled long and earnestly in prayer before entering the sacred desk, and, in his preparations, deeply imbued his mind with the great and powerful truths of the gospel, he has probably yielded, without much vigorous resistance, to the enfeebling effects of natural causes. Pastoral visiting has been particularly disagreeable, and for the most part, neglected. Under these circumstances there has been no revival.

The prayer-meetings, class-meetings, and weekly lectures have been thinly attended. Quite the larger proportion of the members have been detained—found it inconvenient to attend—stayed away, indeed, some for good reasons, but it must be feared, generally, for the want of interest or at best under the paralyzing effects of summer heat have wanted tone and spirit for exercises requiring great heart-searching and transparent honesty. The few in attendance have borne up manfully against all embarrassments, and have many times found the grace of God strong enough to sustain them and make the place glorious. But there has not been enough of power to secure a triumph, and so there has been no revival.

But the heat of summer is past. Cool bracing air has revived the tone of body and mind. The people have returned from their summer excursions; the congregations are larger, the attention is better, the sermons are more searching and powerful; the week evening meetings are more fully attended, and all the devout are beginning to ask, can we not have a revival?

The exciting political campaign has

passed. For long months the minds of the people have been turned with intense interest to the question of national rulers for the next four years. In many ways this excitement has been unfriendly to the work of God. It has absorbed time and attention, crowding out the appropriate work of the church. It has given place to selfish worldly motives, and, we fear, even to sinful passions. Men, Christian men, have, in all probability, besides their duty as patriots, occupied time with political discussions which belonged to prayer, and so the work has suffered. But this crisis has passed, and the minds of the people are now comparatively relieved and quiet. There is no reason why our dear friends may not be at least as much absorbed in the work of God as they have been in political questions, and the minister of Christ, with strong hope, is therefore asking, can we not have a revival?

The pressure of fall business is over. Money making, in the right spirit or wrong, has occupied a large share of attention. The farmer has enjoyed the harvest, and the seed time, markets, prices, and labor have nearly absorbed him. Merchants have had *their* harvest time, and the excitement and peril of large profits are gone by for the time. The work is done, the profit and loss are balanced, and the actors in these stirring scenes are now comparatively at leisure. In most departments of mechanical and professional industry the engagements are met, the money is made or lost, and the people have time to go to church or elsewhere, as their inclinations shall lead them. Many of them have already found their way into the assemblies of God's people. Returning numbers and interest have stimulated the pious to ask, can we not have a revival?

Let us calmly and in the fear of God answer. Surely you can have a revival in your own church, no matter how cold and discouraging the past. But let us be distinct and special in suggesting the means upon which this result depends. We must in this article confine ourselves to a single view.

There is work for repentance—repentance in the church, and perhaps we may add, among the very best of the church. We believe a grand mistake has been made in regard to the past. You have thought the embarrassments surrounding you an excuse for your failures; that there has been hardly a chance for better results; that in some way the church has been quite excusable for delaying revival measures, and expecting no special prosperity! But, dear brethren, has not God required the hearts of all the people during all this time? Has he waived for a moment the claims of his law, or suspended the call to "all men everywhere to repent"? Has he consented that men should live in sin and be irresponsible during the heat of summer, or till the political campaign, or fall trade had passed? Have the thousands who have died in these times of feeble faith and worldly excitement, been less accountable, less in danger of eternal condemnation, for any such reason? Has God exonerated the church from responsibility for the use of heaven, appointed instrumentalities, until they could be used with more comfort and stronger hope of success? Alas! Nothing could be more utterly impossible. God is not changeable. With the sternness of a righteous judge, and the importunity of a benevolent father, he demands, at all times, the hearts and services of all men. The means of his grace have lost none of their power, and there has not been a week during all these times of wicked diversion and wild excitement, in which the means of a vigorous Christian life and of triumphant conversions have not been within the reach of the church. It is enough to know that God is the same, that the gospel is the same, that the Holy Spirit yet strives with men, that the throne of grace is accessible, and that, in different places, the most delightful revivals have gone forward, notwithstanding all these adverse influences. It is true God pours out his Spirit more plentifully at some

times and in some places than others. All of the reasons we may not know, but most evidently the church is so far responsible as the means and conditions of success are within their reach; and it is especially worthy of remark that not unfrequently, when the work does revive, the brethren find that they are using the very means which were just as available to them during all the time of their spiritual dearth!

No! we cannot throw off the responsibility. We have been wrong in all this delay. We have reason for godly sorrow that we have not been all and uniformly in attendance upon the private and public worship of God. We might have filled up the class-room, the prayer-room, the lecture-room, the church with attentive and prayerful listeners, and energetic colaborers, and thus diffused courage and spirit through all the enterprises of the church. We might have spent hours, every week, in careful reading of the Bible, deep, heart-searching and agonizing prayer for the revival of God's work, which we have actually spent in idleness or in worldly speculation. We might have done all this. We ought to have done it. We are guilty before God that we have not done it, and it is well if we are not already chargeable with the blood of multitudes who have died in their sins. We must repent, and bewail our neglects of duty heartily and with tears before God. Nothing else will answer. All our excuses and attempts at self-vindication are offensive to God, and will but enhance our guilt. Private members must repent for their inattention to duty and to the souls of others at home and abroad. Official members must bewail their want of earnestness, and faith, and power, in leading on the sacramental host to the toil and the battle. Ministers, yes, ministers of Christ, must repent that their faith has not been stronger, their love a brighter, purer flame, their studies have not been more devout, more directly in view of the glory of God, that they have not seized with more devoted energy the momentous truths of God's word, that they have not entered the sacred desk with more trembling awe, and deeper anxiety for the souls of men, that they have not preached "with the demonstration of the spirit, and with power," and gone from house to house with tears, warning the people to flee the wrath to come. Let this godly sorrow take possession of the church, in this thorough, subduing, holy power, breaking down our hearts, turning us away from our sins, removing as far as possible the obstacles we have placed in the way by our wrong doing during the seasons of pleasure, election and business, and then, *surely we can have a revival.*

A Voice from the far West.

PERHAPS a testimony from the wilderness, to the efficacy of divine grace in cleansing the heart from all unrighteousness, might not be unacceptable to those, who not only are striving to walk in the way themselves, but are anxious that others may walk therein, and find rest to their souls. The sentiment of a heart filled with divine love, is well expressed by the poet:

"The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace."

Possessed himself of a treasure which he sees to be as free as air, he feels an ardent desire that others may taste and see how good the Lord is.

I was religiously educated, blest with pious parents, and many means of grace; and, being of a serious, thoughtful turn of mind, I was early impressed with the conviction that I was a sinner, and must experience a change before I could meet death in peace. The Spirit strove with me when I was not more than eight years of age, and often have I been led to tremble under the word, and wished I knew how to become the possessor of religion. At eleven years, I attended a Camp-meeting with a resolution to seek the Lord in the pardon of my sins. I presented myself at the altar as a seeker; my convictions were

deep and pungent, and it was not long before the burden of sin was removed, and I was enabled to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God. The witness of justification was not as clear as many enjoy, but I had this testimony, that I loved Christians. A great change had passed over me; not only did my heart glow with adoring gratitude, but all nature seemed to speak forth the praises of God. I united with the church, and for two or three years lived a life consistent with my profession. After this, I lost that peace of mind, and became cold and lukewarm, but instead of returning immediately to that Savior from whom I had wandered, I turned to the world for enjoyment. My Heavenly Father however did not leave me here. He called after me, by his Holy Spirit, to return to the fold from which I had wandered, but long was the struggle before I regained the peace I had lost. After this, I lived like the generality of Christians, sometimes in the enjoyment of religion, and sometimes drawn away into the spirit of the world, though I still had a desire to serve God and get to heaven. When I was eighteen, I was favored with the ministrations of that dear servant of God, the Rev. B. S. He was a man of God, and I observed that the success of his ministrations grew out of the manner in which he enforced the doctrine of holiness on the church; for, when they became engaged in seeking that blessing, a revival was sure to follow. I was thus led to discover the need of a deeper work of grace in my heart:—there were many roots of bitterness there, which were the occasion of frequent backslidings. I sought at first to subdue these evil tendencies, these enemies of my peace, but as fast as I brought one under grace, another would rise up to trouble me. At length, I found I was utterly incompetent to the task, my strength was perfect weakness. It was about this time that our pastor appointed an evening in each week, for such as felt desirous of obtaining the blessing of perfect love, to pray for it, and to speak of their exercises on the subject. We were exhorted to look for it as a present blessing, to believe for it *now*. I saw clearly that hitherto I had been seeking it by works, now I resolved to seek it by faith. The moment I formed this resolution I became the subject of powerful temptation. It was suggested that it might be for others to enter into its enjoyment, but not for such an unworthy, sin-polluted creature as I was. Again it was suggested that, should the blessing be bestowed, such a weak creature as I could not retain it, for I had proved my strength to be perfect weakness. So long as the enemy retains the least place in the heart, he has hope of eventually drawing away the soul from the path of duty, down to perdition; hence let the resolution be formed to have sin cast out, destroyed, and his bitterest opposition is aroused. Notwithstanding these assaults, my purpose was fixed to seek till I obtained, or to perish in the attempt; for I felt that, without holiness, I could neither serve God acceptably, nor be prepared for the society of the pure in heaven. The language of my heart was,

> "I cannot rest till pure within,
> Till I am wholly lost in thee."

But notwithstanding I sought it by night and by day, in the sanctuary and in the closet, I had such a view of the exceeding depravity of my heart, and the dreadful nature of sin as viewed by a holy God, that I should have sunk in darkness and despair, had not occasional rays of light and love beamed forth from above, and invited me on. I strove, I prayed, I agonized. To go back, I knew was death! in going forward I could but die. I resolved, if I perished, it should be at the feet of Jesus. The tempter suggested that it was presumption for one so young and inexperienced to think of enjoying a blessing so far in advance of what even the older members of the church professed, indeed, beyond the experience of any, for I did not know of one in the church who enjoyed it. I resolved that I would go to the person whose experience seemed

to me to approximate nearest to it, (my teacher,) and open my mind to her, as I felt I needed guidance and direction. I did so, and received much comfort and instruction, and was encouraged to persevere.

Some time after, while alone in my chamber, praying for a clean heart, for that I felt to be the thing most needed, I took up Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul. As I read the form of dedication, devoting soul, body, and spirit, time, talents, all, both temporal and spiritual, to God and his service, for time and eternity, the thought occurred to me, "This is just what I need, if I could only believe the offering was accepted." I formally and solemnly made the dedication. I laid all on the altar. Again it was suggested—"but it is all through faith; without faith, it is impossible to please God." I tried to exercise faith, but found I had not strength even to believe. I began to pray for strength to exercise faith in Christ as my Savior. Strength was imparted, and as I continued to believe, simply to believe and look to the Savior, I felt that my heart was cleansed, emptied of sin. A calm peace overspread my mind, and I could look up through Jesus and behold my reconciled God and Father. I had but to ask in his name, and grace was imparted from moment to moment. Christ was the medium through which all blessings from the Father of lights descended to my soul. I had but to ask and have, look and live. Oh, how exceedingly simple is faith! We often overlook this fact, and thus lose the blessing. I continued in this calm, prayerful frame of mind for two or three days, living by the moment. My peace was as a river—all creation seemed to speak forth the praise of my glorious Redeemer; still I did not suppose that this was the blessing I had been seeking. On my way to prayer-meeting, I called on the sister before alluded to, and almost the first words she addressed to me, were—"Have you not experienced the blessing?" I told her I did not know, and related my exercises and feelings since I last saw her. She remarked, "that is it." I went to the meeting, still praying and receiving in answer thereto, strength to continue believing, for I felt it was only by faith we could stand. In the course of the meeting, I rose to speak and declare what the Lord had done for me. I know not what I said, but I spake as the Spirit gave me utterance. With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, but with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. The witness was imparted, a much clearer witness than I ever experienced of justification. My soul was filled with peace, solid peace and joy unspeakable, and full of glory. In contrasting my present state with the past, I could compare my former experience, when happy in the love of God, to a *flame* of fire, while this appeared more like the bed of coals, glowing, solid, permanent. I felt a sweet sinking into the will of God, a perfect resignation to the dispensations of Providence. I felt that I was nothing, and less than nothing, and Christ all in all. I was so surrounded by the divine presence, that temptation, or the suggestions of the enemy, when presented, had no power over me, nay, they were hardly presented, before they were instantly repelled by the Spirit of grace. I was not only filled with the Spirit, according to the promise, but the Lord surrounded me as "a wall of fire round about, and the glory in the midst." I enjoyed this witness of perfect love for many months without interruption, and my greatest desire with regard to others was, that all the dear followers of Jesus might be made partakers of like precious faith. True, I was not without conflicts with the enemy, but I found that grace was all-sufficient. If, at any time, I found I had erred, or gone astray in any degree, I returned immediately to the Shepherd and Bishop of my soul, and found that "he was able not only to forgive sins, but to cleanse from all unrighteousness." To him be all the praise.

E. A. C.

Texana, Texas.

Christ pleased not Himself.

(Rom. xv. 3.)

The apostle sets before us Jesus Christ, as the great example of self-sacrificing love when he says, "Even Christ pleased not himself." Even Christ! He who is "the first born of every creature," "heir of all things," "in whom dwelt the fulness of the Godhead, who is God over all, blessed forever;" even *He* pleased not himself, but sacrificed himself for the good of others. By this glorious example does the apostle, in writing to the Philippians, exhort Christians to consider the well-being of others. Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.

"Even Christ pleased not himself." These words describe his character. For the sake of others, he came into the world; for others he lived; for others he prayed; for others he wept; for others he died; for others he intercedes; for others he will come again. The works and words of every day he spent upon the earth, are a comment upon this beautiful picture, "He pleased not himself."

That you may realize to yourselves the unselfishness—if one may so speak—of our master's character, let us glance at that portion of his history which is embraced in the last week of his life; and see how, in the most overwhelmingly trying circumstances, he ever forgot himself in seeking the good of others.

A few days before his death, he entered Jerusalem as a king; multitudes met him by the way, and welcomed him with loud hosannas; never before had he been so honored or received. It was the only day of triumph he had in his life. He reached the brow of the hill which overlooked Jerusalem. "He beheld the city!" the city so long highly favored by God, and now about to perish for its impenitence; and that sight absorbs his whole thoughts. He thinks not of himself, nor is he attracted by the applauses of the people. His heart is with his eyes, and both rest upon desolate Zion. He weeps bitter tears, and his wailing cry is, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" weeping in the midst of his triumph over obstinate, perishing, malicious Jerusalem.

Behold him again the evening before his death, seated at the paschal supper with his disciples. What an utter forgetfulness of himself, what a seeking of the good of others does he manifest in all he said and in all he did! He does not ask his disciples to comfort *him*, to sympathize with *him*, though he was to be the sufferer. His whole time is occupied in comforting and instructing them. "Let not your hearts be troubled." There is not a thought about himself expressed. He warns, he exhorts, he instructs, he cheers his disciples; and prepares them for coming trial. He is indeed troubled in spirit; but it is when making the sad announcement that one who had been with him as his friend, is about to betray him.

The supper is over. His hour was come that he should depart out of this world to his Father. Yet, "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end; that love, like all true love, will stoop to do the humblest acts, in order to do good to the beloved object. We read accordingly that "Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he was come from God and went to God,"—what then? With the full knowledge of the glory which he had left, and to which he was about to return, and of the universal dominion which the Father had given,—yet oh! marvellous love, which seeketh not her own. He riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments, and girded himself, and poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciple's feet and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded! How true is it that Christ "pleased not himself."

Our Lord is in the garden of Gethsemane. He is about to pass through unheard of agony as our atoning Savior,—agony immeasurable, incomprehensible! But he thinks of the good of his disciples, while the "chastisement of our peace was upon him." He leaves them in order to be alone in his sorrow. The sight was too trying for their weak faith. "Sit ye here while I go and pray yonder." When he finds them asleep, there are no reproaches for their want of sympathy with him. How tender the slight rebuke. How mingled with it is the comfort, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour? the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Even Peter's special danger from overweening confidence is not overlooked by him. He would quicken him to watch and pray against temptation by the question, 'Simon, sleepest thou?" In all this he was mindful of the good of others.

The cruel band of soldiers led by the traitor approach, they surround Jesus. His first thoughts are for the safety of his disciples. "Let these," he says, "go away." Peter wounds Malchus. Jesus attends to the sufferer, though an enemy, and heals him! But he is at last alone and in the presence of his tormentors: all his disciples have forsaken him. He is standing before the high priest at early dawn, after his night of toil and horror. He is buffeted, insulted, blasphemed. Yet even then he thinks of others. He is yearning over the fallen disciple. He hears him curse and swear that he knew him not. "The Lord turned and looked upon Peter;" a look of pity, reproof, and love, which broke his heart with godly sorrow, and saved his soul.

Jesus is carrying the cross: the women of Jerusalem alone feel for him, and they accompany him on his way with bitter lamentations. But he will seek the good of Zion, rather than the comfort offered by Zion's daughters. "Women of Jerusalem," he says, "weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children." And he warns them of the coming destruction of their city.

Jesus is hanging upon the cross. Never was there such an hour as this in the history of the universe! Who but God can measure the greatness of our Savior's sufferings, when nailed to the accursed tree? "There was no sorrow like his sorrow." Can he think of others, then? Yes; the infinite love which brought him into the world in order to live and die for others; which enabled him for the salvation of guilty man to drink the cup in Gethsemane, and to endure the cross and despise the shame on Calvary; that self-sacrificing love was displayed to all around him, while "wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities," he thinks of his weeping agonized mother, and commends her to his beloved disciple, saying, "Woman, behold thy son; son, behold thy mother." He thinks of a dying thief who cries, "remember me," and gives peace to his troubled soul by the blessed assurance, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

And before he resigned his spirit into his Father's hands, he thinks of his cruel murderers, and cries, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

Such is Jesus. Well might the apostle say "He pleased not himself." And such is the "mind" that must be in us if we are "in him." "We, then, that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification, for even Christ pleased not himself." "Now the God of patience and consolation, grant you to be like minded after the example of Christ Jesus."

Let the enmity to the living God which is in our natural hearts, be slain *by faith in his love to us*, and then shall all enmity to our fellow men be slain also. Let God's love to us be shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, and then shall these hearts be shut no longer by wicked selfishness against our neighbor. Let us carry our Lord's cross, and then we shall carry our

brother's burden. "Hereby," says the apostle John "perceive we the love, because he laid down his life for us, and we ought to lay down our life for the brethren." "This is my commandment," says our Lord, "that ye love one another, *as I have loved you.*"—[Christian Miscellany.

A Negro Lovefeast.

At the close of the communion services, an hour was allotted them for relating the dealings of the Lord with them. The scene that followed cannot be described. We will, however, give a few expressions taken down at the time from sixteen successive testimonies:

1. A very aged sister. "I rise first, cause I least of all. Jesus keep me poor old woman through dis hard winter—he take care of me, good as anybody."

2. An old lady. "Forty-three years I been on dis journey. Glory be to God for de good are on de way; de travel of my soul am to cleave unto de Lord."

3. Aged woman. "I's happy to-day, but what is dis to what I shall be—only as de dim star-light to de sun straight overhead. We riding de storm now, but soon be in port. Glory to Massa Jesus."

4. A decrepit old woman. "I feels encouraged to-day. I's girded up my loins to run de race, and I'll habe de prize, if I habe to crawl on my old hands and knees ober de hard places."

5. Aged lady. "Five months I been afflicted; but Jesus been with me, when I could not get to you. Now I come to lay my shoulder to de gospel wheel anew. I's been lifting forty-seven years. I'll see de old wheel roll yet, tank de Lord."

6. Little trembling sister. "Glory to Jesus. Glory, glory, glory! My *tongue* can't talk, but my *heart* can say, Glory to Jesus. Glory, glory, glory!"

7. Middle-aged man. "I remember bery well when God, for Christ sake, forgib my sins. From dat day Jesus been my portion, my treasure, my all."

8. Young man. "I nothing to say 'bout reckon so, or may be so, I know dat my Redeemer lives. I know too he neber feed me on food dat made me sick. I'll be round Massa Jesus' table till get fatted for heaben; all up hill, but Jesus at the top. I want see how it look up dare."

9. Young woman. "I won't stop to tell you 'bout de road I come along, but *I'm here*—I'm on *de rock*. I's an old-fashioned noisy Methodist. I's going up to see de hundred and forty thousand, and help um shout, Glory, glory, glory to de Lamb."

10. Man about fifty-two. "I seek de Lord when a little boy—fader a sinner; moder a sinner. First, I go into de garret and pray little easy. I know nothing—say almost nothing—sometimes wait an hour like a Quaker, till de spirit set my tongue going. I keep close to Massa Jesus two or three years—he feed me well, and I get to be a big stout boy in 'ligious things. Den he help me to pray down in the kitchen with the old folks, and when my own fader and moder turn children and ask me learn dem to pray, den I no Quaker, but roar it out quick and loud. Children, Jesus can make you pray like de bishop."

11. Old man. "I very poor man; my paper good for nothing here, 'cause I han't got myself—but my paper good in heaven 'cause Massa Jesus 'dorse it for me. He good 'curity—his purse neber fail. Bless de Lord Jesus Christ."

12. Woman of sixty. "I's a poor old slave woman when God turned my darkness into light; but when de dungeon open, when de chain fell off, I felt like a little gal, and dis old cripple mighty spry on de foot yet."

13. Man of forty. "When I left de debil's army, I join Captain Jesus during de war; I'm on the march to-day. I neber surrenders. When de wind blow hard, I stick de closer to de old flag-staff. Keep the colors flying, bredren, keep the colors flying, ebery sojer hab a crown by-and-by. Glory, Hallelujah!"

14. Middle-aged man. "Eber since

Jesus turn my night into day, I lobe de day best. I going to de land whar dere is no night."

15. Little boy. "Mother told me Jesus died for sinners—little-boy sinners. Jest a little while ago I believe it. Now de *boy* here, but Jesus take de sinner. I lobe Jesus 'cause he make me feel like I'll fly."

16. The steward. "I's looking for de 'good old way de prophets went.' I see it. in it. Firm footing here. I'll go to glory in dis path. Yes, I'll go through glory up to heaven, and rest with Jesus, whar glory will go through me."

These are but a few crumbs from the colored lovefeast. We reckon there must be a powerful revival in any white church in the city, before sixteen successive testimonies will be heard indicating so much true piety and clear perception of Christ revealed in the soul—a present Savior from sin.

Death.

THE following obituary of one of our subscribers is communicated by Rev. T. Stow. "The pure in heart shall see God."

DIED, of Typhoid fever, at Parma, Jackson Co., Michigan, the 5th Nov. 1856, Mrs. Sarah M. Armstrong, aged 47, wife of Dr. D. W. Armstrong. Mrs. Armstrong was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a church, which she loved, and with which she had been connected some four years. Her life was that of a devoted follower of Christ. For the last two years, her piety was quickened into fresher and more vigorous life, greatly through the instrumentality of the "Guide to Holiness," a paper, which she highly prized, and of which she was a devout and habitual reader. She was a constant attendant on public worship on the Sabbath, and on the weekly prayer-meetings. These she loved with truly Christian fervor. When death summoned her to the spirit world, he found her dressed "in pure and white linen, which is the righteousness of the saints." On the morning previous to her death, she said to a physician, who was called in to see her, "I *know* in whom I put my trust; he makes my bed easy." Thus peacefully passed away from earth to heaven, the devoted wife, the affectionate and exemplary mother, the ripe and cheerful Christian.

Gospel Holiness.

[Re-published by request.]

BUT to return to the more definite answer which presented itself to my mind, in reply to the inquiry, how I, so unworthy, was enabled to be clear in the witness of this blessing, when there was so many whose piety I held in such high veneration were not? And the only explanation I could give was this: I have faith in God, and believe fully in the validity and feasibility of the plan devised by Infinite Wisdom by which the polluted may be cleansed: the plan in perfect consistency with the nature of its Author, is unalterable; the devotion that might induce its possessor to pass through the flames, or to weep tears of blood, cannot produce an alteration, or the least swerving from the plan laid down. By the right of purchase, God demands and beseeches that I present my body a living sacrifice; I present it, and am cleansed; I continue to present it, and continue to be cleansed. The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, with his garments newly dipped in blood, is continually present before the throne: and it is but to know that I lay all upon the altar, and to believe in the infinitely meritorious efficacy of his blood, in order to realize, with all the blood-washed company,

"Every moment, Lord, I have
The merit of thy death."

It is then, and then only, we can mingle in the song with the spirits of the just made perfect, already around the throne, and in the triumph also of those of earth, who, with robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, are momentarily rising upward in the strength of this faith. Who does not feel the impotency of human language when the full soul endeavors to bring out in words the transcendent blessedness of this conscious purity; when the soul exultingly sings, "Unto him who hath loved *me*, and washed *me* in his own blood, be glory," etc.; and yet, there are those

who, from a blessed understanding of its glorious import, are appropriating this confident language as most sweetly expressive of their individual experience—and still also there are those who have,—by the will of their heavenly Father,—an equal claim in the covenant of mercy, who, in the full belief of this truth, "God is no respecter of persons," yes, some even who by their devotion of spirit, as has before been stated, would pass through the flames, if called to do so, who do not possess this blessing. WHY IS IT THUS? Would that my heart were as a mirror, to reflect out in living characters the answer that its deep emotions dictate to the proposed inquiry.—May the spirit of holiness communicate the answer to every sincere, inquiring Christian who may read these lines, while, by divine assistance, I attempt a reply to the inquiry. There are, as has been said, certain unalterable requisitions laid down by the immutable Jehovah, which cannot be overstepped, however sincere or devoted the inquirers: these individuals have probably over and again brought their all to the altar, but they have not firmly believed that God would be true to what they have every reason to believe to be his nature, and accept the offering at their hands; they well know it to be the very sacrifice he has required, and that they could not even have brought the offering without his assistance, and still they hesitate to believe, because they do not feel that he has accepted it before they have confidence enough to venture upon the veracity of his word; he has commanded the sacrifice, he has declared his willingness to accept it, and still farther has given the ability to bring it to the foot of the cross, and yet they will not believe that he does receive, merely because some state of feeling, which has been pictured to mind as the result, does not immediately follow, or, more properly, precede it. The experience of many might be portrayed by what would have been the conduct of Abraham if, after having brought the offering commanded by God, he had concluded, instead of remaining by the altar, driving away the fowls from polluting the consecrated offering, to reason thus: "The fire of heaven does not come at the precise moment when my conjectures had anticipated, and though I well know that God has required this sacrifice, yet why does he not now consume it? Why is my faith thus tried, and do I of necessity thus wait, preserving this hallowed offering from the touch of pollution? And who can determine how long I may be required thus to wait in this disheartening suspense? Already the sun begins to retire; a horror of darkness comes over me; surely there must have been some mistaken views in my perceptions of the manner of this requirement." Not so with him who, to all succeeding generations, has been termed the father of the faithful; no! his enlightened perception of the immutable nature of him who had promised, forbade such views; we shrink even from the supposition of what would have been the inevitable consequence had he done as many Christians do under this dispensation of light; and yet they speak of their unbelief with a seeming complacency, or as of an unavoidable evil, where they stand comparatively as helpless aggressors! O that all who are seeking this blessing were fully awake to the sinful inconsistency of this unbelief! If Abraham had been guilty of even this one supposed act of distrustfulness, would he have been placed so prominently before us as the father of the faithful? And yet the Christian, with a revelation of the will of God open before him, day after day, is practising upon the same principles of unbelief; the younger Christian not unfrequently looks to the example of one older in profession, the member to the class-leader, the class-leader to one who should be an example in word, doctrine, and experience, and each feel themselves in a measure excusable from the example of the other. The mention of this reminds me of the dilemma of a devoted individual, not long since, young in the experience of this blessing,

who had returned from an experience meeting, where the beloved pastor, in the recital of his experience, had said that he did not enjoy the witness of this blessing. "Oh," said she, in distressing perplexity, "can it be that I enjoy this blessing, when Mr.——— does not?" The enemy made the well-circumstanced incident the means of nearly robbing her of her confidence; but grace triumphed.

And is it of small moment to be destitute of that faith whereby we may be enabled to realize momentarily (for it is here I find in my own experience its excellence most prominently to consist) the entire consecration and purification of body, soul, and spirit to him who hath said, "Ye are not your own?" Is it a small thing to keep back any part of that price which belongs most sacredly to God by the right of purchase, either by not being willing to part with all, or by the fearfulness of unbelief? To such as do not esteem it to be a subject of most momentous interest, may the Lord give to feel the force of the truth, "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord;" but to such as are waiting at the foot of the cross, feeling that the excellency of this knowledge is even more desirable than life, I would say, "You will find it in this exercise." Lay body and soul, with all your redeemed faculties, upon the altar; let the sacrifice be a living one; believe steadfastly that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness, covenant with God that you will believe this, his revealed truth, whether your feelings warrant the belief or not; be willing to live by the moment; you cannot breathe to-day for the morrow, neither can you believe now for any future period.—Remember, it is a present salvation received momentarily from above. Ask that the Lord write upon your heart the deep spiritual meaning of these expressions—a living sacrifice—the blood of Jesus cleanseth—and "as ye have received Christ Jesus, so walk in him;" for, let me assure you, that, though from this hour you may live days, months, and years, in the possession of this faith, you will find no other way than that of living by the moment; and though you were the veriest sinner that ever trod the earth, or were it even thus, that all the sins ever committed were placed on your head, yet such is the unbounded efficacy of the atonement, that it is but to place yourself upon this altar, that sanctifieth the gift, and you must be cleansed. The crimson stream, unbounded in its efficacy, is ever flowing. Reject this simple way of faith, and the most violent efforts of body or mind, rivers of tears, or the devotion of a martyr, will not bring you to the point; and though you will probably be saved as by fire, you will find yourself to have been an infinite loser. You cannot receive the full efficacy of the atonement apart from this faith, neither can you recommend it as successfully to others; and a debt of gratitude you owe the purchaser demands that you be his witness of the attainment of this grace.

It is this implicit trusting in God, with a resolute determination not to proportion faith to feeling; believing, if he permit your faith to be tried by a seeming delay, it is but that you may be accounted worthy of being a more victorious example of faith, which will produce a fixedness of purpose, and an established experience, beyond all expression glorious. And let the experience of one who has proved the ground here designated, and found it firm as the rock of ages, induce you, whatever your present unfitness may be, to come now. Look well at the terms. Holiness and sanctification most expressively signify the state intended; and you cannot consistently expect it unless you are willing to live in this momentary consecration: consequently, you cannot believe until you come to this point. Count the cost fully. Enter into the bonds of an everlasting covenant to live in the entire devotion of all your powers. This is the living sacrifice required. While you present it, "the blood of Jesus cleanseth." In the strength

of Omnipotence venture now upon the ground—and you will immediately find what you had thought to be the mystery of faith simplified. P.

Think of Jesus.

HISTORY informs us that, when the wife, father and friends of Tigranes, a prince of Armenia, were taken prisoners by Cyrus, and that, when Tigranes came to redeem them, Cyrus asked him with what he would redeem his wife, he replied, I will redeem her with my own life. Upon this declaration, Cyrus released them, and bade them return to their own country. Tigranes, after their arrival at home, asked his wife what she thought of Cyrus, to which she replied, I did not think of him at all; my mind was occupied by reflecting upon the goodness of him who was willing to redeem me from bondage by his own life.

What an immense volume of gratitude is contained in this, her declaration! Gratitude reigned in her bosom while she reflected upon the magnanimity of him who was willing to lay down his life in behalf of her who had pledged herself to share the scenes of earth with him. If the reflection of his willingness to save her from temporal bondage caused her heart to swell with exalted thoughts toward her benefactor, with what emotions of thankfulness should our bosoms swell toward him who has redeemed us, and has washed us in his own precious blood, and has made us kings and priests unto God forever!

We should continually dwell upon his name. Our thoughts should ever be centred on him, "who is the fairest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely." Our affections should always be drawn out toward Jesus, and the word of his grace—his name should flow in living accents from our lips, and our walk and conversation should clearly show to all around that we have been with Jesus, and have learned of him who is meek and lowly of heart. It has always been my conviction that, if there were more thinking about Jesus, and less talking about the faults and imperfections of our neighbors, things in the religious world would soon wear a different aspect. Dissension and strife would soon cease, and the benign influences of the Sun of Righteousness would soon be felt in every heart and family—"righteousness and peace would soon meet, truth and mercy soon kiss each other." AGATHOS.

The Unsettled Account.

THE following incident illustrates the "glorious riches of divine grace," and the particular providence of God. It occurred during a season of the outpouring of the Spirit, in which a "special meeting" was held by the writer while pastor of a church in C——, New Jersey. God had displayed his mighty power and sovereign grace in the salvation of a number of precious souls, and the good work was extending.

Seven miles from the village, "up in the woods," there lived a man by the name of John L——, who had a large family about him, and who was largely engaged in business for himself and for others. He was a simple-hearted and industrious man, whose honesty was proverbial, so that his word was as sacred as his bond. He was not religious; indeed, it was a rare thing to see any of his family in the house of God, and the Sabbath was generally spent in casting up accounts, or in looking over the fields.

Intelligence of the revival had reached the ears of L——'s family. His wife desired to attend the meetings, and as he had business to transact in the village, it was arranged that, while he was transacting his business, the wife should attend our meeting, and be ready to return with her husband at the close of the morning service.

She came to the sanctuary, and it was but a little while before the husband entered also, and took his seat in the rear of the house. God was pleased to accom-

pany the word spoken on that occasion with power to the hearts of many, and among these were Mr. and Mrs. L——. The strong, athletic woodman was under pungent conviction for sin, "the sorrows of death encompassed him, and the pains of hell gat hold upon him." His whole frame trembled with emotion, while "drops of grief" rolled down his cheeks in unchecked streams.

After the services, a meeting was held for conversation and prayer. Many remained, and among them, Mr. L—— and his wife. Soon he was sobbing like a child, and crying, "O what shall I do?" The whole assembly were moved to tears, while many a thanksgiving went up to God, for the display of his mighty power. We bowed in prayer, and besought God to reveal himself in mercy to the contrite, broken-hearted sinner; but the cry of anguish which came from the conscience-smitten soul, rose above the pleadings of the servant of God. It was the pleading of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" it was the midnight cry of the trembling jailer, "What must I do to be saved?"

Some hours after, he obtained relief to his soul, and rejoiced, believing in God with his companion, and then he rose in the midst of the congregation, and said, "My friend, I came down to this place to-day for the purpose of settling my accounts with Mr. E——, but, not finding him at home, I concluded to come to this meeting, not expecting to be interested or profited, but to pass away the time, and to meet my companion; but I bless God I was brought here. I had hardly taken my seat before I felt that God had a controversy with me, and that there was a *long unsettled account* between me and my God, which it was more important to settle than it was to settle my account with my fellow man. O how my sins rose up before me! My whole life of rebellion and sin appeared to crush me to the earth; but, blessed be God, I trust he has pardoned my sins, and blotted out my transgressions. Henceforth my life shall be devoted to his service who hath done such great things for me."

The next morning, Mr. L—— called all his family together, confessed with tears his neglect of duty to them, and asked them to forgive him, solemnly declaring that, by the help of God, it was his purpose to devote himself to the service of his long-neglected Lord. He was about to erect a family altar, and to offer his first prayer in their hearing. Such a scene as followed this address—which was altogether unexpected—is not often witnessed. If a voice from heaven had spoken to that household, they could not have manifested more surprise; they were awe-struck. Some of them sat with blanched cheeks; others trembled in every limb: the younger children cried through fear, while all fell on their knees, and the father, amid sobs and tears, offered to God his *first prayer* around the *domestic altar*.

The conversion of this man was a marked event. There was no doubt or uncertainty in the minds of any concerning the reality of the change. Men "took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus."

> "Great is the work, his neighbors cried,
> And owned his power divine."

For many years he was a most valuable member of the church, ready to every good word and work, instant in season and out of season, serving the Lord. He grew in grace, and ripened for glory. When the Master called, he was found ready and waiting, his lamp was trimmed and burning brightly. With joyful anticipation he looked forward to the day of "final reckoning," when he should be accepted in the Beloved, and crowned in everlasting glory. He has joined the church of the first-born in heaven, and his memory is blessed.

Dear reader, have you ever considered that God has a long *unsettled account* against you—an account made up of sins of omission, and sins of commission, sins in thought, in word and deed? Have you ever thought that there is to be a "day of settlement,"

"a day of final accounts," when the Lord, the righteous Judge, will come and reckon with all his creatures? "For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ." "God hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness." In that day, and before that bar, we must give an account of our stewardship. Are you prepared to give in your account with joy and not with grief? That day will be a fearful one to the unpardoned sinner. Now is the day of salvation; now is the accepted time to secure a settlement with our Lord, who is ready to pardon iniquity, transgression, and sin, and frankly to forgive the bankrupt sinner. Haste and come to Jesus, the sinner's friend. Cast yourself upon his mercy, and you will find, by happy experience, that

"He pardons like a God."

[Messenger.

The Physician's Delay.

"Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. When he had heard, therefore, that he was sick, he abode two days still in the same place where he was."—[John xi. 5, 6.

THERE is something very remarkable in that word "therefore." I feel sure that, if you had given human reason the fifth verse, "Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus," and asked for the legitimate inference, the sixth verse would have continued thus: "When he had heard, therefore, that he was sick, he hastened, and went at once to Bethany." But, as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts—and he "abode two days still in the same place where he was."

We can easily picture the intense anxiety of the sisters. Will our messenger reach the Lord in time? Will our urgent necessity appear? Will he come at once?

And when sufficient time had elapsed for his arrival, what painful and fruitful conjectures as to his absence! Jesus was not unmindful of their deep distress. Witness the serenity with which, when his hour was come, he fearlessly returned to Judea, where "the Jews had sought to stone him." Witness how, when he saw Mary weeping, and her friends weeping with her, he groaned in the spirit and was troubled. Witness how he wept and groaned again, though he knew that one brief hour would turn their mourning to joy. Still, with the keenest appreciation of all they were going through, because he loved Martha and her sister, and Lazarus, "he abode two days still in the same place where he was."

The reason is no mystery to us now, for we know the sequel. Through this delay, his mightiest miracle was wrought. Suffering saint, you are passing through the furnace. You know not what Jesus is doing now. You see not the bright sequel. Take comfort from the family of Bethany. For you, too, eternal blessings are connected with protracted affliction.—[Bickersteth.

The Smith of Ragenbach.

IN the principality of Hohenlohe, Laugenburg, is a village called Ragenbach, where, about twenty years ago, the following heart-rending, but also heroic, event took place. One afternoon, in the early spring or autumn,—my kind informant did not exactly know which, in the tavern-room of Ragenbach, several men and women having assembled from the village, sat at their ease, none anticipating what would happen on that eventful day. The smith formed one of the merry company, a strong, vigorous man, with a resolute countenance and daring mien, but also with such a good-natured smile upon his lips that every one who saw him admired him. Every evil-disposed person shunned him, for the valiant smith would allow nothing wrong in his presence, and it was not advisable to

have any thing to do with him except in a proper manner. His arms were like bars of iron, and his fists like fore hammers, so that few could equal his strength of body.

The brave smith sat near the door, chatting with one of his neighbors, I know not what; all at once the door sprang open, and a large dog came staggering into the room, a great, strong, powerful beast, with a ferocious, frightful aspect; his head was hanging down, and his eyes bloodshot, his red-colored tongue hanging halfway out of his mouth, and his tail dropped between his legs. Thus the ferocious beast entered the room, out of which there was no escape but by one door. Scarcely had the smith's neighbor, who was bath-keeper of the place, seen the animal, when he became deathly pale, sprang up, and exclaimed, with a horrid voice, "Good Heaven, the dog is mad!"

Then arose an outcry. The room was full of men and women, and the foaming beast stood before the only entrance; no one could leave without passing him. He snapped savagely right and left, and no one could pass him without being bitten. This increased the horrible confusion. All sprang up and shrank from the furious dog with agonizing countenances. Who should deliver them from him? The smith also stood among them, and, as he saw the anguish of the people, it flashed across his mind how many of his happy and contented neighbors would be made miserable by a mad dog, and he formed a resolution, the like of which is scarcely to be found in the history of the human race for high-mindedness and nobleness. Certainly his brown cheek paled a little, but his eyes sparkled with divine fire, and an elevated resolution shone from the smooth brow of the simple-minded man.

"Back, all!" thundered he, with his deep, strong voice. "Let no one stir, for no one can vanquish the brute but I. One victim must fall in order to save all, and I will be that victim; I will hold the brute, and, while I do so, make your escape." The smith had scarcely spoken these words, when the dog started toward the shrieking people. But he went not far. "With God's help!" cried the smith, and he rushed upon the foaming beast, seized him with an iron grasp, and dashed him to the floor. O what a terrible struggle followed! The dog bit furiously on every side, in a most frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith, but he would not let him loose. Regardless alike of the excessive pain, and the horrible death which must ensue, he held down, with an iron grasp, the snapping, biting, howling brute, until all had escaped; till all were rescued, and in safety. He then flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall, and, dripping with blood and venomous foam, he left the room, locking the door after him. Some persons shot the dog through the windows. But O, merciful God! what will become of the brave, unfortunate smith?

Weeping and lamenting, the people surround him who had saved their lives at the expense of his own. "Be quiet, my friends; do not weep for me; for I have only performed my duty. When I am dead, think of me with love, and now pray for me, that God will not let me suffer long or too much. I will take care that no further mischief shall occur through me; for I must certainly become mad." He went straight to his workshop, and selected a long chain, the heaviest and firmest from his whole stock. He then, with his own hands, welded it upon his own limbs, and around the anvil so firmly that no power on earth could break it. "There," said he, "it's done," after silently and solemnly completing the work. "Now you are secure, I am inoffensive. So long as I live, bring me my food. The rest I leave to God; into his hands I commend my spirit." Nothing could save the brave smith; neither tears, lamentations, nor prayers. Madness seized him, and, after nine days, he died; but truly he died only to awake to a more beautiful and glorious life at the right hand of God. He died,

but his memory will live from generation to generation, and will be venerated to the end of time.

Search history through, and you will find no action more glorious and sublime than the deeds of this simple-minded man, the smith of Ragenbach. It is easy for noble minds to die like Winkelhed, or Martius Curtius, the high-spirited Roman youth; but to go to the sacrifice with the certainty of death, and moreover being obliged to wait a death so awful, during long, fearful hours and days, that is to die not once, but a thousand times. And such a death was that of the smith of Ragenbach. Such a sacrifice the smith of Ragenbach made in order to save his neighbors. May his memory ever be sacred.—[Practical Christian.

Simeon and Wesley.

THE following occurrence is narrated by Dobbin, in reference to an interview between Simeon and John Wesley:

Three or four years after Simeon, whose name has since become sacred in the annals of the Church of Christ, was ordained, this young minister had an opportunity of conversing with the founder of Arminian Methodism; and, wishing to improve the opportunity to the utmost, he began to question him thus:

"Sir, I understand you are called an Arminian; now I am sometimes called a Calvinist, and, therefore, I suppose we are to draw daggers. But, before we begin to combat, with your permission, I will ask you a few questions, not from impertinent curiosity, but for real instruction. Pray, sir, do you feel yourself a depraved creature—so depraved that you never would have thought of turning to God if God had not put it into your heart?"

"Yes," said the veteran, "I do, indeed."

"And do you utterly despair of recommending yourself to God by any thing that you can do, and do you look for salvation through the blood and righteousness of Christ?"

"Yes, solely through Christ."

"But, sir, supposing you were first saved by Christ, are you not, somehow or other, to save yourself afterwards, by your good works?"

"No; I must be saved by Christ from first to last."

"Allowing, then, that you were first turned by the grace of God, are you not, in some way or other, to keep yourself by your own power?"

"No."

"What, then; are you to be upheld every hour and every moment by God, as much as an infant in its mother's arms?"

"Yes; altogether."

"And is all your hope in the grace and mercy of God to preserve you unto his heavenly kingdom?"

"Yes; I have no hope but in him."

"Then, sir, with your leave, I will put up my dagger again; for this is my Calvinism; this is my election, my justification, my final preservation. It is, in substance, what I hold, and as I hold it, and, therefore, if you please, instead of searching out terms and phrases to be a ground of contention between us, we will cordially unite in those things wherein we agree."

We print this because we like it. There is more in it than may be apparent to all at first view.

1. It makes the world-famed Arminian controversy hinge upon the only points that are really vital. We care little for the names under which theologians have marshalled themselves for ages; it is enough for us if the essential *things* are right, and in the right place. We enter into no argument here to prove that Calvinism means this, and Arminianism that. But, we do hold that the true gospel, in its practical bearings on the hearts of lost sinners makes these points, put by Simeon to Wesley, thoroughly fundamental. He who answers heartily in the affirmative—endorsing his own sinfulness, and his dependence on con-

verting and preserving grace—is radically right. He may be lame and blundering in his theories, and bungling in his use of theological terms; but, we shall rejoice that his experience evinces a humble, trustful heart, and can gladly join with him in praise of redeeming love.

On the other hand, he who knows not this saving grace, knows not the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Herein is that saying verified—"He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." The man who thinks he converted himself without an interposing God for his help, never knew his own heart, and still needs to be converted by the Holy Ghost. Pride and self-conceit may ignore that blessed agency that cometh from above; but we never could see how the humbled and contrite heart could ever disown or ignore it.

2. Real piety helps wonderfully to straighten and to keep straight one's theology. Indeed, it works to a charm. Let the soul only be kept low before God, walking humbly in the light of his countenance; —so walking, there is the least possible temptation to swerve from the simplicity of the truth in Jesus. Personal experience acts as a perpetual regulator and corrective against dangerous errors.—[Oberlin Ev.

A Lesson on Riches.

A LITTLE boy sat by his mother. He looked long in the fire and was silent. Then, as the deep thought passed away, his eyes brightened and he spoke:

"Mother, I will be rich."

"Why do you want to be rich, my son?" And the child said: "Every one praises the rich; every one asks after the rich. The stranger at our table, yesterday, asked who was the richest man in the village. At school there is a boy who does n't love to learn. He cannot well say his lessons. —Sometimes he speaks evil words. But the other children do not blame him, for they say he is a wealthy boy."

Then the mother saw that her child was in danger of thinking that wealth might take the place of goodness, and be an excuse for indolence, or cause them to be held in honor, who led unworthy lives. So she asked him:

"What is it to be rich?"

He answered, "I do not know. You tell me how to become rich, that all may ask after me and praise me."

"To become rich is to get money. For this you must wait until you become a man."

The boy looked sorrowful and said: "Is there not some other way of becoming rich, that I may begin now?"

She answered, "The gain of money is not the only nor the true wealth. Fires may burn it, the floods drown it, the winds sweep it away, the moth may eat it, the rust waste it, and the robber may make it his prey. Men are worried with the toil of getting it, but they leave it behind at last. They die and carry nothing away. The soul of the richest prince of the earth goeth forth like that of the wayside beggar, without a garment. Those who possess it are always praised by men, but they do not receive the praise of God."

"Then," said the boy, "may I begin to gather this kind of riches, or must I wait till I am a man?"

The mother laid her hand upon his little head and said, "To-day, if you will hear his voice; for he hath promised that those who seek early shall find."

And the child said, "Teach me how I may become rich before God."

Then she looked tenderly on him and said, "Kneel down every night and morning and ask that you may love the dear Savior and trust in him; obey his word and strive all the days of your life to do good to all; so, though you may be poor in the world, you shall be rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom of heaven."

It is not talking, but walking with God, that gives a man the denomination of a Christian.—[J. Mason.

The Guide to Holiness.

JANUARY, 1857.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

THE NEW YEAR.—Time is divided into epochs, and we mark its passage by noting them. These epochs are defined by the recurrence of the celestial bodies to their former positions with respect to each other; thus, a day is the time during which the earth whirls once round, as it flies onward in the heavens; a lunar month is the time which passes before the moon has resumed her former position in the heavens with respect to the sun and the earth; and a year is the period during which the earth makes one of her vast journeys round the sun.

This division of time is a useful arrangement.

It enables us to note its flight, and to note our own progress along the journey of life. New years' days are the mile-posts of the road we travel. Reader, how many of them have you passed?

It is convenient to have life thus divided into chapters and volumes. The review of the late chapter suggests "multitudinous corrections and emendations," which shall afford hints for the forthcoming one. The commencement of a year, to lay aside the figure, is a suitable season for *self-examination*. Here is another mile-post. Let me ask myself, Have I attained a year's growth in grace or love? in knowledge? in spiritual strength? in zeal? in courage? Have I done a year's work for God and the truth—such a year's work as God had a right to expect of me, in view of the time I have been in the church—my health, my financial condition, my social position, my intellectual advantages, and my religious privileges? Have I the witness of the Spirit that I am a child of God *now?* Do I know that my heart is cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit *to-day*, and that I begin the new year, loving God with all my heart and with all my strength?

The new year is a time *for thanksgiving*. Three hundred and sixty-five days are three hundred and sixty-five blessings, for any one of which, if he might enjoy them in these gospel lands, we may easily imagine Dives would exultingly leap up from his fiery dungeon. We have not deserved these blessings more than he. Many years ago our title to life was forfeited by sin, and though we may have repented, and, through grace, obtained the divine favor, and though we may now be purged from all pollution of our former sin through grace, yet present grace and present obedience cannot hope to atone for old offences. Let us thank God for the year, then—for every day of the year. God spared us to our families; he spared our families to us. He gave us strength and health and heart to toil, to labor, "working with our hands," and to prosecute our heavenly calling. We saw souls converted. We saw souls sanctified wholly. We saw some weary pilgrims pass from earth to heaven. Glory to the Lamb!

New year's day is a good time *for renewing our vows.*

God has led us on by wonderful expedients of his providence toward heaven. Our way has seemed sometimes strangely beset with difficulties before us, and, looking a little into the future, we could really see no way through; yet as, confiding in Jesus, we approached the obstacles to our progress, the mountain sunk to a plain, the vale, the morass arose, the crooked became straight, and the rugged plain. And this was done by *our God*—our *faithful, covenant-keeping God*. Surely he will be our guide even unto death. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our life, and we will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. Now, then, for a renewal of our vows. This God will never forsake us; and now, on our knees, let us swear unto the Lord our God the oath of everlasting allegiance.

"The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Nor cast his words behind."

This is a time *to reflect on our proximity to death and eternity*. Three per cent. of the human family die annually. Of all the many thousands of persons who read the Guide, the probability is, then, that several hundreds are just now entering their last year. Yes, brother, sister, "this year thou shalt die," this year thou shalt be buried, and this year thou shalt be clothed in white, and walk with thy Savior in paradise. Courage, brother. Before this year shall die, thou shalt begin the everlasting song. One or two more stormy days, and then eternal sunshine. A few weeks of decrepitude, aged father, and then eternal youth. Cheer thee, daughter of affliction and tears, a few steps only shall finish thy pilgrimage, for the chariot of fire is waiting to bear thee over the everlasting hills.

"Not this our Eden home,
Rocked by the blast;
Not this our beacon star,
Fading so fast.
Dark though the stormy hours,
Fleeting and short,
Bark of our stormy voyage
Soon is at port."

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

Under this caption, we propose hereafter to furnish our readers with such items from our exchanges as we may deem helpful to the religious life, and worthy of preservation. This new feature, when fully understood, we are persuaded, will find favor with our readers. It will give the Guide a more immediate connection with current events, while care will be taken that, in the selection, nothing shall be found to detract from its highly religious character.

RELIGION IN THE PALACE.—The queen has, of course, her official chaplains, men of personal piety and orthodox opinions, selected from among the clergy of the establishment; but, except on state occasions, their services are seldom placed in requisition. Prince Albert is, practically, the domestic chaplain at those times when the royal family are "in private." At seven o'clock each morning, not very much later than the hour at which a late occupant of the British throne, "the first gentleman of Europe," used to be conducted to his fevered couch, after the night's debauch, the queen, the prince, the royal children, and a few of the servants who are known to be under religious impressions, including, I am happy to say, more than one Wesleyan, assemble for the purpose of commencing the duties of the day with worship, which Prince Albert conducts, reading a portion of Scripture, and using a form of prayer. Breakfast follows, after which the royal children retire to their studies, and the queen and the prince address themselves to the official duties which their lofty stations respectively impose upon them. What with the transaction of business with ministers of State, and the necessary observance of the rites of hospitality toward foreign ambassadors, and other distinguished strangers, and toward the representatives of the army, navy, learned professions, and aristocracy at large, of our own country, the queen and prince have seldom or never a moment which they can call their own in the after part of the day, until long after the junior branches of the family have retired to rest, so that family worship in the evening is generally impracticable; but the whole tenor of their lives attests the sincerity and the earnestness of the religious emotions which prompt the morning sacrifice.

RESPECT OF THE UNGODLY FOR PIETY IN HUMBLE LIFE.—A FACT.—The Hon. ———, whose death recently occurred in one of our New Hampshire cities, formerly resided in an agricultural town some twenty miles distant. In the same town lives a pious black man, who has ever been noted for the purity of his life and the simplicity of his piety. His place in the house of God is always filled; his uniform cheerfulness and consistent Christian walk, make him an object of universal respect and love. Some years ago, the Hon. ——— removed to N———, where he occupied a conspicuous and responsible position in society. He was a man of talents and extensive attainments and influence. For a time he was a judge of the court, and several years he was one of the leading members of our State Legislature. But he was an irreligious man, was supposed to be sceptical, and known to be hostile to evangelical religion. But when this distinguished man was brought low with a consuming disease, he felt that he was not prepared to die, and that he needed the prayers and instructions of the people of God. To whom did he resort for spiritual comfort in that solemn hour? Not to any who had been his equals in the social relations of life—no, not even to distinguished ministers of religion. He sent a message to this obscure, unknown, illiterate, lowly, but pious negro to visit him. The good man repairs to his bedside to converse and pray with him. He gives him instruction concerning the way of salvation, and with affectionate importunity commends the soul of the dying Hon. —— to a God of mercy. He dies, leaving a legacy of $500 to his spiritual adviser!

AN AGED CULPRIT—SAD RESULTS OF AN UNGOVERNED TEMPER.—A man by the name of * * * Abram, was tried in Toronto, Canada, for the shooting of his son. He was found *guilty*, and, before passing sentence upon the prisoner, the judge, having asked him what he had to say why the sentence of death should not be passed, he took a paper from his pocket, and having put on his spectacles read the following address before the Court, in which a

death-like silence prevailed:—"My Lord, awful as my position is at this moment, I trust God, in his mercy, will give me strength to meet it. In the faith and with the humble resignation of a Christian, I hope, through the blood of my Redeemer, to be saved in the world to come. My life, my Lord, for years past, has been one of distress, and wretchedness, and misery, doubtless in a great measure owing to my own weakness and not exercising a proper constraint over a naturally vile temper under a state of excitement. I have no desire to live now, except to make my peace with God. I am not conscious, my Lord, of having had any intention to take the life of my son, although I do not murmur at my fate as I was, no doubt, the cause of his instant death. I cannot pretend to dispute or question the statements made by the witnesses, owing to the state of my mind at the time of this distressing and heart rending occurrence. I forgive my enemies, and I hope they will forgive me, that I may die in peace with the world. I have from my heart forgiven all my family for aught in which they have erred towards me; and I have disposed of all my worldly estate equally, or nearly so, among them, leaving a small sum only to the parish church to which I have been in the habit of resorting, and where I have at all times received great comfort and consolation. My Lord, I was sixty-four years of age on the tenth of July last." The judge then addressed him at considerable length on the importance of his attending to the interest of his soul's salvation, and of devoting the remainder of his days to making his peace with God, as he could hold out no hope, whatever, of a reprieve. Dec. 15, was fixed as the time of his execution.

Results of Ministerial Labor.—We have had the curiosity, says the Presbyterian Herald, to look into the Minutes of the General Assembly, with a view to arriving at the comparative results of ministerial labor, in the different sections of the church during the past year. Taking the whole number of ministers, the average result of their labors during the year was an addition to the churches of about five and a third members on profession of their faith, to each minister. If we take the North and the South, or the free and slave States, as the basis of the comparison, we find that in the North each minister added an average of about five and a half members, and in the South each added not quite five members. In former years, the comparison was in favor of the South. The average in the Western Synods was, to each minister in Kentucky, five; in Cincinnati, five and three-fourths; in Nashville, three and a third; in Indiana, five and a half; in Missouri, six and a half; in Iowa, three and a half; in Mississippi, four; in Illinois, five; in Memphis, three and three-fourths; and in Wisconsin, two and one-eighth. The uniformity of the results, in regions differing so widely from each other, will strike every mind.

A Powerful Revival.—Rev. B. M. Adams, one of our former contributors, writes to the Christian Advocate and Journal, from Monticello, Sullivan County, New-York, Nov. 10th, as follows:

"Of late, at a comparatively small appointment (Bridgeville) on this circuit, New-York, East Conference, we have had a wonderful revival, and it has been attended by all those extraordinary manifestations that attended the early Methodist revivals. Our chapel will seat about two hundred. But frequently, of late, it has been supposed, four hundred were present outside and in. We have hoisted the windows; and sinners out doors and in have cried for mercy, 'falling under the power,' 'slaying of the impenitent,' and all those things have been common. God be praised. The exact number of conversions and sanctifications cannot be fully ascertained. It has stirred up the whole country. Last evening, our church in this village (county seat of Sullivan county) was crowded, and the Lord was with us."

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

We have long felt the need of just such a department as is indicated in other periodicals by the title we have given above; a department in which we may be permitted, from time to time, to hold a more direct and familiar intercourse with our readers and correspondents than would be deemed proper in an article prepared for the public at large. Then, again, such a department will serve as a repository for many a stray gem which we occasionally meet with in our correspondence, that but for this would be lost; besides, furnishing a medium of reply to questions, which have more or less of a general interest.

We wish you all a happy new year.—Most cordially do we tender to our numerous readers the compliments of the season. In

doing this, however, permit us to remind you, beloved, that, in the fulfilment of the wish, much, very much, depends on you. The happiness of the year will not depend so much upon the circumstances with which you may be surrounded—your freedom from trials, afflictions, or disappointments—as upon the state in which you meet those circumstances. Said an aged veteran of the cross, long a witness of God's sanctifying grace, "I have three hundred and sixty-five thanksgiving days in the year." Accustom yourself to see the will of God in every event of Providence, and, by faith, learn his benevolent design in every chastening, and *you*, too, will be blessed with three hundred and sixty-five thanksgiving days.

THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.—We love to trace the progress of the principles we advocate, not only in our own Zion, but among other evangelical denominations. Believing that those principles are founded on truth, we have not a doubt of their ultimate triumph; and it is greatly strengthening to our faith to see the rapidity of their progress. Of course, we view the thing from our own particular standpoint, yet we think our position as favorable in forming an estimate as any we could occupy. Not only have we been permitted to see the subscription list of our periodical trebled during the last five years, but the literature which has been properly identified with our cause has met with a remarkable sale. Mrs. Palmer's Way of Holiness, and Faith and its Effects, together with Caughey's Revival Miscellanies, and some other works, have all reached, and even gone beyond, their fortieth thousand, while Mrs. Palmer's recent work, Incidental Illustrations, Caughey's Earnest Christianity, and Dr. Peck's late work, "The Central Idea of Christianity," together with the works of Dr. Upham, have already attained a full average sale with religious books in general. The public demand for works of this character is indicative of a growing interest. Judging from the past and present, we have large hopes for the future. HOLINESS is destined yet to triumph over these lands. The Lord hasten it in his time.

CONTRIBUTORS will please accept our thanks for the past, and continue to favor us with their productions. God is blessing your labors to thousands whom you will never see in the flesh. Believing you have the interest of the cause at heart, we will venture to repeat a word of exhortation, which we have taken the liberty to give before. Beloved, write *in the spirit*. If we need its aid in speaking, we need it in writing. Get your hearts aglow with God, and write what a baptized heart will dictate. Again, write *short*. There are some communications which cannot be, and probably should not be, curtailed. But these are the exceptions. Most that is written should be pruned and repruned, until very much reduced in size. Your own experience as a reader will suggest to you how much more readily a short article is read than a long one. We have something to say to another class of contributors—such as write but seldom; but we must defer it to another time. We have several communications on file, which will appear as they are needed.

THE SERMON in our present number is somewhat lengthy, but well worthy a prayerful perusal. May God bless it to those whom it is intended to benefit!

AGENTS, SUBSCRIBERS, FRIENDS, ALL do something for the enlargement of our list. We have not the appliances and back support of church organization, such as the American Tract, Bible and Sunday School Societies, or denominational book establishments. We rely wholly, under God, on the lovers of purity, by whatever name they may be known. Increase our means of usefulness, beloved, by enlarging our circle of readers. Let every one do *something*.

Book Notices.

WE have received from the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, *Depository No. 13 Cornhill*, the following Sabbath School Books.

Home Scenes in the Norwood Family. The story of a family who spent their evenings in useful conversation. The facility with which truth may be unfolded to childhood by a pious mother is beautifully brought out in a most interesting narrative.

Esther; or, the Dutiful Grandchild. A sweet story, showing the sacrifices and trials that must be frequently encountered in the path of obedience, but the blessed reward that is sure to crown it at

Recollections of my Native Village, by a Wanderer. A story of real life, full of instructive and touching incident.

A Mother's Portrait, or The Model Mother.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. PALMER.

O EVER when that loved one smiled,
It wakened every tender feeling,
For, angel-like, she watched her child,
Like love upon his heart-strings stealing;
A band of heaven-plumed spirits gazed,
And longed to take a prize so glorious;
They lingered round with wing upraised,
Till God gave leave;—and then victorious
She soared afar o'er sin and care:
And now in Heaven's own songs she's vying;
But sure my mother loves me there,
For mother's love is pure, undying.
My mother! portraiture of love!
Thou precious gift of Heaven's bestowing,
Thy image lures to worlds above,
And on my heart 't is ever glowing.

A MOTHER'S PORTRAIT, is the title of a precious memorial of filial affection, in volume form, by the Rev. Frederick Jobson, of the British Wesleyan Conference. This work has recently been published in England, and we fear, but few American readers may have the privilege of gazing on this inspiring picture of matronly beauty. We propose, therefore, to give to the mothers of America a hasty sketch of what every Christian mother may through grace aspire to be. This portrait is drawn by the hand of an affectionate son upon whose heart the image of this mother was, during twenty long years, being daily yet more deeply inscribed in ever-living lines of loveliness, light and power. Of her he says, "She showed, in her daily course, the *beauty of holiness*. Her graces were not fitful and uncertain in their lustre. I can say for the twenty-two years I was closely under her care, not at any time did I see her in a state of mind which could lead me to doubt that she was prepared for eternity."

But, says some pious, care-worn mother, surely her domestic surroundings were not of the perplexing character which encompass me! A large family of little ones, with all the diversified engrossing assiduities of family cares, without the alleviating appliances of wealth. O if I might see the portrait of a mother who, for over a score of years, had under a pressure of diversified care, similar to my own, walked calmly and closely with God, and with unspotted garments, then might I indeed believe in the omnipotence of grace. Well here, dear reader, in our portrait of a model mother, you have just such an example. Says her son, "Here is the portrait of a plain, practical Christian—of one who was surrounded with the cares of family and business,—of one who was every day in the world, and yet lived as not of it,—of one who turned her every necessity to be busy therein, into an opportunity for snatching trophies out of it for her Redeemer."

And here we have the testimony of one who for twenty-two years was closely under the care of this mother, who never once saw her in a state which could lead him to doubt her *present preparation for eternity*. And what was the secret of power that enabled this mother, amid so much more than an ordinary amount of perplexing and toilsome care, to maintain such a happy, close walk with God? Her son describes it thus. "She gave proof that she was not only justified, but washed and sanctified. She testified by a spotless life that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. Nor was hers merely a negative salvation; she experienced not only cleansing from sin, and its pollution, but also the *indwelling of the Holy Spirit*. She was not only preserved "unspotted from the world," and "blameless," but was the temple of God, and had the Spirit of God dwelling in her.

Hers was *joy in the* Lord. I have seen her, says her son, burdened with grief, but never did I see her sink down in discouragement, or hear her complain of her condition. With sufferings such as would have broken many a heart of less strength than hers, she was still rejoicing in the God of her salvation, recounting his blessings, and enu-

merating her reasons for gratitude. She was an every day Christian, and showed herself, amid multiplied cares, to be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. She openly illustrated the words of Christ, "All things are possible to him that believeth."

[To be continued.]

The Possibility of Christians living without Sin.

BY REV. J. BATE.

NO. IX.

My next argument in support of the doctrine proposed, will be drawn from THE RELATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT TO CHRISTIANS, AND HIS WORK WITHIN THEM.

The *indwelling* of the Holy Spirit in Christians is a truth which appears in clear light upon the pages of Divine Revelation. It is said that Zacharias was filled with the Holy Ghost. The same is said of Elizabeth, his wife. Jesus, when he appeared unto his disciples after his resurrection, breathed on them the Holy Ghost, and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." When deacons were sought for the primitive church, the apostles looked for "men full of the Holy Ghost." Stephen was thus filled, and when he came to the martyr's death, it is recorded of him that "he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up to heaven." When the apostles laid hands upon those who believed in Jesus Christ, "they received the Holy Ghost." While Peter was preaching the Word in the house of Cornelius, the Holy Ghost fell on all them that heard. St. Paul says, "The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit given unto us." "He saved us by the renewing of the Holy Ghost." St. Jude speaks of "praying in the Holy Ghost." Writing to those who had been regenerated and born again, St. Paul again testifies, "Ye are not in the flesh, but in the spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now, if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." "Now ye have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God." "God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father."

These are sufficient references to show the scripturalness of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in Christians. As to the *mystery*, which may be connected with this indwelling, it will not be relevant to consider. That shall be left, where all mysteries of godliness should be, at the foot of the everlasting throne, or in the unopened cabinet of heaven's glorious King. "Secret things belong unto the Lord." With things that are revealed, we have to do. This is *our* province, and our privilege.

1. Consider *the relation in which the Holy Spirit stands to Christians*, in whom he is said to dwell. He is their *Comforter*. "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever." "Nevertheless, I tell you the truth. It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." He is the *Spirit of truth* to them. "Even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you and shall be in you." He is the *Witness of the Father* in them, bearing testimony to the gracious act of forgiveness which has passed in the Divine Mind towards them. "The Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." "The things of God knoweth no man, (of himself,) but the Spirit of God." "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." He is *the Spirit of adoption* to them. "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." He is *the Spirit of regeneration* to them. "Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." "That which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

"Hath saved us by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." He is *the Spirit of grace and supplication* to them. "I will pour upon the house of David, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the Spirit of grace and supplication." "Praying always, with all prayer and supplication, in the Spirit." He is *the earnest of their future inheritance*. "Which is the earnest of our inheritance, until the redemption of the purchased possession unto the praise of his glory."

In all these relations in which the Holy Spirit stands to Christians, there is implied purity. The object of his communication by God is purity; and the object of his relation, is purity:—the growth and perfection of the life of God, and the destruction of "the works of the devil." He is a *Comforter*, that the sorrow of sin might no more shed its tears and spread its melancholy in the soul. He is *the Spirit of truth*, that they might be guided into all truth; that error and superstition may no more lead them astray from the sincerity and simplicity of the gospel of Christ. He is *the witness of the Father* to their spirits, that henceforth they may rejoice as children of the light, and no more walk in the lusts of the flesh, in the pride of life, in the vanity of the eyes, and in all the degradation of an unforgiven state. He is *the Spirit of adoption* that they might know that they are no longer aliens, strangers, foreigners and rebels, but the sons of the Lord Almighty, the denizens of Mount Zion, and members of the household of faith—that the knowledge of these things might keep alive within them a high sense of their honorable position, their exalted privilege and filial obligation, and this sense, deter them from the commission of any sin in heart or life, which shall be inimical with their character as adopted sons of God. He is *the Spirit of regeneration*, to remind them of the change in the nature of their inner man, which has been effected—that they are now new creatures in Christ Jesus, and as such must walk according to the new nature which they have received. As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him; "rooted and built up in him, and stablished in the faith as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving."—Col. ii. 6. 7. He is *the Spirit of grace and supplication* that they might "pray without ceasing," and in every thing, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, make known their requests unto God,"—that they might draw nigh, and enter into the Holiest by the blood of Jesus, "with a true heart in the full assurance of faith, having their hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and their bodies washed with pure water." He is *the earnest of their future inheritance*, that they might remember that here they have no continuing city, but seek one to come—that this is not their rest, but "there remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God"—that, as their inheritance lieth not in the perishing things of time, but in the eternal substances of heaven, therefore they should set their affections on things above and not on things of the earth—also that they might know that their hope of the inheritance is not "the baseless fabric of a vision," but the earnest of the Almighty Spirit of God.

Thus we see that every relation of the Holy Spirit in the Christian has its practical use and holy object. They unitedly point to the one end—*live without sin.*

2. Consider *the work of the Holy Spirit within Christians.* In the relation, we have seen some measure of his work developed. But that was more of a *reflex* nature than direct and immediate. That which we are about to consider, contemplates the Holy Spirit in his active, direct operations upon the spiritual life of the Christian. It looks at this Divine Agent as a Refiner and Purifier of the hid-treasure of the heart from all the tin and dross of remaining corruption. It sees him as the holy architect building and bringing on to perfection the living temple of the soul for a habitation of "all the fulness of

God." It observes Him as the Almighty Cultivator, tearing up and consuming the weeds and refuse of sin from the husbandry of the Lord within the heart, sowing the seeds of holiness, planting the trees of righteousness, nourishing them with the dews of heaven, or the showers of blessings, making them fruitful as the trees of the Lord, bearing in rich luxuriance the "fruits of the Spirit," amid abundant buds and blossoms promising an unending succession of fruit to the glory of God. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear MUCH fruit."

To acquire just conceptions of this work of the Spirit, we must meditate upon his character and the attributes which, as the agent of holiness in the soul, he posseses. The mind of the agent gives character to the work he performs. As are his mental and moral qualities, so are they when the work is done, upon whom the agent operates. Especially is this the case, when the model of the work to be accomplished is after the exact similitude of the agent himself. The chaotic earthly matter of which the world was formed, took its shape and character from the image which was portrayed in the mind of the Great Creator. So the chaotic nature of man's heart, or the new formed creation of the Christian's spirit, must take its perfect form and character from the image in the mind of him who is the agent in the work—that image being the reflection of his own perfect moral character.

The Holy Spirit is called *the Spirit of knowledge*; Isa. xi. 12. *The Spirit of truth*; John xiv. 17. *The Spirit of wisdom and revelation*; Eph. i. 17. His work therefore is to increase and perfect the knowledge of the Christian in all the great principles of holiness, and in all the means of attaining it. He guides into *all* the truth and reveals all things whatsoever Christ has said unto them for their comfort, guidance and purity. He enlightens the eyes of their understanding that they may see the hope of their "calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints." He gives them the wisdom which cometh from above, which is pure, gentle and divine. He makes them wise as serpents, and harmless as doves, so that they may not be ignorant of Satan's devices, and be blameless,—the sons of God without rebuke before this wicked and perverse generation. He is *the spirit of faith*; 2 Cor. iv. 13, and His work is to create "the full assurance of faith," which against hope believes in hope—which is the confidence that God hears him in his prayers, and that he will have the thing which he asks,—which holds fast the beginning of his confidence steadfast unto the end—which quells all the fiery darts of the wicked—which gives him stability and perseverance in all duty and privilege—which clears all dimness from his spiritual vision, and opens to his peaceful sight a view of God in all the works of nature and grace, in all the dispensations of Providence; a view of the New Jerusalem, the city of God, coming down from heaven as the bride adorned for the marriage of the Lamb, when he hopes to join in the celebration with blessings, praises and adoration unto him that sitteth on the throne. He is *the Spirit of love*; 2. Tim. i. 7, and his work is to diffuse this holy principle throughout the entire being, in all its affection, esteem, admiration, delight, confidence, submission, and obedience. God is love. He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God dwelleth in him. Love unnarrowed by sectarianism, untouched by bigotry, unsullied by selfishness. Love the offspring of Heaven, the image and nature of God ascending back to him in holy consecration, and then spreading forth its blessed influences to encircle the world. "The Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men even as we do toward you; to the end he may stablish your hearts unblamable in holiness before God." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, etc.," "and thy neighbor as thyself." This is the love

which is of the operation of the Spirit. *Hope* in its strength, fulness, and joy, is the creation of the Holy Spirit. And hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us. "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy, and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost."—Rom. xv. 13.

Joy is an effect of the work of the Holy Spirit in the Christian's heart. "The fruit of the Spirit is joy." "Joy in the Holy Ghost," is one of the essential elements of the kingdom of grace. "Rejoice evermore." "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice." It is not a transient emotion, nor a rapturous impulse, nor an ecstatic momentary excitement—the joy of the worldling or the hypocrite.

It is the serene, placid, deep-flowing pleasurable satisfaction emanating from the favor, peace, and image, of the ever-blessed God in the soul. It is the clear, cloudless sky of the mind, lighted up with the bright shining of the Sun of Righteousness, emitting its rays through every opening of the outer man upon all the sphere of his movements in the world and the church. He is far from being a moping hypochondriac, or a surly hermit; a forbidding recluse, or a stiff reserve. He is happy all the day long. The joy of the Lord is his strength. The midsummer day, or wintry night, the clouded sky or the peerless heavens, are both alike to him. The Lord is the portion of his inheritance, and therefore his cup runneth over, and his head is anointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows. He is *the Spirit of meekness*. Galatians vi. 1.—"The fruit of the Spirit is meekness." He works this disposition in the soul. The fiery, irritable, ungovernable temper he mollifies into quietness, considerateness, sweetness. So that it can give a soft answer to a quick question, and, when it is reviled, revile not again; when it is persecuted, endure it without resentment. He is *the Spirit of peace*, long-suffering, gentlenesss, goodness, temperance,—Galatians vi. 22, 23; all of which perfections he communicates unto those who are the subjects of his operations. These things are said by St. Paul to be "the *fruit* of the Spirit," as the production of his indwelling and life in the soul, or as the work of his abiding, active and powerful agency. Speaking again of "the fruit of the Spirit," St. Paul says that it "is in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth,"—Ephesians v. 9, denoting thereby its nature and its end. He is *the Spirit of holiness*.—Romans i. 4. He is called the HOLY Spirit repeatedly. The great object of all his work in the Christian is to make him in this one thing as he is himself. "Be ye holy, as I the Lord your God am holy." "Follow holiness, without which no man can see the Lord." The creation and growth of all the forementioned particulars are for the consummation of this one thing—that "HOLINESS TO THE LORD" may be the motive and object, the thoughts and words, the principles and actions, the body, soul, mind and spirit, and every thing of the Christian. "The holiness of the Spirit is the sum of all the aspects and tones which form the character of *all* his operations, and of all his perfections. The mind cannot fix on any perfection or work of the Spirit which is not of the character denominated holy; nor can it detach, in conception, some element of character to call holy, apart from any other divine attribute."—*Jenkins on Union of the Holy Spirit and the Church.*

From this brief view of the subject it will be seen at once that the primary and sole object of the relation and work of the Holy Spirit in the Christian is to keep him unspotted from the world, and untouched by the pollution of self-committed sin. These things are done *that he sin not*. Nothing less than this would be in character with his character. Nothing less would accord with the great work of the Father and Son for the Christian. Nothing less would meet the Christian's high calling, and glorious

expectations. No other object can be conceived to exist for which he should come into such a relation with the Christian, and carry on such a work within him. Nor can any other object be conceived to exist, towards which such a work and relation would lead. The necessary and inevitable result *is* to keep from sin, to sanctify to God. As in the natural world the sun gives light, the wind purifies the atmosphere, the fire refines the silver, and the pure water cleanses the unclean, so in the spiritual world, the Holy Spirit, in his various operations in the Christian, accomplishes his enlightenment, purity, refinement, cleansation, and holiness.

One caution is, perhaps, necessary here. This work is not performed by the Spirit upon unwilling and uncooperating subjects. He dwells in the willing and the obedient. He works in them who work out their own salvation with fear and trembling. He keeps them from sin, whose desires, inclinations, wills and efforts, are to live without it. He consummates the work of grace in them, who give all diligence to add to their "faith virtue," etc. He is the Spirit of sanctification to them who pray, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." This agency in the work ceases when his agency ceases to produce activity and progress. Those that help themselves he helps to perfection. He is a "free Spirit," acting upon and working with free spirit, and only in the harmonious action of the two is the work carried on to completion.

These remarks are made to guard against the antinomian error that the Spirit must do the work, and man have little or nothing to do with it. Yes; the Spirit must and will do his work; but the Christian must do his also.

And allow me, in conclusion, to urge the Christian reader to *his own* work in connection with the Spirit. Ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost, the habitation of God through the Spirit. Consider the distinguished honor of having such a high, such a holy, such an unrivalled occupant in your soul. The thought is too large for comprehension, and too grand for utterance. God the Spirit in you! You have seen the relation in which he stands to you, and the work which he carries on within you. Guard well, O Christian, the sacred temple of thy soul and body. Set up at every way of entrance the flaming cherubim, to prevent the intrusion of any profane thought, or feeling. Let nothing but the incense of praise, and the offering of universal consecration, go up from its hallowed precincts. Let no unholy worshipper tread over its divine threshold. Let none of the outer darkness of this world intermingle with the pure, chaste, transcendent light which the Holy Spirit sheds around. Let no doubt weaken the faith which he inspires; no anger and wrath the peace and meekness which he creates; no hatred and sorrow the joy and love which he bestows. Keep yourself pure. Abstain from all appearance of evil. Pray without ceasing. Follow holiness. Give yourself wholly to these things, and to all things included in your Christian calling. This is *your work*. And in this you ensure the abiding and successful work of the Holy Spirit.

Sympathy for Souls.

BY B. S.

FOR some weeks past the duty of Christians to make personal effort for the spiritual welfare of individuals, has hung with ponderous weight upon our mind. We have scarcely reflected for a moment upon the subject without gushing tears. And frequently the question has been suggested to our mind, "Why this emotion? Invariably the response has seemingly been, "Make your sentiments and convictions known through the press, and so far as opportunity will permit, do it practically, as you would have others do."

To a greater or less extent, such instructions as the above are indelibly written by

the Holy Spirit on every truly regenerated mind. And yet, "why is it," we ask, "that a practical manifestation of this teaching is so sadly wanting?" There are few, very few professed Christians who are always faithful to the souls of individuals within the reach of their influence, although this is a duty devolving upon each—upon all, whatever may be their talents or their circumstances.

We deem no argument or qualification necessary to substantiate the position we occupy in the foregoing remarks, but shall take for granted, that every Christian, in theory at least, assents to the doctrine advanced. It is with the practical part of our subject then, that we have to do. And now what shall we say? On a theme so important, so vital, we feel that

"Thoughts are broken, language lame."

We pause, we hesitate under a conscious sense of inability to present the view which God hath, by his word and spirit, imparted to us.

Frequently this feature in our personal experience has stood out so prominently to our mind as not being "our own," exclusively, that we have been troubled about it. God has seemingly shown us, that as "no scripture is of any private interpretation," so neither are his dealings with the souls of men "of any private interpretation." As Jesus, so far as his mission to earth is concerned, "did nothing in secret," but "openly," that the world might see and "bear witness," so also his disciples were required to follow his example. Works and confession were to be the outward and open manifestation of the interior operations of the Holy Spirit. The sacred Scriptures abound with teaching corroborative of the sentiments herein presented. The mere confessions of personal knowledge and experience, from the days of the patriarchs to the present time, have often brought down hatred and abuse upon the heads of such confessors. It was said of Joseph's brethren, "they hated him yet the more for his (confessed) dreams." And what are dreams compared with verified, confessed experience?

We suppose that the spirit of enmity, which dwelleth in every carnal and partially renewed heart, is the main obstacle to personal Christian effort. None like to engage in any thing which is, in and of itself, repulsive. This is one of the established laws of our being. Consequently, we are to reject the theory, that "we are not to do good unless our hearts are free to do it."

In the work of grace, this carnal law is to be withstood, fought against, overcome and reversed. To effect this gracious achievement, is a compiicated work, involving all the interests and faculties of the body, soul, and spirit. It is a work of faith—of experimental and practical faith; the fruit of which consists in "the loving of God with all the heart, and our neighbor as ourselves."

Our faith in cooperation with, and dependence on, the Holy Spirit, produces the fruit, for which we are more especially contending on this occasion, viz: "the loving our neighbor;" notice, it is in the singular number, "neighbor," not neighbors, "as ourselves." If we are Christians, "what have we not done to obtain salvation; have we not done *all* in our power? Verily we have. Just all, no more, no less than all we could do. This, then, is the measure, the standard, we owe to others. Any efforts, any prayers short of this, in behalf of the individual souls of our families, neighbors, the world, are defective; we are weighed in the gospel balance, and found wanting.

The spirit and word of God harmonize in their teaching. So we have, in all our experience and observation of more than thirty years, proved it. In our efforts, put forth for the welfare of souls, the Holy Spirit never assured our heart and conscience that it was wrought in and for God, unless it were done as for ourselves.

During the first five or six years of our religious life, we had unconverted parents, and

nine unconverted brothers and sisters, with whom we constantly mingled. As a professed Christian, we stood alone among them. God is our witness, we say it not boastingly, that during these years, we often mourned, and wept, and prayed in secret in behalf of their souls. The remembrance of some of these seasons, after a lapse of more than twenty years, rush with such freshness upon our memory that we pause to weep. But we claim no merit for tears. The truth is, we stopped short of doing our whole duty; we did not feel the approval of the Holy Spirit prompting us to say we "were clear from the blood of all men," or even clear concerning our immediate family relatives. It finally became manifest to our mind, that unless we did *all* in our power to win, by open, as well as secret effort, our impenitent relatives to Christ, their blood, if dying impenitent, would be required at our hands; or, in other words, we, too, should perish with them.

Finally, after much thought in regard to the manner of approaching them, we decided to take up, what was then to us, a mountain cross; we commenced by conversing plainly on the subject of personal salvation, and praying *with* as well as for them. We were at once relieved of a crushing burden of grief and anxiety that had well-nigh drank up the life of our spirit. Not only were we relieved of the burden, but a sweet peace, like ocean waves, flowed in upon our soul.

Seemingly, as we look back to the period now designated, we stood in God's way—between our relatives and their salvation; for immediately after, one, and another, and another of the family, till nearly the whole, professed to "pass from death unto life." Nor is this all; we have been permitted to attend six of the number, down the banks of "death's cold stream," and to witness their triumphant departure to the "better land." We have never seen or read of greater victories over sin and death, than were some of these cases.

In conclusion of our already too lengthy paper, we express it as our firm conviction, that our present and eternal happiness stands connected with our personal faithfulness to the souls of individuals who are about us. We cannot merge into a church or benevolent organization, our personal responsibility. God treats of us, and speaks to us, as individuals. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," etc., and "thou shalt love thy neighbor," etc. "By *thy* words *thou* shalt be judged," etc. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Ministers of the altar—public preachers of righteousness, clear not their skirts in so laboring. They are required after the manner of the apostle, "to warn every man," to do so, "from house to house," and to do it constantly, "night and day," and, if need be, "with tears."

O, for a baptism of sympathy in behalf of souls to fall upon us all, clergy and laity!

"My Grace is Sufficient for Thee."

BY CARRIE.

Blessed promise! brightly beaming
O'er my path with golden gleaming,
Joy divine, and hope from Heaven,
With a Father's blessing given,
Given, my erring steps to guide,
Savior, to thy sheltering side.

With the storms of life descending,—
Beams of brightness, brightly blending;
Till the bow of promise shining,
Smiles away my dark repining,
Scatters every fear of ill,—
Bids my anxious heart "Be still."

Blessed promise! cheering ever;
As I near death's darksome river,
Closer to my heart I'll press thee,
'Mid its swelling surges bless thee,
Till the watchers on the shore,
Hear my songs of praise no more.

Then, when gained my home immortal,
Passed with praise, its pearly portal,
Evermore in glad evangels,
Sing thy praise among the angels.
Blessed promise! Boon divine!
O, what joy to call thee *mine!*

New Haven, Dec. 16th.

Teach Entire Sanctification to Young Converts.

BY REV. R. M'CONEGAL.

Do not be disturbed unduly by the exhortative sentence placed at the head of this piece. I intend all that is expressed by its wording, without any abatement or qualification. *Young converts* should be taught what entire holiness is, and be shown the way to attain it. Every possible encouragement also should be given them, to impel them to the urgent pursuit of this object. For it is the only *sure guard* against apostasy.

This is said with the fact in full view, that there is a wide-spread feeling of distrust in the Christian church to the disfavor of early sanctifications. To so great an extent is this true that the young convert has his attention turned purposely to almost every other object of attainment rather than to this. Nay, they are carefully told that this subject, holiness, is too high for them; it belongs to persons of very mature Christian experience.

Let us examine this feeling. This feeling has no scripture warrant. We should let the young convert hear the subject, sifted clean of all cautions and innuendoes. The entire curriculum of pious teaching cannot be expounded and enjoined without this doctrine. Besides, this mode of treating young Christians savors of delinquency on the part of older Christians, whose sloth is made the cause of hindering those, who would early seek the attainment of entire sanctification.

Then, this feeling deserves a severe reprimand when we look at the evil it is doing. It is not content with being cautionary; it must needs do, as error ever does, become imperious; and, if not bowed to with the humblest deference, will fight with saucy weapons called books. It thus proves itself to be not of God, as it is bereft of every tender grace which he imparts to all his gifts, designed for the safety of the Christian church.

Let us look at a piece of testimony worthy of our most careful attention. It is from a letter addressed to Mrs. Palmer of New York, from a London correspondent.

ISLINGTON, London, March 21, 1856.

Dear Mrs. Palmer,—Although I am, in one sense, a perfect stranger to you, I yet claim acquaintance with you; for I have read several of your works, and have learned something of you from your friend, General Knapp. I owe you a great debt of gratitude for the profit which I have derived from your writings, and, as an acknowledgment of that debt, send you a copy of a part of a letter of John Wesley, with which, I think, you will be pleased. *It has never been published*, but I can vouch for its authenticity. It was addressed to Mr. Thomas Rankin, one of the first preachers, by whom it was given to a family connexion of the present possessor. I copied it from the original one day this week. It reads as follows:

EPWORTH, July 21, 1774.

Dear Tommy,—In yours of May the 30th, you give me an agreeable account of your little Conference at Philadelphia. I think C. Shadford and you desire no novelties, but love good old Methodist discipline as well as doctrine. I have been lately thinking a good deal on one point, wherein, perhaps, we have all been wanting. We have not made it a rule, as soon as ever persons were justified, to remind them of "going on to perfection." Whereas this is the very time preferable to all others. They have then the simplicity of little children; and they are fervent in spirit, ready to cut off a right hand, or to pluck out the right eye. But if we once suffer this fervor to subside, we shall find it hard enough to bring them again ever to this point. J. W.

A principle like this ought not to remain any longer unpublished. It should rather form the basis of immediate and perpetual teaching in the church of Christ. Here is one evidence of the far-seeing mind of John Wesley having been, in an eminent degree, led by the Spirit of God. This appears to have been the ceaseless habit of his soul. This suggestion of his, carried out, would have saved thousands to the church, who have been thus totally lost. Nor should it now be omitted longer.

Let me now introduce the testimony of fact. It is well that such cases as the following do sometimes occur. They might much oftener, if the church were doing what might be done for their early sanctification. But rather do the Christians of our day think their duty to young converts done when these babes in Christ are conscious of their new spiritual being.

In the month of August of 1856, there was a camp meeting at the far-known Millennial Grove, on Martha's Vineyard. Among the thousands who came to that meeting was a young man from one of the manufacturing towns of Massachusetts. He came to the meeting, as many others had done, because his acquaintances came there to enjoy a solemn feast of Zion. There might possibly have been a vague idea of being converted, and there might not; it is difficult to say from the subsequent history of such cases.

After the meetings had been in progress for two or three days, and many had been converted, this young man began to feel most deeply for himself. He struggled hard to shake off the hand of the Spirit of God; but the grasp of his hand in awakening energy was too firm; therefore he left the circle of the tents, and wandered away by the seaside, there to beguile the tedious hours. When he wanted food, a companion of his would meet his needs by bringing him supplies. No tongue can describe—no pen can portray—the fearful contest of his soul with the truth of God. At last, it was more than he could bear to be within the echoing sounds of the religious services of the camp ground. He determined to fly from scenes which were the cause of so much misery to him, and to hastily return home. He did so. Yet the truth of God pursued him. Steamboat and cars bore him away as on wings, from the heralds of salvation in that tented grove; but he could not elude the great Heart-Searcher, God. Still he resisted and fought lustily against the truth. And still Infinite Mercy contended with the deluded and flying sinner for his soul as if for a great prize in battle. Amazing exertions are sometimes made in behalf of a sinner, by the King of heaven—exertions of power and grace which astonish beyond measure even our largest faith.

Finally, this young man began to yield to the strivings of the Spirit of God. This was after he had arrived at home. He was led to take refuge in prayer, and called earnestly on divine mercy for help. Never a soul prayed in vain; so this did not fail of success. In the space of three days after his return home, he found peace in Jesus, and, when the tent's company, which he went with to the camp ground came back, they found him already in possession of the treasure of pardoning love.

Immediately, this young convert began to give the most earnest proofs of the genuineness of his conversion. His heart was fully in the work of saving the souls of others. Ardent in his feelings, and zealous in his labors, he became an evangelist among those about him. His evangelizing labors drew him into the houses of his neighbors in search of the backslidden, and the unsaved and careless sinner. On one evening he led two of his mates to the house of prayer, and they were, the same night, made happy in Christ. The next time he came to the house of God, six more were led into the possession of peace. This course of faithful labor for the salvation of others continued through the month of September, of October, and up to the Sabbath before the last in November, when he came to my charge to attend divine service. At the close of the afternoon meeting, as I was passing out of the house of God, this excellent young man came to me, and, after the usual salutation, said, "Have you Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection?"

"Yes," said I, "I have several copies. Would you like one?"

"If you have any to spare, I would like a copy."

"Call at the parsonage in about five

minutes, and you may have five copies, which you may dispose of as you please."

Just as we were passing out of the church door, said he with a look of great pleasure, "God gave me the blessing last night." His meaning was, that, the night before, he had been permitted to obtain the blessing of a clean heart. In the time specified, he came to the parsonage, and took the five copies of Wesley's Plain Account, and I placed in his hand a copy of Mrs. Palmer's book, "The Way of Holiness." I exhorted him to read the books, and then to lend them as missionaries among others. He promised so to do, and went his way. I learn that this very interesting young man, so faithful, and so mature in his experience, is now on his ocean way to the distant clime of Florida, for the benefit of his health. May the great Shepherd attend his beloved, and should he never return to his loved New England home, may the Lord give him rest, even the rest of heaven.

Let us now review this case in the light of truth. He was a very intelligent young man—was converted to God. He labored faithfully and successfully for near three months. No one ever doubted the genuineness of his conversion, and, if they had, what might they not doubt with as much reason? What can be said against this early experience of holiness? I answer, without hesitation, nothing, save the time of its occurrence—short of three months.

Is it spurious? No. Every evidence is on the side of genuineness. A spurious experience of holiness does not come so legitimately from genuine conversion to God, followed by a life of careful labor and study to save souls. Why question his testimony on this account, when his testimony of justification is not doubted? Both states of grace depend on the same Spirit—are bestowed on the same condition—are recognized by the same consciousness. But it may be said he may have received great blessings; he may be, to a surprising degree, intelligent in spiritual things; yet he cannot be sanctified. This is a denial, and is a mere claim without proof. Whoever denies this experience, does so at the risk of pronouncing the grace of God to be a lie.

"*It was too quickly attained.*" We know that others are long years in reaching this glorious experience, and it is a seeming objection. It is a sufficient reply to note the fact that the Scriptures do not fix a time for the attainment of this blessed state. Besides, the command to love God with the entire heart is binding on the young convert at the earliest moment of his experience of the pardon of his sins. Further, we make a claim to this purport, —had the Christian church more earnestly sought to be made holy at the earliest possible period after regeneration, it would have resulted in surprising discoveries in the *facilities of grace*. But the conclusion does not follow from the assumption, but rather the contrary follows legitimately. Some are long years in gaining riches. *Number* of years does not make rich. Facts prove propositions. Enterprise falsifies the maxims of dronishness. The sloth of one man does not weigh, at the heavenly throne, against the faith and fidelity of another. One man's suit at the court of heaven does not serve as an excuse for delaying the suit of the heart, that takes the kingdom of heaven by violence. Many cases cannot be put off, and *are not*. Could the secrets of all hearts be laid open, it would show that multitudes, in declining the early pursuit of this grace, have made their bed in perdition as the final sequence.

"*It is very strange.*" Not stranger than many other things in the economy of grace. Not stranger than the mighty faith of some; nor than the success of others in the work of conversion; nor than the early call of some to the gospel ministry. This is the same as to say it is unusual. But why so strange? Are we not perpetually urging the young convert to aim high? To aim even at this high goal? Why strange that he should soon attain it? God often cuts short the work in righteousness. Why

not in such a case? This *cutting short* might become the *usual* way, if we had a more importunate faith.

The reason why? I think the reason has occurred to my mind, why professors of religion do not wish to have this doctrine taught to young converts. Satan is mostly the cause of it. He takes the likeliest way to get his end accomplished, that is, he takes those who stand just over the line on the Lord's side, and who have lost their first love. These are the best laborers he can employ to do his work. Satan takes all possible pains that it may not get abroad, that Emanuel can accomplish so great a work in so short a time as this Experience would put beyond doubt, i. e., *that a child of rebellion should become a sinless possessor of holiness in the short space of a few weeks.* For, in such a case, he loses hope, if they know that they are saved, and tell others of it, of retarding, as he has done to so fearful an extent, the holiness of the Christian world. The best castle of satanic art, in this world, is that of doubt among Christians about the attainability of entire sanctification at any point in the Christian life this side death. Should the idea generally obtain in the church, and be taught, that a young convert may attain this blessed state, and labor in its strength and in its power, till his departure to heaven, the world itself would soon be filled with missionaries, and be converted to God.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

"I ONCE had a friend, a minister of the gospel, who was afflicted with a distressing malady. In the midst of apparent health and activity, and cheerfulness, he would fall down deprived of sense and motion, like one dead. I had often been with him in these paroxysms, and observed that they were always accompanied with a convulsive reaching upward, and feeling after something, like a person groping in darkness. The last one I ever witnessed was fearfully appalling. There was the accustomed cry of terror, "O, I'm going." The shuddering grasp at vacancy—and all—was over. He fell so violently as to break the feeble barrier my outstretched arm afforded, and sunk beside me. I eagerly called for assistance: we raised him to the bed—with trembling haste applied restoratives; and it was many minutes, before any one dared hope that the light of life would ever visit him again. Slowly he opened his eyes; but their gaze was upward, upward, as if it would penetrate the ceiling, and look beyond, into other worlds. Presently a faint murmur rose from his lips. I applied my ear to listen, but could only catch what appeared like an incoherent and dreamy utterance, about "a rock." Reason gradually returned to the poor sufferer, and one of its first efforts was to ask me to read the Bible. "Read" said he, "the 61st Psalm." I complied with his request, and commenced with that most appropriate supplication, "Hear my cry, O God! attend unto my prayer! from the end of the earth will I cry unto thee when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." "Stop there! stop there!" said he. Then, clasping his hands, he repeated, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." This text is like a spell upon my life. It has been my salvation in every moral danger—the polar star which has guided my wanderings when I have been well-nigh wrecked in the deceitful abyss of worldly folly! and I will tell you how:—

"When I was a very little child, my blessed mother used to make me read to her every morning a chapter in the Old Testament, one in the New, and one of the Psalms. It was her habit to question me as to what I recollected of the chapters, mingling her explanations and instructions with my answers; and she would always find one verse in the short psalm, which she desired me to take as a sort of motto

for the day, often repeating it, and thinking of it deeply. I was very passionate, naturally; (I shudder to remember how passionate I was;) and one morning when I had been giving violent sway to this mastering propensity of my little heart, my mother called me to her, and made me sit down as usual at her feet, and read my chapters. I did it very sullenly, and when I had concluded the psalm, she drew me close to her, and taking both my hands in hers, (I think I can feel at this moment her soft and gentle pressure, and see the melting tenderness of her eye, as it was fixed upon me with sad expression,) she said, affectionately,—"Now, my dear son, this is your text for the day: 'Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!' My dear boy," she proceeded, "do you know that you have done very wickedly? that you have not only grieved your mother, but sinned against that blessed God who takes care of you and loves you?"

"I was subdued in an instant by my mother's calm and persuasive manner. I loved her to idolatry, and, stubborn as I was to others, she could make a lamb of me at pleasure; and as she continued softly and soothingly to tell me of the compassion of the Deity, the birth of the infant Jesus—his suffering and death, and that they all were borne for me, I was choking with my tears. I heard the affecting story again and again, and always with wonder; but now it seemed touched with living interest. I leaned upon my mother's lap, and sobbed forth my penitence and remorse.

"My dear boy," said she, "you know you have *always* felt sorry and promised amendment when you have thus offended, and it has only been to sin and sin again. Now I wish to make you feel that you cannot reform yourself; and you will be convinced of this, if you will think how many times you have wished to be good, and still, on the slightest temptation, have again offended. But there is one, my love, who will assist your feeblest efforts! it is the same blessed Jesus who was once like yourself—a little child, and had a great many hardships to contend with. He was tempted, and has promised to 'succor those who are tempted.' He is the 'Rock,' spoken of in your text, and it should be your constant prayer that you may be led to him. There is safety nowhere else. Whenever, then, my dearest boy, you feel yourself inclined to such sinful anger, let your first wish be, 'Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!' Let it be your morning and evening supplication, and never rest till you feel yourself firmly fastened there."

"She then made me kneel down; and kneeling beside me with her arm clasping my waist, she commended me to God and to his grace so fervently and so pathetically that the recollection of that hour will always linger in my memory. I thought I never should be passionate again. But alas! even on that day, I was frequently reminded of my own weakness, and recalled from very near approaches to fretfulness and ill-temper, by my mother's serious but sweet expressions, and an emphatic 'Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.'

"Alas! I soon lost this devoted mother! She was too fair and frail a plant to buffet the storms of life, and so she was bowed beneath them. I forgot her pious precepts, for my spirit was too nearly assimilated to a licentious world; but I can say with truth, that, in the wildest career of folly, when sense and reason have been annihilated and the voice of conscience has been disregarded; those very words, Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I, have come over my benumbed senses like a voice from the tombs, restoring me to my better self, and quickening me to a sense of my infatuation and my guilt."

"I was once a victim to calumny and falsehood, and the fever of my soul had well-nigh driven me to madness; but the same sweet words, in all the tenderness of my mother's tones, fell on my burning spirit, and I was calmed. In that season of bereavement, too, when all that I loved

seemed forsaking me, they entered my desolated heart like a dream of childhood, restoring to me thoughts of happiness, and innocence and peace."

"They, at length, became as the handwriting on the wall to guilty Belshazzar. 'Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I,' was continually in my imagination; not as heretofore, with soothing influence, but as something fearful and appalling. Go where I would, it followed me, and the consciousness that I had hardened my heart against its silent teachings, pursued me like a phantom. It was this, under God, that led me to repentance; it is this that now shields me in temptation; and whenever these horrible struggles, such as you have seen, come upon me, I instinctively reach forth to lay hold upon 'the Rock that is higher than I.'"

The Holy Vigil.

BY S.

THE practical common sense mind of the nineteenth century, looks back upon the institution of chivalry as the semi-barbarous product of a fierce and warlike age. It has indeed a sympathy with the love of adventure, and the earnest pursuit of the objects which enlisted its ardent passions or its iron will; but it turns away with coldness from the meagre results, and comparing the universal advantages diffused by the brilliant achievements of modern enterprise, with the aimless quests on which many a gallant spirit wasted its noblest energies, it is more disposed to look upon it as retarding rather than accelerating the progress of the race. But to the Christian student of history, it develops itself under another aspect. The religious element which pervaded its laws, its customs, and its usages, communicated something of its spiritual warmth and earnestness to the characters of men. The generous resistance to oppression; the readiness with which life was perilled on behalf of the unprotected; the devoted loyalty of heart which yielded a glad and willing allegiance to its rightful Lord—these derived their origin and drew their strength from the deep fountains of religious feeling.

There was much, it is true, that might be regarded as superstition; there was more that savored of idolatrous homage to the work of their own hands, but the religious idea was present to their minds, and the religious sentiment glowed in their hearts, with a fervor, which might well cause our own colder discipleship, to blush at the contrast.

But this is not the time, neither is it our intention to enter into a defence of the chivalric institutions of a bygone period—we have merely alluded to them as an introduction to the subject before us.

Among the various observances of that age which have come down to us invested with the picturesque grace and romantic beauties of that courtly time, there are few that so powerfully appeal to our imagination as the young knight's solitary vigil, on the eve of being admitted to the honors of knighthood. In a chapel but dimly illuminated by the lights burning on the altar, the young aspirant passed the night in solitary watchfulness. The armor, with which he was to contend fearlessly against his own and his liege Lord's foes, lay spread out before him, and in the silent communings of that hour, many a purpose was formed, which after years only matured and strengthened. The pomp and glare of the world had retired from him, and his soul was left to solitude and prayer. Can we doubt that the dawn of that eventful day found him another man? Older in thought, maturer in intention, ennobled by self-consecration, and prompt for self-sacrifice.

We, too, have taken the oath of fealty to a heavenly master, but how seldom with the needed preparation! we have donned the sacred armor of the gospel, and attempted to wield its weapons, but without seeking to be endued with power from on high. The want of a prepared heart has made the services of religion the mere formal acknowledgment of obligations we are yet unwilling to fulfil—they have not

honored God, who judges not according to the outward appearance, neither have they improved our own characters; for that which is in itself hollow and false, can never produce healthful results. It is but the substitution of the form of godliness for its vitalizing power, and its effect is to deaden the moral sensibilities, by familiarizing our minds with sacred truth, while our hearts are strangers to its wonder-working power.

Of all the sacred institutions of the Christian faith, there is none capable of producing such elevating effects on Christian character, as the sacrament of the Lord's supper—shadowing forth, as it does, the one great fact of man's redemption by the offering of a divine sacrifice. And yet as the master of the feast fixes his omniscient eye on every guest, how few does he perceive there, who have kept the holy vigil of the heart! There is, indeed, the lowly and reverent posture, but where is the deep humility, the earnest faith, the self-sacrificing love? How few, among those kneeling disciples, realize the import of the scene before them! It may be that every one for the moment associates the solemn act with the Redeemer's sufferings and death; but the impression is merely one of the imagination, and produces no more permanent effect than the powerful representation of a dramatic scene. The young remain gay, thoughtless, and indifferent; men of maturer years, hard, callous, and worldly, and the aged, fretful, and querulous. The angels, hovering over them, have not registered their vows of solemn obedience, and the world, as it pauses in its whirl of feverish excitement to test the effects of Christianity on its consecrated votaries, sees nothing in them to condemn its own absorbing devotion to earthly interests and pursuits.

But the question naturally arises, how can this preparation be made so as to produce a lasting effect upon the spirit and upon the life? We answer that it is not possible by mere volition to produce any given state of the affections—some extraneous influence must re-act upon our sensibilities, ere we can be made to feel deeply and powerfully. The love of Christ is the only motive power strong enough to move the heart of man—all human affections are mutable, because founded on self-interest or self-love; but the love of Christ is so strong, that no amount of neglect on our part, can weaken it, so tender that it stoops to our most trivial sorrows—this one, unchanging, unfailing, untiring love, appeals to the strongest emotions of the heart, and quickens its faint pulsations into renewed activity and life.

But the awakening of our dormant sensibilities is but one part of this holy preparation—its practical influence upon our character and motives of action, is no less important and decisive. Who, indeed, can compare himself with the perfect example of Christ, and not realize that his attainments, however great they may appear to others, are but the faint reflection of that celestial light? The outlines, indeed, are there, but so dim and shadowy, so marred by blemishes, and disfigured by false colors, that the eye of the most practised can scarcely detect the resemblance. Ask yourself, Christian disciple, as you consider your Savior's holy mission, what sacrifices of ease you have made for his sake? As you mark his patient and forgiving spirit, see whether you bear in your mind the memory of an unforgiven wrong, or in your heart the germ of an unholy temper. And as you behold the winning gentleness and sympathy with which he turned to the poor, the suffering, and the afflicted, suffer not your minds to be so affected by a false refinement and a fastidious taste as to turn with coldness and indifference from those whom he came to save. Return, wandering Christians, to your Savior, and fixing the eye of faith on the consecrated cross, and watching by the armor which he has furnished for your defence, keep, in silent thought, and earnest prayer, the sacred vigil of the soul. So shall you be prepared

to come to his altar, there to renew, in a spirit of devoted loyalty, your vows of holy obedience, and when you return to the world, the influence of heaven will linger around your spirit, and the peace of Jesus will dwell within your breast.

Extracts from Letters.

A CLASS-LEADER in Montreal, Canada, writing to a friend in a distant city, October 14th, says: "God still continues to pour out his Spirit upon us, and week after week, souls are being both justified and sanctified. On last Saturday evening, three professed to believe for full salvation. One of these attended my Sunday morning class, and clearly professed the power of Christ to save from all sin. A few weeks ago, in my Tuesday evening class, one of the members ventured to place all upon the altar which sanctifieth the gift, and, blessed be God, she did not venture in vain. She left the class-room rejoicing. Soon afterward, I met her husband, almost frantic with joy, at the happiness of his wife."

RESULTS OF A COVENANT TO WORK FOR GOD.

A minister writes to his friend from Millbrouk, Canada West, October 1st:—"I will give you an incident that will encourage your heart. You, doubtless, recollect how near you were leaving the camp-ground, without giving us the address you did on Wednesday morning, and also the large number that rose and covenanted to work for God. I will give you the substance of what one leader said last Sabbath: "I came home," said he, "and went to the prayer-meeting that night. On opening the meeting, I told what God had done for my soul at the camp-meeting—that I had experienced the blessing of perfect love, and had covenanted to work for God. I then exhorted the people to give themselves up fully to God. After one or two had prayed, sobs and sighs were heard in various parts of the house. Penitents and seekers of holiness were invited forward. The work of pardoning and purifying has been going on ever since. Glory be to God!" This may be regarded as a sample of what is doing in various places. God, through the instrumentality of the camp-meeting, has taken the circuit out of the *mire* and the *clay*, and placed it on the Rock of Ages. In Millbrouk, we have a young men's prayer-meeting, a female prayer-meeting, and a general prayer-meeting, and one or two week-night sermons each week. The work is extending, and the young converts are gaining strength."

A YOUNG CONVERT PROMOTING THE CAUSE OF HOLINESS.

A young lady attended this camp-meeting, who was converted about three months prior to the time the meeting was held. She had learned, through the ministrations of her earnest, holy pastor, that it was the privilege of young converts to be holy; and she presented herself as a humble seeker; she here knelt with many others, to implore the promised grace.—While we were directing the eye of her mind to the open fountain, the Holy Spirit helped her infirmities, and she was enabled to

"Plunge into the purple flood."

So gloriously did she apprehend the excellency of the state of conscious purity upon which she had entered, that she longed that all might alike know the blessedness of the grace. As a helpful means, she went to work shortly after the close of the meeting, to obtain subscribers to the Guide to Holiness, and in a short time obtained about thirty names. And who can tell how many more may, through the monthly visitations of the "Guide," be directed into the way of holiness?—Surely young converts may do much good for God.

THE PRAYING FATHER AND HIS FOUR CHILDREN.

One afternoon, while we were with longing hearts looking upon scores of imploring

tearful suppliants, we noticed, amid the kneeling multitude, a Christian brother, who, we had reason to suppose, was endeavoring to live near to God. We had noticed that he was a fruit-bearing tree, and was therefore abiding fully in Christ; but, observing that he was kneeling among those who were seeking the testimony of the Spirit to their entire sanctification, we concluded that he had not attained, and addressed a few words of sympathy and advice, applicable to one seeking this grace. He responded about thus:

"O, I believe I enjoy a measure of that grace; but I have come here to plead for my children—O my children—O that they may all be converted!"

"Are they on the camp-ground?" I asked. "Several of them are here," he replied. Believing that the Holy Spirit had given to this dear father this travail of soul for his unconverted children, we expressed our belief that the Lord would speedily send forth the awakening influences of his Spirit in answer to prayer, and encouraged the brother to expect an immediate fulfilment of the promise, "I will pour out my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring."

"Yes," exclaimed the dear brother, amid flowing tears, "the promise is unto us and our children, and to as many as the Lord our God shall call." In less than an hour from this time, our attention was arrested to another part of that prayer circle, and there, amid a multitude of weeping penitents, were the four children of this believing father. That afternoon, before the sun had retired to its golden bed in the west, these four children of this praying father were joyfully reposing in Christ as their light and their salvation.

The Scripture uses the word "life" to imply felicity, and "eternal life" to imply eternal felicity; for, in the first draft of creation, to live was to be blest.—[W. A. Butler.

Believing and Knowing.

BY REV. B. J. PECK.

In our former number, we endeavored to show the difference between *believing* and *knowing*, and to trace to some extent the natural results of that theory which will not allow *belief* in the present existence of any possible reality without previous knowledge of such existence.

In our present number, we purpose, first, to notice more definitely what we are to understand by consecration, and, secondly, to inquire whether this is an object *knowledge* or *belief*.

First, then, what is that entire consecration which is the condition of sanctification?

Touching this question, what is to be regarded as standard theology, we are not able to determine. By some, it is said to be the act of separating ourselves from a common to a sacred use; by others, it is laying all upon the altar; while still another class speak of it as giving all to God, etc.

Now, if this form of phraseology comprehends the entire idea, we do not see the necessity of subsequently believing that God *does* or *will* save, in order that he *may* save.

For, if the giving up of all to God is entire consecration, or the only condition on our part in view of which God sanctifies us, when this has been done, then we must have secured, with infallible certainty, the conditioned blessing, and any additional act, as a condition, must be superfluous.

It seems to us, that evangelical consecration implies something more than this—that it includes not only the voluntary holding, at the absolute disposal of Christ, ourselves, with every known possession present to the mind, together with the intention of thus forever holding ourselves, with every future possession, but also includes some subsequent form of belief. We say some *form* of belief. We do not mean by this any new substance of faith;

this, (the substance,) we think, commences with the voluntary giving up of all to God, and will evidently continue as long as the Christian character remains.

The question next arises, Can this consecration be known at the time of its completion by the consecrator, or must it, of necessity, at this time, be only an object of belief?

This is a vital question. Long have we looked at it with the deepest interest, knowing that, upon the correctness of its decision, depends much of sacred theology. At length, however, the following reasons have led us to the belief that consecration *can be known* by the consecrator at the time of its completion,

1. Because most, if not all, who have made the consecration have felt, at the time of its completion, fully persuaded that their work was done, which fact, if not proof positive, is, to say the least, a very strong, presumptive proof.

2. Rewards and punishments are distributed, in view of knowable acts; so far, therefore, as consecration is a virtue, and hence rewardable, it must be a knowable act.

3. We know not that the Bible anywhere commands us to *believe* that our work is done, but everywhere proceeds upon the supposition that we know this.

4. Neither do we know of a single passage in the Bible in which God has promised to do his work on the simple condition of our *believing* that we have done ours.

5. Is it not true that we are to discharge the duties which we owe to God in the exercise of our rational powers, and that knowledge is a necessary element of such exercise; but, if consecration cannot be known, then we cannot see how this duty can be discharged in the exercise of such a power, but rather must be accidentally stumbled upon, or done ignorantly, if done at all.

6. The same reasons which are employed to prove that consecration cannot be known, seem to us to apply equally well in proving that the performance of every Christian duty must be unknown; hence the whole routine of religious activities is reduced to a dark uncertainty.

7. What is the doctrine of the following scriptures, if it is not that we may *know* our religious acts? "Examine yourselves."—2 Corinthians xiii. 5; 1 Corinthians xi. 28; Galatians vi 4; 1 Corinthians ii. 11. And, as consecration is our act aided by the Spirit, we see no reason why a knowledge of this act does not as certainly lie within the compass of our ability as any other act of which we may be conscious.

One or two seeming objections to the view which we have taken need a passing notice. The case of the seeker, mentioned in our last, will first claim our attention. This person thought all was given up when, after the lapse of a few hours, unthought-of objects were presented, which required much effort to be surrendered. We think the following considerations will show to what extent this and similar cases may be used as a real objection.

1. Before the supposed consecration can be invalidated by the fact that subsequent objects were presented that required an effort to surrender, it will first be necessary to prove that no such object will ever be presented after genuine consecration has once been made.

2. We think we may go farther, and affirm that, if this subsequent object had not been yielded at all, and the person had fallen back, it would no more invalidate the antecedent consecration than a person's falling from a sanctified state proves that he never was sanctified.

3. If we are to be *living* sacrifices, and, during probation, objects of consecration are to be continually presented, we do not see how the mere giving up of any specific number of objects can, of itself, be sufficient to determine when present consecration is completed; hence we conclude that consecration consists not so much in the number of objects surrendered as in the *wholeheartedness* with which the work is done.

4. Before the case under consideration can

be made to militate against our position, it must first be shown that, had the seeker as fully believed as he was fully persuaded that all was given up, still he would not have received the promised blessing.

5. Though it is *possible* to know, it by no means follows that it is *impossible* to be mistaken. This may be said of nearly every knowable feature of Christian experience.

Again, it is said that we may be accurately conscious of any given mental state, but not conscious of all its relations to the claims of God. Without fully analyzing this objection, it will suffice us to say that the claims of God can never transcend the measure of our aided rational ability, and there is no reason why the exercise of this aided power may not be an object of aided or unaided consciousness, as much as the exercise of any other subjective power. Besides, it is not necessary to know all the relations of an act in order to know the act itself. Adam evidently knew but little of all the far-reaching relations of his disobedience; did he not therefore know when he had disobeyed? We may know but little, even of all the relations of obedience, and shall we therefore conclude that we cannot know what it is to obey?

It is easy to know the act that gives, though the properties, relations, and real value of the thing given may be far from being known by the giver.

It is easy to know that we have taken a given medicine; but it may need the intelligent physician to tell us its entire relations to our system, and when it has wrought a perfect cure. Even so we think all may know what it is to seek and believe in God with the whole heart, but it will need the Great Physician to tell when the nature of this heart is perfectly purified, or all its forces perfectly adjusted.

South Norwalk, Ct.

(To be continued.)

Wisdom is justified of her children.—Matt. xi. 19.

"Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"

BY REV. JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

So inquired the prophet, when nothing but divine power could work the miracle which the existing emergency demanded. And so may *we* well inquire, when the church is desolate, and sinners are moving off to perdition by thousands, when no power is available to arrest them in their mad career. Why do the ways of Zion mourn, and so few come up to her solemn feasts? Why do the most useful, but humble and cross-bearing services of the sanctuary interest so few? Why does the preaching of the word fall with so little force upon the ears of the listless multitude? Why do so many members of the church take an outside position,—float on with the current of the world, and manifest so little of the self-denial, the watchfulness, the faith and the love of a true and spiritual Christianity? Why are so many backsliding, turning away from the altars of God, and joining the ranks of the enemy? Why is there not life and power in all the exercises of the church, a faith that knows no denial, and a flame of love that consumes iniquity? Why do not the tears of penitence flow? Why are not the altars of God thronged with mourners, and the class rooms filled with joyous, growing Christians, old and young, all pressing on after full redemption, or already triumphing in the witness of perfect love? Why is all this? Where is the Lord God of Elijah?

"The Lord God of Elijah" is clothed in majesty and strength. The hearts of all men are in his hands. He is the sovereign Creator of all worlds, and knows no limit to his power but moral wrong. He shut up and opened the heavens at pleasure. He sent the ravens to feed his servant. He filled the widow's cruise with oil, and her barrel with meal. He took and restored life at pleasure. He dashed down the altars of Baal, and sent fire from

heaven to consume the sacrifice devoutly offered to him. He could do for us whatever we require that is in the reach of power. Where is he? We are filled with grief at the hidings of his face. We "mourn in our complaint," and cry out, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" *He* is a sovereign. If we could find him, we should reach the *source* of authority, and all that could be done by the fiat of his will would be available to rouse the church, throw confusion into the ranks of his enemies, and win rebellious spirits back to their allegiance.

"The Lord God of Elijah" is the world's Redeemer, "the hope of Israel, and the Savior thereof." He was the Jehovah of the Old Testament, and the Messiah of the New. Atoning blood flowed from the humanity he assumed. He has found out a ransom. He was himself "a ransom for all, testified in due time." He has himself become security for the debt we owe, and is able "to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Nothing but wrong-doing is too hard for such an Almighty Savior. No stain of sin is so deep that his blood cannot wash it out. Where is he? His bosom throbs with sympathy for us in our sufferings. He is our brother. He surely wants nothing of merit, or love, or interest, which our condition requires. How many are saying, "O that I knew where I might find him; I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments."

"The Lord God of Elijah" is the Holy Ghost,—the Divinity whom David honored when he said, "Take not thine Holy Spirit from me," and whom the wicked Jews resisted, as they were charged by the incarnate Son, "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost; as your fathers did, so do ye." He is the divine "Comforter," which the blessed Savior said the Father would send in his name. He is "the tongue of fire," which sat upon the waiting ones in the Holy City. He is the revivifying power which has brought to life the morally dead, and cleansed, by efficient power, the souls of all the saved,—the ransomed hosts around the throne of God, and on their way to the home of the blessed. Where is he? Were he here in his renovating power, in his sanctifying grace, he could pour life into the dead; he could send the resurrection through the church; he could touch the lips of his servants with hallowed fire, and bring the pale and conscience-stricken throng on to their knees in agony of prayer. O, what could not be done, if we could but command the presence and the power of Elijah's God!

But, beloved, "the Lord God of Elijah" is everywhere at the command of faithful prayer. Was he beyond reach when the contest of Elijah with the prophets of Baal, and the vindication of his own honor demanded his presence? No; but the man of God poured out his soul in prayer. He fully understood that he was not, in his own person, to cope with the prophets of a degrading and insulting idolatry. He knew that the power was present which made the world, and that he must throw himself upon it, or fail in this fearful crisis. He knew that no cold, indifferent, or unbelieving petition would be answered, and yet, calm in the assurance of all-conquering faith, he stood before the altar, and uttered his prayer. The Jehovah he trusted answered by fire, and the right, upon which hung the life of the prophet, the honor of the true God, and his worship in all ages, triumphed in the face of the world.

Was he far away when the holy prophet felt the thrill of a divine commission to confound idolatry, and overwhelm guilty Ahab by the power of miracles? What more had Elijah to do than to lift the voice of believing prayer to him in Carmel, to shut up heaven for the space of three years and six months? And nothing else was demanded to open the windows of heaven, and pour "an abundance of rain" upon the thirsty earth.

Where was he when "the son of Shaphat, who had poured water on the hands

of Elijah," and had witnessed his ascension in a chariot of fire, smote the waters with the mantle that fell from the flame that bore him upward to the throne? He was just at hand. He was only to be called for, and his outstretched arm rolled Jordan back upon its passing current, and Elisha passed over dryshod!

He was not far away when his disconsolate disciples communed together of their crucified Savior; but, standing in their midst, he breathed on them and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

He was within the reach of faith when the hundred and twenty wrestled in prayer, and he sent down the baptism of fire, which they longed to realize.

He is present—the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the "Lord God of Elijah"—in all the assemblies of his saints, waiting their call; yes, let no man entertain a doubt of it for a moment; waiting the voice and the power of believing prayer, to send the baptism of the Holy Ghost, which will arouse every soul, give life to the church, and save the people by scores and hundreds. "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" Go to your closet, or go to the grove, or to the top of the mountain, like Elijah, upon Carmel, and then wrestle in holy prayer, until the answer comes. He will not refuse you. The answer by fire shall consume the sacrifice. The work of awakening, and conversion, and sanctification, shall again appear, and, in tender love and holy joy, you shall know "where is the Lord God of Elijah."

I could write it twenty times over to you, that it is continual prayer, with strong faith, which will produce every effect. You know how many slide back in the necessary ordinances; some by improper hearing; some by improper prayers; some in singing; some in teaching; many in sacraments. The eye is taken from God, and a want of power runs through all the means. —[Bramwell.

That which exceedeth in Glory is to be Permanent.

BY A STUDENT.

"For even that which was made glorious had no glory in this respect, by reason of the glory that excelleth."—[2 Corinthians iii. 10.

I NOW take this proposition in its application to the human body; for though, in this passage, it is particularly referable to the glory accompanying the giving of the law to Moses, as compared with the glory of the gospel dispensation, we see it must be a general proposition, applicable to all the arrangements of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness. It appears to me that it does not grieve the heart of God much to lay waste these bodies of ours, for the very reason that, in his view, they have no glory in this respect, or in this sense; that, compared to those bodies which are to be built upon the ruins of these, these appear to him but inferior, temporary abodes, though they appear so glorious to us, and though, in reality, they are so exquisitely formed.

It cannot be that God deplores at all, as we do, that the working brain, the speaking tongue, the listening ears, the seeing eyes, useful hands, and ready feet, should lie mouldering and consuming to ashes day after day. And, if he does not see it to be a grievous waste, as we see it, it must be because he sees something coming from the humiliation of these bodies, which we cannot see. The future glory to which these tabernacles are but an introduction, is, in his eye, as our eyes could not bear the sight of, now. Specimens of that glory are before his face continually. O that some rays might enter the eyes of our souls to make us cease suffering at the work of death,—to make death cease to appear so strange. That God does not regard the life of the body important, in itself considered, seems plain from the manner in which he will let death swing his scythe, here and there, laying scores

and hundreds down at a single stroke, or touching one here and another there, with its surely directed point. And the fact that he permits the wicked to take the lives of the just and holy, as in the times of martyrdom, shows the same thing—that these bodies are intended to be only temporary depositaries, with needful apparatus for the accommodation awhile of the spirits which have but just begun their course. It seems strange to us at first view, why persons are called to leave the body, so indiscriminately as they are in railroad and steamboat disasters, if preparation for heaven is the only point taken into view by the Disposer of events. But his discrimination is back of ours. He makes his, when persons are deciding to go or not to go aboard that very train or boat where death is to come. Each one's account is alone with his Maker; of each one that is taken so suddenly from the body, we cannot doubt that, of some, he says, to leave the body is better for them; and of others, "they are joined to their idols, let them alone;" further probation is useless.

Do we not see that our fellow being would make his workmanship, which was to be permanent, far excel in glory any thing that was to be only temporary, if he had the power to do it, and was actuated by motives of benevolence toward those for whom it is done? How much more the all-wise, the all-benevolent Father of our spirits and Framer of our bodies! Does he look upon the torture which our sensibilities suffer in consequence of the havoc of death as a thing of naught? Will he not amply repay the cost of all this? The whole plan was before him from the first, and he provided that all wastes shall be more than repaired where his subjects will accept the kindly terms of his government. How glorious will be that day when we shall see as we are seen, in the atmosphere where the Lord God and the Lamb shed their effulgence! And we shall soon be there; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying. For, if that which was done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious."—2 Corinthians iii. 10.

Personal Experience.

At the age of twelve years, I sought and found forgiveness of my sins, and, from that time, endeavored to lead a praying life, though in a state far beneath what it is the Christians privilege to enjoy. I seldom ever heard the subject of holiness mentioned only as connected with the duty of a minister of the gospel, till I attained my sixteenth year. I then heard a sermon preached, making it the duty of every professing Christian to seek for, and attain that gracious state. It was clearly proved to my mind to be a Bible doctrine, and just what I needed. The next thing of interest with me was how to obtain it. I had never heard the way of faith simplified, and holiness appeared to me like something so far beyond reach, that it would require an extraordinary effort to obtain it. I earnestly prayed for it. I tried, again and again, to give myself to God, as far as I knew, unreservedly; and, at times, believed the blessing almost within reach. But it was of no avail; my experience was ever vacillating. Finally, I listened to the suggestion that I was too young; that I ought not to think of seeking attainments higher than those my brethren, and even my class leader, professed to enjoy. Thus my good desires were, for a time, lulled to sleep, and I grew more thoughtless, and conformed, both in spirit and practice, to the world.

In the fall of 1848, I was married. I then felt the necessity of a deeper work of grace to enable me to discharge with fidelity the duties of a wife and professing Christian. But I hardly knew what to do. I had suffered myself to be rocked so long in the cradle of carnal self-security, that the way before me appeared extremely dark. I had recourse to the Bible; but it

seemed like a sealed book. I resolved, however, to lead a different life, to discharge every duty, and bear every cross, let my way be light or dark. In August, 1849, I attended a camp-meeting, where I heard a full salvation preached in a manner that threw new light upon the subject. It was just what my tossed, weary soul needed. I felt that nothing else could satisfy, and I endeavored earnestly to seek it. I again solemnly consecrated my all to God, for life or death, time and eternity. I then, with others, engaged in prayer. It was a precious season. My soul was filled to overflowing, and I seemed to sink out of self into God. A sweet calm and peace pervaded my mind, and all nature seemed with me to rejoice in the glory of God.

But the enemy of all good was at hand, and he approached me in such an unlooked-for manner, that, ere I was aware, I had yielded to the sin of unbelief. He suggested that what I had experienced could not be sanctification, as that was a blessing that required a longer and harder struggle to obtain than I had put forth.

Not seeing the source from whence the suggestion came, I felt bewildered, and thus unawares yielded to the temptation; still I was resolved to never give over the struggle till the long-sought blessing was obtained. I felt truly thankful for the light and blessing I had received, though I did not consider it just what I had been seeking. O, the dreadful sin of unbelief! How it blinded my eyes, and caused me to stagger at the promises of God! I left the ground with a vacuum in my heart, but fixed in my determination to be the Lord's, and his only. But how impossible it is without faith to please God, or obtain that divine assistance that we daily and hourly need to enable us perfectly to fulfil the will of God!

I continued thus, at times striving to obtain, and then again feeling an apathy steal over my mind, till the spring of 1850. I then again received the blessing, and again lost it by listening to the reasoning of the adversary. He suggested, at this time, that I ought not to profess it, for it would appear like setting myself above my brethren, and this would be contrary to that humility which this grace invariably produces. O, how dangerous it is to stop one moment to reason with the arch-fiend! Instead of taking the word of God as the rule by which to determine duty, I was ever looking at my brethren for an example to follow; but I have since learned the error of such a course, as each must for himself give account to God.

The light that was in me again became darkness, and O, how great was that darkness! The enemy continued to represent to me the hopelessness of ever securing what I so much desired, and I had so often listened to his representation that it really seemed like part of my nature to doubt. But the more I read the Bible, the more firmly was I convinced that without holiness no man should see the Lord; and I continued by works to seek it till the spring of 1852. I was then, in the providence of God, brought to the very verge of the grave. Again I beheld myself as in the light of eternity. Pen cannot describe the anguish of my poor heart at that sight. My past life rose vividly before me. The coldness of my affections, the sin of making the opinions of others instead of the Bible a rule of conduct, my conformity to the world in dress and other things, all passed in review before me,—and what I had been accustomed to regard as little sins appeared exceedingly heinous, now that they were viewed in the light of God's countenance. As from the eternal world, came sounding in my ears the solemn passages which the Holy Spirit had, time and again, reiterated, "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." "Come out from among them, and be ye separate," etc. I prayed and agonized, but the heavens seemed like brass.

At last, on the verge of despair, I yielded the struggle, and, with a desperate effort, cast myself in the hands of the Lord, for

time and eternity. Then, and not till then, did relief come. The burden was removed from my torn and agonized heart. O, the joy of that hour, when I learned to rest in the Lord! I now saw clearly that "it was not of works lest any man should boast;" that it did not depend on the amount of agony a person endured, but it was by simple faith; and O, how easy was its exercise! To God be all the glory for this full salvation. My cry is for more of this childlike faith, in the atoning merits of the cross. But truly the way of faith is a narrow way. The more light I receive, the narrower it becomes to me; but the joy there is to be found all along the way is beyond description.

I learn, more and more, the art of continually trusting the Lord. Praise the Lord for this glorious privilege of the Christian. Through grace I purpose ever to stand a living witness of a full salvation.

Needah, Wis. S. B.

Abide with Us.

Even a glance of the sun is cheering, in a day of storms, or of clouds that without storming fill the air with sullenness, and make twilight even at noon-day. But what is this compared with the brightness of the unobstructed sun all the day long, filling the air above, overlaying the earth, and pouring gold upon every tree, stone, or house, until the eye shrinks for very brightness!

But the sunlight of a single day brings forth nothing. Such days come in December, in January, and amid the boisterous weeks of February and the tumult of March. But nothing springs up. The tree makes no growth. The light does not enter in. It lies wide abroad, and indeed most beautiful, but nothing is created by it, for burnished icicles and frost-drops are the only stems and flowers which come from the slant and cold brightness of Winter's sun.

It is only when, at length, the sun returns from its equatorial pilgrimage, and enters into the earth, and abides within it, that life is awakened. The earth knows his coming. In winter, nature lies as the dead. The sun stretches itself upon it, as did the prophet upon the woman's son, and from every part there is rising up and resurrection of root, stem, bud, and flower. But none of these things happen to casual and infrequent shining. They are the fruit of indwelling heat. Not till the sun enters in, and abides in the soil, not till days and nights are struck through with warmth, is there life and glory.

If this be so of poor and lower nature, how much more eminently is it true of the human soul, and of its Sun of Righteousness! It is a gladsome thing in toil and trouble to have a single bright flash from the face of God. A prisoner in a dungeon may have but one small window, and that far up, and out of the way of the sun, and for months and months not one single day does the yellow sun send one single and solitary ray through the poor little window. But at length, in changing its place in the heavens, there comes a day in which, to his surprise and joy, a flash of light springs through, and quivers on the wall. It vibrates upon his heart still more tremulously than on the wall. Even so much is joy. It warms nothing, and lights but little. But it brings back summer to his soul. It tells him that the sun is not dead, but walks the heavens yet. That single ray speaks of fields, of trees, of birds, and of the whole blue heavens! So is it, often, in life. It is in the power of one blessed thought, in a truly Christian heart, to send light and joy for hours and days. But that is not enough. It is not enough for Christian growth or Christian nourishment, that despondency sometimes hopes, and darkness sometimes smiles into light. A Christian is to be a child of light, and in the light. The whiteness of heavenly robes is the light which they reflect from the face of God! A Christian is to bear *much* fruit. He cannot unless he abides in summer. For *relief* a

casual visit of God's grace is potential. But for *fruit*, much fruit, and ripened fruit, nothing will suffice but the whole summer's sun.

Now this steadfastness of God's presence is both to be prayed for, and to be possessed. There is provision in the Gospel for that very blessing. It is the promise of the Father, and the pledge of the Son. It is made to be a Christian's duty to pray for it, and to expect it. For, in very deed, there can be no true and full Christian ripeness without it. The soul forms no habits, and comes to no spiritual conformity to God, by the jets and flashes of excitement. These have their use, and one to be gladly accepted. But the soul must lie long in the light; it must abide in divine warmth. There must be spiritual summer where there is to be much fruit. Our thoughts are like our bodies. Men cannot come to good breeding by an occasional entrance to good society. It is habitual commerce with grace and amenity that fashions a man to politeness. It is living in study that makes a man learned. And even more, it is abiding in God, and having the indwelling of God with us, that brings the soul to manners and learning of divine things.

It seems an impossible thing, to many, to carry the presence and influence of the Spirit of God through all the whirl and occupation of life! Is it impossible for a young soldier to carry the spirit of love with him, through camp, march, and battle? Is it difficult for the parent to carry his soul full of domestic affections through the business of the day? Is it impossible, or even difficult, for us to carry any feeling which is deep and strong, and which we love, within us, in spite of exterior disturbance?

Nay, do we not see every day that the heart, by such enthusiasms or deep emotions, not only goes unchanged through burdensome life, but casts out of itself a flood of radiance, and makes its path light by its own cheerfulness or joy? Love in the soul is like perfume in the garments. Heat cannot melt it, nor cold freeze it, nor the winds blow it away. Going forth or coming home, it scatters itself, but is not wasted; it is forever going, but never gone. And the love of God shed abroad in the soul surpasses all fragrance, in inexhaustible diffusiveness. If men have only a little love, an occasional spark, it may be troublesome to nourish it when the world casts down on it green fuel. A large fire waxes larger by that very wind which blows out a small flame. It is even as St. Peter saith: "If these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."—[Independent.

Discipline of Providence.

THE *Congregationalist* has an article on the alternations in the divine method of discipline, from which we make an extract:

"For months and weeks, perhaps for years, we have lived free from pain. All this time our eyes have been undimmed by disease, our natural force uninvaded. We have been weary—we have welcomed night and the pillow, but we have not been sick—we have had no need to call in the physician and nurse. We have sat at our board under no necessity of abjuring favorite dishes. We have paid no respect to east winds and evening air. We have arranged to come and go, to do this and that, without any special proviso of consenting infirmities. We have almost forgotten that we are frail. We have been dipped all over, like the Grecian warrior, in invulnerability. We are immortal, we know, but, there being no daily and pungent reminders of the truth, it is dormant knowledge. We feel, perhaps, too strong—too secure. We are audacious in our self-confidence. We have lost sympathy with the feeble and suffering. It has become impossible, yes, *impossible*, for us to prize the inestimable boon of health. This is not good for us. The sense of dependence throbs faintly at your heart. The uncertainties of life have

become quite visionary—remote and unsubstantial shadows. The daily thanksgiving for a sound mind and a sound body has turned formal. We are losing tenderness, cautiousness, and trust—growing hard, high, headed, self-reliant, and self-sufficient.

"It is time the pendulum swung off across the centre toward the other extreme. Out of its quiver of many arrows Providence sends a shaft that smites our pride of unbroken strength. We have little relish for the evening repast. The night is feverish and restless. With the morning the man of healing stands at our bed-side, and announces the advent of disease. Long, slow hours of pain and weakness begin to unroll themselves. Ah! we are mortal—we are frail—we are infirm. Our dead, formal knowledge of these facts is suddenly intense and vivid. Our texture of life is brittle. Back upon us sounds the sentence, '*Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return!*' The grave is always near—there is ever but a step between us and death. Only one hand upholds our daily going. In ourselves we have no constitutional grasp of long life. We have no self-perpetuated power of endurance. These are common places all, but they are words that had not passed our lips for many revolving seasons. Ah! how many of our fellow-men are lying, as we are, on hot, restless couches! We can think of them now. In God only it is to kill and make alive—that conviction comes up from some deep place where we had buried it out of thought. We know how precious health is by the loss. Perhaps we shall never be well again. Our chapter of life may be near its ending. The sublime portal of eternity lifts its arch. We turn like the stricken king of Israel to the wall to weep, and to us, as to the penitent, praying monarch, comes a gracious message, turning back the hand on the dial of our days, and renewing our lease of life. It will be necessary, very likely, to repeat this process more than once. It will not be safe to insure to us so long continued a period of uninterrupted health. Our pains must come oftener. Every season must give us some sharp reminders of our alliances to the dust. The knowledge of our weakness must stand fronting us at every turn. The alternation will be our best tuition."

How a Man was Cured.

THE following facts almost *verbatim* were communicated to the writer in the autumn of this year—1856—by the Rev. Robert Hewitt, one of the general missionaries employed by the Irish Methodist conference.

Halfway between Tuam and Castlereagh—places comprised in the archdiocese of the redoubtable "JOHN"—Mr. Hewitt called at a public house to feed his horse. Asking the man of the house if he ever thought of dying, and what his feelings were—"I feel awfully afraid," the man replied. Mr. H. inquired the cause, and was filled with surprise and grief at the ignorance of this poor son of Erin, who answered, "Because I do not know where I would go when I die. Some say there is a place called heaven, and a place called hell, and a place called purgatory. For my part, I do not know of any such places; for I have never been there." Mr. H. asked, "Did you never meet an old book that gives information about heaven and hell?"

"I never did."

"Did you never hear of the blessed Savior, who came into the world to die for sinners?"

"No, I do not remember having heard of him."

"Did you never hear of Jesus Christ?"

"Never."

"I cannot receive that statement. A man of your years—seventy or more—never to have heard of Jesus!"

The man assured the missionary that he had not.

"Have you never heard of the blessed Virgin Mary's Son?"

"I know her very well."

"As you have no knowledge of Jesus, if you could get this old book, it would give you very nice information about him."

"Perhaps, sir, you could get me that book."

"I am sorry I have not a copy with me, but, in the absence of the book, I will give you a recipe out of it to cure you of the fear of death."

"The Lord bless you, sir."

"You understand Irish? The recipe is" —he gave it to him in his native tongue, the language of his affections.

"Can you translate that for me?"

"Yes, sir; it is, 'O God, pardon all my sins, for the sake of the blood of Jesus Christ!'"

"Now," said the missionary, "you must say these words on your knees three times every day till I see you again, and if you say them every hour, so much the better."

"Lord bless you, sir, and I will, but I fear I'll forget them. My daughter has a fine memory. I will call her out, and she will put me in mind of them."

The daughter came, translated the words accurately, and said she would remember them.

The time fixed for the missionary's return rolled round. As he neared the place, the man met him on the road, and, taking off his hat, twirled it about his head, exclaiming "Ceadth mille a faulteagh ro" —a hundred thousand welcomes to you!

The missionary thanked him, and inquired, "How have you been doing since I saw you?"

"*Well*, sir; I'm cured!"

Mr. H. never witnessed any thing like the joy of his countenance, except in one other case.

"Do you say the words still?"

"O, yes, sir, I'll never forget them. But they are fine words! O, sir, that recipe would cure the world"—straightening himself up.

"Has it done *you* any good?"

"It has cured me, so that I would not be afraid to drop dead at your horse's feet!"

"Just tell me how you got this change."

"Well, about a week agone, I was minding the cows, keeping them out of the corn, and I was repeating it, and repeating it, and repeating it, and me lying up against the ditch. At last, I thought it was wrong to be saying such fine words in that way, so I turned upon my knees, and began to say them. While I was repeating it, I got a stroke at my heart, and fell on my face. I could not tell how long I was there, but, when I came to, I could say nothing but Glory, glory, glory be to God! If I had wings, I'd have flew away to God Almighty! Ever since that, I'm not afraid to die at any minute, night or morning. Now, sir, I'll feed your horse, and charge you nothing!"

"I am very much obliged, but, when I give a recipe of this kind, I never take any thing for it."

The horse fed, "Sir," said the man, "my wife is dying; would you come in and see her?"

"Go you in first, and tell her the gentleman is outside who gave you the recipe for the fear of death, and ask if she wishes to see him."

The man went in, and soon returned, saying, "Sir, she will be glad to see you."

The daughter conducted the missionary to the room. The old woman was evidently dying.

"You seem very ill, and are going to take a long journey," observed Mr. H.

"O yes, sir."

"Where are you going, think you?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Is it not a dangerous thing to enter on such a journey, and not know where you are going?"

"O, it is, sir."

"Did your husband tell you what has taken place in his mind?"

"No, sir."

"I am grieved that he did not tell you what happened him. He says *he* is not now afraid to die, because he is sure of heaven when he does die. The recipe

gave him, he says, has cured him of the fear of death, and, if you attend to the same, I have no doubt it will cure you."

He then repeated the words, and said, "This can cure you, as well as your husband."

"O, sir," she replied, "the husband I used to have was the cursingest, swearingest, drunkenest, wickedest man in all the country. He would knock the children and servants about; we were all afraid of him; but the one I have now is the quietest, easiest, nicest man you ever saw."

"When did that change take place?"

"Just about a week agone; when he came home from minding the cows, those within ran to hide, as they used to do, but he came in so easy they did not hear him, and when they looked out, they saw him sitting in the chair so nice—not saying a word. Ever since, he is just like a little child going through the house."

Again the missionary recommended her to use the recipe which had proved so effectual in the case of her husband, and, followed by the old man's blessings, "went on his way rejoicing." R. H.

Londonderry, Nov. 15, 1856.

Under the River.

DEATH, which severs the continuity of the physical thread, does not break that of the soul, and in this respect it may be likened to the river, which, when storm-shaken and ice-clogged, stops off all communications of the outer world, and yet closes not the pulsations of the sub-marine telegraph that is discharging its noiseless office underneath. It is thus that, underneath the surface of material life, the redeemed soul is put in connexion with its Maker. Storms may beat outside, and the river of death present to the carnal eye an insurmountable barrier; but the elect soul communes all this time with the world that is to come. It is serene; for it is beyond the reach of disturbance. Nor is the line of connection one of mere personal experience. Personal experience, it is true, is the sentient power at one terminus: but *faith* is the electric wire, and over it come throbbing the promises, "Fear not, I am with thee," "Come unto me and I will give you rest."—[Episcopal Recorder.

Great Danger of the Church.

THE world is still the world, as much as when Christ proclaimed its essential antagonism to him; but with this great and ominous difference, that, instead of meeting Christianity face to face, and rushing to an open onslaught, it travels the same road, under the shadow of the same red cross banner, and pretends a courteous alliance with the saints of God. The world no longer calls itself the world. Infidelity no longer owns its baptismal name of Deism. Every form of heretical opinion claims to have extracted some principle from the gospel, its purest and best principle, and made it its own vital element. Dame Morality borrows some of the most spiritual phrases of Christianity for its crutches. Philanthrophy makes scorn of piety. The world's literature, professing the utmost purity of sentiment, insinuates the venom of unregenerate nature into the church; and, what is worse, the church's literature borrows the world's enticing forms, to make the truth as it is in Jesus more romantic and winning, and sequesters the Bible from the parlor, and hides it in the closet or the sick chamber. Expediency often supplants the simplicity of religious principle, and Christians are too apt to consider what will *tell*, rather than what is right and true. Even in the preaching of the gospel, the most august of human responsibilities, looking beyond all other responsibilities, to the remotest issues, and the most solemn criticism of the judgment, the requirement seems often to be, not what the people need, but what they will like; not, is it the truth of the living God? but, is it the general sentiment of the congregation?—[A. H. Vinton.

The Guide to Holiness.

FEBRUARY, 1857.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

AWFULLY SUDDEN DEATH.—The New Orleans papers announce the death of Judge John C. Larue, of that city. The Picayune says :—

"The manner of his death was awfully sudden. His wife had been indisposed, and he remained at home to keep her company. He lay on a low sofa, quite well, and uncommonly cheerful. She reclined along the floor, leaning on his shoulder, his arm about her—the child on the sofa playing with its father. Suddenly, the little girl asked abruptly, 'Papa, what makes your eyes roll so?' and, with a convulsive stretch, he said to his wife, 'My darling, I am dying!' Not unused to spasms of illness, she answered, 'Don't—don't frighten me so.' 'I tell you,' he replied, with emphasis, 'I am dying.' She started to get restoratives; he said, 'No, no.' She rushed to the window, calling for servants, 'A doctor! a doctor!' and turning saw his face distorted and his hands clenched. His only words were, 'No, no—let me die in peace!' when his face recovered a smiling expression, his limbs relaxed, and he breathed but two or three times again. The shrieks of his wife and child alarmed the house and neighborhood; but all efforts at resuscitation failed. From fulness of life to torpid death the interval was scarcely five minutes.

"Judge Larue was a native of New Jersey. He came out to New Orleans about twenty-two or three years ago, and was engaged for some time as tutor in a family. He worked at one time as a printer, and early connected himself with the press in an editorial capacity."

RETURNING TO THE MINISTRY.—At the recent Alabama Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, Hon. H. W. Hilliard announced his intention of returning to the ministry. He had been alluded to in conference as the probable editor of the Methodist organ to be established in Montgomery, and the proposition meeting with some question, Mr. Hilliard arose, and turning to Bishop Pierce, presiding, addressed him as follows :—

"I give you my hand, my brother, in this great work! Henceforth our paths of life shall not diverge! I come, in the maturity of my manhood, deliberately to lay my heart, intellect, and whatever of trophies I may have won in other walks of life, professional or political, humbly at the foot of the Cross, with motives which befit the service of my Master. Let it be distinctly understood that no vote which this Conference may take upon the pending proposition can affect my resolution to give myself to this work. At home and abroad, in my solitary journeyings, or standing in the palaces of kings, I have never forgotten my early vows. I have seen the beginning and end of earthly greatness. Intimately associated with some of the first living statesmen of this age and country, I have seen them pass away from this earth. Sir, I know the vanity of earthly things. I come humbly, but I come preserving that self-respect without which I should not be meet for the Master's service. I ask nothing from this Conference on my own personal account. Let the vote have no reference to me. No, no, sir! I have never lowered my crest when facing political parties in the day of battle. I preserve my self-respect, but I desire to achieve somewhat that which will enable me, when this world burns up, to be recognized by the Great Head of the Church, as a friend of Christ, and to take my place, however humble, among martyrs and saints who have loved and served Him on earth."

This is the substance of his remarks, delivered to the spell-bound audience. It was a scene of intense moral sublimity. May he find grace equal to his noble resolution. Long may he live to edify the church, and finally win and wear the crown of endless joy and glory.—[Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.—The characteristics which have rendered her famous are said to have been conspicuous in her very childhood. That is a beautiful story which is told of a wounded soldier in one of the hospitals, whose arm she had saved from amputation, that, as she passed between his bed and the window, the poor fellow would kiss her shadow that lay on his pillow.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF RUSSIA spent the whole night before their coronation in the Ouspenskoi Cathedral, in vigils and prayer. They are at this moment the most interesting royal couple in the world; and there can be no doubt of the almost idolatrous affection of their people for them.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

We can do but little else this month than to prepare for press the material furnished by others, and promise at no distant date, when less occupied, to con over some thoughts of our own for our readers. The first of the year is the time when most people subscribe for their periodical reading, and consequently at that season letters pour in from all quarters in overwhelming numbers. To this, of course, the publisher can make no objection, as the life of his magazine depends, in no small degree, upon the subscribers, and material aid which he then receives. But great forbearance and patience must be exercised by the numerous correspondents that are severally claiming his attention and services. Every letter cannot be answered at once—and it would be perfectly marvellous, if, in attending to so many items of business, no error should be committed. We will give, however, as little occasion of complaint as possible, by promising that every letter shall be attended to in its turn, and, if an error does occur, it shall be rectified as soon as discovered. Our friends, however, could very much aid us if they would be a little more particular in writing. One forgets to date his letter, and hence we are at a loss to know where it is from. Another dates it properly, but omits his signature. Another remits for a number of subscribers, but omits the name of the post office where they have been taken, or where they are to be sent; while another writes so illegibly that we cannot determine how to direct the Guides ordered. We make no complaints, but simply refer to these things to show that there is occasion for mutual forbearance.

We feel daily that we have continual grounds of thanksgiving to God for the encouragement we are receiving in our work. Some, it is true, discontinue; but even such for the most part assign a good reason, and, in parting, whisper an encouraging word, and breathe a prayer for our success; while others again rally to our rescue, and seek to make up the loss in our list by sending us large accessions of new subscribers, with letters brimful of kindness and sympathy. Thank you, dearly beloved in the Lord; believe us when we say our heart is to live and die with you in the work which has brought us into such sweet fellowship. Thus far our prospects for the year have been of the most encouraging character. Let none, however, grow weary in their exertions. We have made provision for a liberal increase to our list. Let this and the following month be improved in presenting the claims of our periodical. Let this be universal, and the results will still more astonish those who have looked on coldly at our unpretending efforts and predicted our downfall.

Professor Finney, and Reverend J. Caughey.—Both of these dear brethren are actively engaged in the revival work. The former is preaching in the Park Street Congregational Church in this city. We have listened to several of his discourses, and marked the divine influence which attends his ministrations. We were struck with the remark of a friend, which exactly expressed our own feelings, who, speaking of Mr. Finney's preaching, observed that his presentations of truth reminded him of ancient statuary in its nude and unadorned form. Truth without covering or ornament is held up before the audience for their acceptance or rejection. Its force cannot be evaded. We are happy to say that the church are drawing into sympathy with this devoted laborer, and we predict a powerful and glorious season of revival. Omens for good are even now being visible. Pray, beloved, that our city may enjoy a gracious visitation.

Brother Caughey is laboring with his usual success in Newark, N. J. A correspondent writing from that city, says, "Brother C.'s labors are giving a mighty impetus to the doctrine of holiness. A great and glorious victory is gained here. Christians are coming into the enjoyment of the blessing every night."

Excerpta from Correspondence.—We often publish the experience of those who have entered the perfect rest of a sanctified state, and are constantly cheered by the testimony we receive of the happy influence that has accompanied the perusal of such experiences. It may not be amiss occasionally to give a glimpse of the other side of the picture. We have received several letters of late that describe the deplorable condition of the church in many parts of the land, especially in her relation to the great subject, which, of all others, should claim her undivided energies. The exposure of such a state of things may be deemed by some of questionable propriety, and yet, to say nothing of Scripture warrant for such a course, we believe it to be a just and proper method of enlisting sympathy and prayer in behalf of our bleeding Zion.

The perusal of the following letter has filled us with painful emotions. Our brother's appeal has touched our sympathies; but we all must look to a higher power to help us in this emergency. O! beloved, pray that God may call and thrust out just such a class of laborers as this brother, and thousands of others all over the land, so pathetically express the want of. Our correspondent writes from the South, but where is the locality where some parts of his description will not apply? May God speedily endue our brother with that "power from on high," the need of which he has expressed so strong a sense, and baptize the sons of Levi generally, with a fresh baptism of fire.

DEAR BROTHER,—I wish you to continue the Guide to me during life. If at any time I should fail to renew it, still send it on, and to my address after I am dead ond gone, for my children. And I will even say send it to me, though I should ask a discontinuance, for I shall never ask this unless I backslide. The very sight of the Guide, in such a state, might recall to my mind reflections of infinite value. Even now, sometimes, I don't like to read it, and at other times I am delighted inexpressibly. I love your paper because it is so entirely devoted to spiritual things, and especially because its great aim is to raise the Christian standard to the *highest* point. This uncompromising doctrine of full salvation I have loved ever since I learned its nature and its beauty. I have, in the midst of inveterate opposition, preached it from a boy, and have openly professed it *twice* in the last twenty years of my life, but don't now enjoy it. Still I preach it, and love the doctrine exceedingly.

I stated above that I sometimes didn't like to read the Guide; it is because I read in it so clearly my past experience of holiness, and my own condemnation in my present condition. I feel like a stranger in a strange land in regard to this doctrine. Not one in ten thousand possess it; scarcely any in the travelling connection. When I read the thrilling experiences in the Guide on sanctification, I feel an uncommon kindred spirit to such, and greatly desire to be among you. Oh, what a treat it would be to me to be among a sanctified *few!* To hear a minister proclaim, from the desk, that he preached the doctrine of holiness from *experience*, is what I have *never* heard.

In reading a communication from Brother Pearson, in your October number, it reminded me of what I have long wished to do, to write to you to devise some means to send us a few preachers, uncompromising professors of sanctification, to labor in the South and West. We need such above all other things. We have frequent and extensive revivals, genuine conversions, but, not being led on to expect full salvation, almost all become lukewarm. It is true, many of the preachers, local and travelling, preach it, but only theoretically. Oh, we need a few blazing lights of this kind among us, as much or more than the heathen do missionaries of the cross. Methodism, I mean spiritual Methodism, is waning among us—class-meetings are almost entirely abandoned in many places.

Could you not send us at least one to travel at large amongst us, attend our conferences, and encourage bands of seekers of holiness in different parts of our country? I assure you there is no one of this kind amongst us, to my knowledge. You may say, "Why don't you undertake it?" My reply is, I *once* had the *power*, and the feelings, and energy, but have not now. Still I have peace with God, love to Jesus, and great quickenings at times, but feel a constant inability to rise superior to one or two difficulties which *seem* to lie in my way. I always think if I could be where others would lead, that I would certainly be among them.

A PAINFUL CONTRAST.—From our numerous business letters, we have ventured to select two for the inspection of our readers. Comment on them is unnecessary. The one writes,

"Enclosed I send you one dollar in payment for the Guide to Holiness. Please discontinue, as I have backslidden, and do not feel interested in such reading.

"Very respectfully yours," etc.

The other writes,

"DEAR BROTHER,—On the 27th of October, the Lord took from me a living epistle of the faith once delivered to the saints, by washing my precious husband from the deck of his ship, never more to rise till the last day. Your Guides were very precious to him, although he never *publicly* professed the doctrine of holiness, but he lived and talked it as much as Wesley. Years ago, I tried to give my miserable self and all I have or am to the Lord. He took a precious son and buried him in the sea two years ago. 'I was dumb with silence; I opened not my mouth, for thou didst it,' was the language of my soul. Now I can say, all is the Lord's; 'let him do as seemeth him good.' Never, no, never could there have been a happier family than my husband, self, and six children, because *love* ruled our household, and jars never were permitted to enter. The circle is broken. May Jesus be ours to hold the links of the chain and unite it in heaven. I write to say I do not feel able just now to take the Guide; I must *work* for my bread, but as soon as I can I will take it. God speed you.

"Respectfully," etc.

THE PRESENT NUMBER is rich in original articles. Some of them are nicely discriminative on points which have been the source of more or less perplexity. Others are hortatory, urging to a present and immediate compliance with the full demands of the gospel, while others again abound with words of comfort and encouragement to those who are in need of sympathy. We have other valuable articles on hand which must bide their time.

Book Notices.

The Young Lady's Guide to the Harmonious Development of Character. By Harvey Newcomb. With an Appendix, containing Thoughts on the Education of Woman. New York. Published by M. W. Dodd, 59 Chambers street.

A new and revised edition of a deservedly popular book. The author aims at the development of the highest style of Christian character, and has evidently written under a deep sense of the responsibility which his work involves. The whole ground is canvassed, and yet care has been taken to exclude every thing of doubtful utility.

Poetic Readings for Schools amd Families. With an Introduction by J. L. Comstock, M. D. New York. Published by M. W. Dodd.

Nothing so readily engages the attention of children as well written poetry suited to their capacity. Hence its value as a vehicle for the transmission of moral truth. In the compilation before us, this object is never lost sight of. The compiler has culled a pleasing variety from the very best authors, and arranged them in a most attractive form. The volume is embellished with numerous and well executed engravings.

The Russel Family. By Anna Hastings. New York. Published by M. W. Dodd.

This little volume, we are told in the preface, is "a sketch from real life." It depicts the influence of a mother's love and holy example long after that mother had ceased to live. The characters are finely drawn, and the story contains some most touching passages.

Manual of Devotion. By. J. B. Waterbury, D. D. Boston, Massachusetts, Sabbath School Society, Depository, No. 13 Cornhill.

We hail it as among the favorable omens of the present age, that works of a devotional character are in increasing demand. Our author, in his manual, not only incites to the duty by appropriate thoughts on prayer, and meditations on the example of Christ, but has furnished forms of prayer, and hymns appropriate to various occasions and conditions. The sacramental season and prayers, and meditations appropriate thereto, form an important department of the work. It will be found a valuable help for the closet.

Old Moll and Little Agnes; or, the Rich Poor and the Poor Rich. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. Boston, Shepard, Clark & Co. pp. 190.

Seldom, if ever, have we read a work of fiction with deeper interest. The hope expressed by the author, in the dedication of the volume to her children, "that it may aid in the formation of a good character, and in the practice of every Christian virtue," must be realized. The Christian character, the influence of providential chastening in its development, the reward of virtue and the punishment of vice, are all drawn with a master's skill.

The Christian Virtues Personified, and Exhibited as a Divine Family. An Illustrated Allegory. By Rev. D. D. Buck, of the East Genesee Conference. New York and Auburn, Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1856.

This is a sixteen-mo, of nearly three hundred pages. Its scope and design are well stated in the title. In our judgment, a well-sustained allegory is a thing rarely met with. Indeed, since the appearance of Bunyan's Pilgrim, very few of the many writers who have been lured into the field by his success, have survived their own generation, or have even been extensively read at all. We see not why this book may not attain a popularity which shall make it an exception to the usual fate of this kind of writing. The author has displayed much of his native ingenuity, and there are many passages of great beauty and force. Persons of a cultivated and lively imagination will find both pleasure and profit in reading it. The book is "got up" in good style, and its appearance and character make it very suitable for the centre table.

The Household Angel in Disguise. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. Boston, Shepard, Clark & Co.

This is another book by the same author. Like the foregoing, it is consecrated to the promotion of Christian faith and virtue. In a well written story of unflagging interest, it reveals the design of Providence in placing the Christian in trying relations, and shows the influence which a heart allied to Christ may have in moulding those with whom it is brought in contact. Mrs. Leslie is a daughter of the late Dr. Woods, and has evidently drunk deep at the fountain of Christian experience. No other could have written such a book.

Besides the above, we have received from various sources, several other volumes, which, for want of room, we must defer noticing till our next issue.

A Mother's Portrait, or The Model Mother.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. PALMER.

Her house was ordered well,
Her children taught the way of life,
Who, rising up in honor, called her blessed.
POLLOCK.

EVERY day, as it opened, saw the entire household, consisting usually of many persons, assembled for the reading of the word of God, and for prayer. At the dinner hour, most frequently, a chapter of the Bible was read. In the evening, all the members of the family were again assembled, when a hymn was sung, and the Scriptures were again read, and prayer offered. Family worship was not hurried and formal, as if it were an unwelcome work, to be performed quickly as possible, and cleared out of the way. It was *impressive*, and as far removed from negligent haste on the one hand, as from protracted wearisome dulness on the other. Says the son, "Mother usually prayed in the evening; and there were in her petition so much spiritual breathing, and earnest pleading with God, as made all feel that she was not an outer-court worshipper, but entered within the vail, and immediately before the mercy-seat. Her prayers were full and comprehensive. None of the members of the household could feel themselves excluded. Husband, children, servant, work-women, visitors,—all were cared for, and presented in her petitions. She also remembered, in her prayers, the parish, the city, the nation, the church and the world. This practice enlarged the views and sympathies of those with whom she prayed, and taught them to feel an interest in persons beyond the household circle. There was much of adoration and praise mingled with all her devotions. Neither were her family instructions and prayers confined to morning and evening services. It was her custom frequently to speak to her children apart and pray with them in her own room. At such seasons, the lambs were fed after their own manner. The duties and pleasures of religion were set forth before them, and if there had been improprieties in behavior, they were pointed out. So that the young offender had not only to meet the Father's reproof and correction, but, what was still more, Mother's private remonstrance, and this was usually followed by prayer for the erring one's repentance, and for divine forgiveness. It was also her practice to accompany her younger children to their beds, and commit them by prayer to the protection of their Heavenly Father.

'In virtue fair,
Adorned with modesty and matron grace
Unspeakable, and love, her face was like
The light, most welcome to the eye of man.'

"Having received the Spirit of Christ, she manifested its fruits in active benevolence and good will toward all around her. She was the mother of sixteen children, and the business in which she was engaged required much of her attention. But she was 'instant in season and out of season, and in all she found time for almost dail personal visitation to the sick. Many a word in season did she speak to the beggar at the door, and many an exhortation and prayer accompanied her gifts in the sick room, the naked garret and comfortless cellar. But her visits were not confined to the poor. Several instances are recorded of her affectionate Christian faithfulness to the rich and influential."

[To be continued.]

As you love your soul, beware of the world; it has slain its thousands and tens of thousands. What ruined Lot's wife? The world. What ruined Judas? The world. And "what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—[Mason's Remains.

The Possibility of Christians living without Sin.

BY REV. J. BATE

NO. X.

THE GRACE OF GOD AND THE FREE AGENCY OF THE CHRISTIAN, form another argument in support of the proposition laid down. Although the Christian is free, yet he is *bound*. He is bound by the laws of the divine nature of which he is made a partaker by regeneration, not to follow "the corruptions which are in the world through lust;" not to walk in the flesh; to "abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul," and to touch not, nor taste not, of that which defileth. He is bound, by the laws of that kingdom of grace, of which he is a subject, to be loyal and faithful to all his duties, privileges and responsibilities. He is bound, by the covenant engagement into which he has entered with the Holy One, to love, serve, obey, and glorify him, in all things. He is bound, by the Spirit of the living God, who reigns within him, to receive his teachings, to be guided by his wisdom, and to be sanctified by his operations. He is bound, by the public profession of Christianity, which he has made before the church and the world, to "walk circumspectly,not as fools,but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil," to let his light shine before men, that they, by seeing his good works, may glorify his Father who is in heaven; to "do good unto all men, especially unto them that are of the household of faith." He is bound, by the union into which he has entered with the church to observe her rules, to use her religious means, to celebrate her ordinances, to assist her agencies, and to support her institutions, all of which, if the church be based on the New Testament principles, are designed to exemplify holiness, and to spread it among men.

By all these, the Christian is bound. He has no liberty to sin, according to any one law arising from the religious life. His obligation is *to be good and to do good*, without any *Christian* freedom to do and to be otherwise. His responsibility to God centres around this one obligation. In the meeting of this he fulfils all that his Judge requires at his hands. The moment he deliberately and knowingly steps beyond the *boundaries*, above mentioned, he fails to meet his obligation, and is unprepared to render in, his responsibility to the Judge.

But, while the Christian is thus bound, he is *free*. This is a fact evident to his mind from the word of God, and from his own experience. He feels himself to be no slave. He is the only legitimate freeman in the world of fallen sinners. No manacles bind his hands to the drudgery work of iniquity. No fetters hold his feet in the broad way to destruction. No body of death keeps him down from the rise and flight of the Spirit to whom Jesus is the resurrection and the life. No satanic charms or subtilties delude or deceive him into the pursuit of polluting and ruining objects. No unholy or imprudent habits hold him in the slavish use of things to abstain from which would be an endangering of his health or life. He is free from all these influences. All this is a matter of plain, satisfactory experience to the *genuine* Christian. His own spirit bears him witness; and the Spirit of God unites in the witness.

The Scriptures corroborate his experience. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is *liberty*." "The Spirit of the Lord" is within him, therefore he enjoys liberty. This is the sound, inevitable conclusion. "Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed, And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you *free*."—John viii. 31, 32. These words, though spoken to the Jews, are applicable to all who believe in Jesus, and continue in his words. The Christian has believed in Jesus, and continues in his words, by faith and obedience. He, therefore, enjoys the privilege promised. He is made FREE by the truth. "Whosoever committeth sin,'

he again says, "is the servant of sin. And the servant abideth not in the house for ever; but the Son abideth ever. If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."--Verses 34–36. This agrees with the experience of the Christian. He is no longer a "servant," but a "son." The Spirit witnesses to this fact. He has been adopted into the royal household of faith. He is set free from all the binding influences and degrading servility of the house of bondage, and the prince of the power of the air. He is become a free-born citizen of the New Jerusalem, the church of the first-born, and the city of the living God. The SON has made him free, and he is "free indeed"—in reality, and power, in honor and happiness. The Jews made pretence to freedom, but were all the while subject to bondage. So it is with sinners generally, but the Christian is free INDEED.

Enough has been said upon the simple fact of the Christian's freedom. But the question now arises, *In what sense is he free?* He is free as a moral agent, and he is free as a Christian. I think it important to make this distinction; to avoid a seeming contradiction. Not only so, but because it appears to be truth necessarily connected with the Christian life. As a moral agent, he is free to sin, but as a Christian, he is only free not to sin. If he have not the power as a moral agent to sin, then he either never did have it, or, if he did, the reception of Christianity has divested him of it. The first cannot be admitted, seeing it would be inimical with human individual experience, and scripture declaration. The second cannot be admitted, seeing it would revolutionize the system of man's moral nature, and this would be to attribute to Christianity, a work which it never designed to accomplish,—its work being only to reform, renew, and sanctify; seeing also that such an admission would contradict the statements of Scripture which make it to appear possible for Christians to commit sin and lose their religion; and the facts of Scripture which give us instances of some which did actually commit sin; and the facts of church history, Christian biography and living illustrations in backsliders. While, therefore, the Christian is so bound that he must not commit sin, he is free as a moral agent to do so. As a Christian, he is under obligation to observe all the laws of the Christian religion; but, as a moral being, he possesses the power not to observe those laws, and thus to violate his Christian principles, and nullify his Christian covenant engagement.

1. *The Christian is free to observe the laws of the Christian life into which he has entered.* Those laws may be such as relate to himself, the government of his passions, the control of his appetites, the employment of his intellectual powers, the improvement of his time, and the manner in which he performs his duties, whether temporal or spiritual. They may be such as relate to his fellow men, honesty, justice, love, benovolence, mercy, truthfulness, respect; in all things doing unto others as he would have others do unto him. They may be laws such as relate to God, love of him, fear of him, joy in him, submission to him, reverence of him, jealousy of his honor, conformity to his image. All the laws of the Christian life respecting these points, as a whole or in particular, the Christian is free to observe.

This freedom is derived from the moral nature which he inherits, and from the Christian immunities which he enjoys. Were he not free in this matter, would Jehovah evince himself a wise, good, and righteous Lawgiver? He would appear more in the aspect of an exacting tyrant or imbecile God, rather than a gracious and loving Parent. A discrepancy would exist between the laws of his kingdom, and the capability of the subjects; the laws requiring that obedience which the subjects were not able to yield. Thus much cannot be affirmed of the God of the Scriptures, nor of the kingdom over which he reigns; therefore the Christian is free to observe the laws which the Divine Lawgiver has enjoined upon him.

Besides, the observance of these laws is practicable, as will appear from the truth, that the Christian is called upon by God to observe them. "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind," etc., "and thy neighbor as thyself." "Be ye holy, for I, the Lord your God, am holy."

Were these requisitions made of the Christian, and, at the same time, incapable of meeting them, he who required them would be unlike even many of the good men of the church, not to say many moral men of the world, who do not make demands of their children or servants beyond what they are competent to render. Shall the Almighty be considered inferior to man in the justice, mercy and goodness of his requirements? Never.

2. *The Christian is free to perform all the duties of the Christian life, which are enjoined upon him.* Such as private family and social prayer; reading and meditating upon the Scriptures, self-examination, self-denial, self-mortification, charity to the poor, liberality in the support of the church in its temporal means, zeal for the salvation of sinners, rebuking sin, consistency with his high and holy calling, stability in the maintenance of his Christian profession, growth in holiness, and perfection in Christ Jesus.

These duties are clearly inculcated upon the Christian in the Scriptures. They are not in word or form only. The manner in which they are described, and the words with which they are enforced, imply them to be duties obligatory upon the Christian—duties inseparable from the essential nature of his religion—duties, the neglect of which denotes the loss of vital godly power, and incurs guilt upon the conscience of the soul—duties urged by all the things of weight and solemnity crowding around death, judgment, heaven and hell.

Can it be imagined that such duties would be enjoined upon the Christian, if he were not free to perform them? Who will attribute the injustice and unmercifulness to God, which such conduct would imply? Who will say that Jehovah tantalizes his people? Is there one man or angel in the universe, who knows the character of our blessed Savior, that will say, he is such a hard Master? Shall we, in reply to his invitation, go to him, learn of him, find rest, take his yoke, wear his burden, and, in the act of doing so, find that it is an *oppressive* burden, a slavish yoke, a wearisome rest? Does he not say that his yoke is easy and his burden light? Blessed Jesus! We believe what thou sayest, and experience the truth of it in our hearts.

3. *The Christian is free to enjoy all the privileges which are opened before him in the Christian life.* Some of these have been mentioned in the enumeration of duties. Others may be specified. Peace with God, joy in the Spirit, the witness of the Spirit, fellowship with Christ, communion with the saints, constant power over temptation and sin, progress in all the branches of the divine life, a guileless conscience toward God and man, fulness of the Holy Ghost, unclouded prospect into heaven, and an inward assurance of personal meetness for the inheritance of the saints glorified, forming itself into the apostolic experience, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—2 Cor. v. 1.

I have not quoted passages of Scripture in connection with the statement of the Christian laws, duties, and privileges, because they have already been quoted in former articles, in connection with other views of the subject; a repetition was unnecessary.

The privileges of the Christian may receive the same application as the duties. God is not unrighteous to require his people to enjoy any thing of which they have no capability; which has not been provided for them, and which is not held before them as their privilege in the economy of grace to which they belong.

From what has been said upon the free agency of the Christian, it will appear obvious that his living without sin is possible. If he can observe the laws, perform the duties, and enjoy the privileges of the Christian life, then does his exemption from sin follow as a necessary consequence. They all lead to this. They insist upon it.

I have not written the preceding upon the free agency of the Christian, without keeping before me the objection which may be raised,—that too much power is thereby given to the Christian; and that he is made to be freer than nature or the doctrines of Christianity make him. Were I to leave the subject at this point, and say no more, it might seem so; but I have another thought or two to connect with it, concerning THE GRACE OF GOD.

By the *grace of God*, I mean that help which is necessary to enable the Christian to exercise his free agency sufficiently to observe the laws, discharge the duties, and enjoy the privileges of the Chistian life, so that he may live without sin.

1. Such grace of God is *necessary*. The Christian would never have become what he is but for this grace. No more can he keep himself what he is without this grace. "Without me," said the Savior to his disciples, "ye can do nothing." "Abide in me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in me." "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."

2. Such grace of God *actually exists*. The Christian exists under a dispensation of grace; "Ye are not under the law, but under grace." This God is a God of grace. "The God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you."

The Spirit is the Spirit of grace; "And hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace."

3. Such grace of God *is promised unto the Christian*. "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in thy weakness."—2 Corinthians xii. 9. "Grace be with all them who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

4. Such grace of God *is received in answer to prayer*. "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." "And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee," etc. "Ask, and ye shall receive." "All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." "And this is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us: and if we know that he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him."

5. Such grace of God, when received, *is adequate to all the demands of the Christian*, to enable him to use his free agency to live without sin. This appears from two or three passages already quoted. St. Paul found it sufficient. "By the grace of God I am what I am." What he was, I need not stop to describe. He declares that it was sufficient for the Corinthians. "And God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound in every good work." "By the grace of God we have had our conversation in the world," he says in another place. He means the grace of God had been sufficient to help him and his fellow apostles to conduct themselves with godly and Christian propriety before the world.

The grace of God cannot fail, in any one case, to be able to strengthen the Christian to do ALL God's will. It is an arm of defence which never grows weak. It is a resource of goodness which never becomes exhausted. It is a weapon of conflict which

never lost a victory. It is a shield of faith which never admitted one fiery dart of the enemy. It is SUFFICIENT for the Christian. But I cannot dwell any longer on this point. My article is already beyond the usual length.

In closing, I would say, Let not the Christian plead his own weakness as an excuse for any neglect of duty, or breach of law. That is not your source of help. It is not that in which you are to trust. *The grace of God is the help which you are to seek, which you are to have, and by which, in the use of the means, you are to live without sin.*

We are not like Elijah.

BY REV. JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

ELIJAH, it is true, was a man of like passions with ourselves, that is, he was no more than a man,—really a fallen man, and a sinner, like one of us. But we are not like him in other respects.

He was bolder in prayer than we are. He doubtless prayed much and solemnly for personal blessings. He had all the wants of a sinner saved by grace,—of a soul hungering and thirsting after righteousness. These he doubtless brought before God every day in holy and prevailing importunity. But he did more. Sometimes he felt the pressure of special emergencies, when no ordinary blessing would answer. A crisis came on in the religion of the land, when the strength of the gods must be tested. It must be decided whether the claims set up for idols could be vindicated, or whether Jehovah alone was the true God. Then the Prophet did not shrink. He knew that his life would be required if he failed; but without trembling, he threw himself out upon Omnipotent power, and prayed for the miraculous interference of Jehovah, to vindicate his own worship.

What is our method of prayer when a crisis is upon us? Do we rise above the sphere of common petitions, and risk the credit of our religion, and the credit of prayer, and the honor of God, by asking for immediate and manifest divine interposition? Perhaps we do. Some, doubtless, rise to a sublime power of faith in prayer. But, generally, we hesitate. We limit the sphere of our requests, so as to risk nothing,—adjust our petitions to safety, in case of a failure. If there were fearful wickedness in the land, which evidently could be remedied by no mercies, would any among us dare to call for the judgments of God to arrest the headlong career of guilty men? "Elijah prayed, and for the space of three years and six months there was neither rain nor dew upon the earth." What a terrible judgment fell upon wicked Ahab and his guilty people in answer to the prayers of a good man; and in the end it appeared, as it really was, the highest mercy. If there were drought in the land, so that all vegetation should be seared and destroyed, and universal famine should stare us in the face, many good men would pray for rain; but who would kneel down to pray, with the intention of not rising again until the answer came, and send seven times to see the cloud, while the very sky seemed red with scorching heat?

We are not so bold in prayer as Elijah. Grant that there is now less of the physical in Divine manifestations than in former dispensations,—grant, even, that we should not be justified in expecting to see the eyes of the blind opened, or the dead raised, in answer to prayer; yet we must insist, that the energy of God at the command of prayer, is not now a particle the less miraculous. Who can doubt that the power which a man of God may call down to awaken a careless sinner, present or a thousand miles away, is really the power that created the world? Who questions the unlimited sovereignty that asserts its prerogatives, in the pardon of a sinner in answer to prayer? Who is so skeptical as to say there was no Omnipotent power wielded by prayer, when the man of God

pointing to a guilty throng, cried out, "Smite them," and they fell like men slain in battle? We assert that the moral are above the physical displays of divine power, and that they are now as ever at the command of prayer. We recognize no limit to the sphere of prayer, but the glory of God; and who believes that we are in these days reaching those limits? who that we are waxing too bold and going beyond them? We are not like Elijah. Were he here in the spirit and power of the prophet of Carmel, of Jordan, of the fiery chariot, how long do you suppose he would leave the question between Mormonism and the Bible, between religion and infidelity, unsettled? And yet New Testament revelation has reminded us that Elias was a man of like passions with ourselves, and rehearsed his achievements in prayer, expressly to show us that we have prerogatives far beyond their ordinary exercise.

We are not like Elijah in the fearlessness of our position, and the fidelity of our rebukes. How perfectly distinct is the character of the prophet, in that dark period of Jewish history, amid the general defection of the tribes, under a cruel, idolatrous ruler, amid the degrading rites and fearful abominations of the worship of Baal,—who had the slightest chance to doubt what were Elijah's principles, who was the God he adored, or whether he could be forced to bow down to the contemptible idols of the land? No one. The stern old prophet stood out from the mass, the champion of the true religion, fearing no decree of the king, and regardless of the scorn of the wicked priests, of a corrupt state religion, and, when the order of God required it, he sent his scathing rebukes to the madness of a wicked sovereign, thundering down from the top of Carmel.

But we dread peculiarities—not in the form of attire merely, but in spirit and in temper,—in the habits of private and public life, which go to reveal the consecrated Christian amid the general corruptions of the age. Do we not fear to arraign the guilty in high and low places, at the bar of revelation? How many of us hold personal reputation, income, and official rank entirely subordinate to strict fidelity in the discharge of religious obligation?

We are not like Elijah, in the severity of our trials. We are not under the ban of an unrighteous decree, which makes life itself a burden. We are not hunted from city to city, from land to land, amid mountain crags and desert solitudes, because of our religious integrity. We have no forty days' fast, nor ravens' care, to test or vindicate our stubborn conformity to eternal rectitude. If we had, how should we endure? Have we enough of genuine principle to sustain the trial, and secure the triumph? Generally, we fear not. If we dare not "face a frowning world," how could we endure to be outlawed and hunted by enemies thirsting for our blood? We sometimes sing, rather inconsiderately, it is to be feared,

> "Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
> Let storms of sorrow fall,"

but we do not expect them, and when they come, we not unfrequently tremble from head to foot, and compromise our religious integrity to avert them, even when they are much less than "a wild deluge," or "storms of sorrow!"

We are not like Elijah, in purity. He seemed for long years a wholly consecrated man. When he was "tried, he came forth as gold." He stood the tests, and retained his integrity. His intimacy with the immaculate Jehovah showed the manner in which he was esteemed, and proved such a degree of spiritual refinement as could induce, nay enjoy, the presence of the Holy One! His commanding power in prayer, demonstrated a life near to the fountain. But if any doubt could arise as to the holiness of the prophet, in the light of these extraordinary manifestations, it vanishes amid the glories of the translation. The time of his earthly pilgrimage was about to close, and he knew it. He had heard from

the upper heavens, the voice of his Master, saying, "Come up hither," and he was ready. He had endured his last trial,—had fought his last battle,—had parted with the last stain of sin. His eye was upward, his soul calm in heaven—inspired dignity awaiting the arrival of the chariot. It appeared in flame, but he feared not! He quietly took his seat, and, waving a fond adieu to the partner of his toils, he rose sublimely to "the palace of angels and of God." He must have been perfectly pure; but, alas! we are not like him. We are not fully ready for heaven. Much of dross yet remains to be purged away; and it is strange that it should be so, since "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Finally, we are not like him, in the power of faith; and this really explains all other essential and unnecessary dissimilarities. Mighty faith was the true element of greatness in the character of Elijah the Tishbite. If it be asked, why he did not fear to risk all that was dear to him, and valuable in the worship of the world, upon the event of an answer by fire, we need only reply, *he believed God.* Why he dare to command the arrest and the execution of the prophets of Baal, in the teeth of wicked Jezabel, by whom they were pampered and revered,—why he poured the soul-withering rebukes of honest truth upon the ear of guilty Ahab,—why he shut up and opened heaven by prayer,—why he feared not to depart when the summons came, the answer is the same, *he believed God.* What though the reign of idolatry was legalized,—what though his brethren, seven thousand in number, disappeared in the times that tried men's souls, so that he verily thought himself alone in the worship of the true God,—what though his life was forfeited as the reward of his integrity! It was of no consequence. He was right,—he believed God, and was fearless. O, that we had the faith of Elijah! With this we could triumph,—with this we could shake the kingdom of antichrist to its very centre,—with this the church would soon appear before Christ a glorious church, amid the splendors of the millennium.

Who is Responsible?

BY A. A. PHELPS.

WHOEVER will open his eyes, will see a strange fact brought to light in various portions of our Methodist Zion. That fact is, the amazing amount of ignorance and scepticism on the great doctrine of entire holiness, which was once our distinguishing feature, and which we yet profess to believe and teach as a church. Let us look the facts fully in the face, and see how little stress is laid on a subject so vital; and how feeble a relative position this doctrine is allowed to have, when its real merits warrant and demand the first prominence.

Consider how few, comparatively, *enjoy* this blessing. How few are able to testify, from heart-felt experience, to the glorious truthfulness of full salvation! How few give satisfactory evidence that they have "washed their garments white in the blood of the Lamb,"—that they are crucified with Christ—dead to self and sin—fully impressed with the divine image, and living alone to God! Are not such cases considered the exceptions everywhere? And, from their very scarcity, is there not associated with them something strikingly *singular*, so that it is often a great curiosity to see the "sanctified ones?" And, when once discovered, such persons are generally viewed with the greatest caution, as though some strange race of beings had arisen; for they are, indeed, too much like angel visits, few and far between.

Consider again how few are earnestly *seeking* the blessing of perfect love. Many, to be sure, have some *desires* in the matter. Very many are religiously *inclined.* Thousands express their *hopes* that the day may come when their hearts shall be emptied of sin, and fully fitted up for the skies. But how unavailing are all these faint

wishes, unless they increase to intense *longings* after the living God! Yet how comparatively few are so much in earnest as this!—really hungering—thirsting—yearning after God, and refusing to be satisfied with any thing short of all his fulness? But few enter into rest, for the simple reason that but few *strive* to enter in, at the expense of every thing else.

Reflect again on the thousands among us, who have no clear, scriptural views of the doctrine itself; and, consequently, no keen conviction in regard to the necessity of this inward purity. They profess religion—talk over a general experience—sometimes even get happy, in anticipation of future bliss. At times, however, they feel the strugglings of inward foes, and wish they were expelled; but often arrive at the strange conclusion that *death* will contribute much toward their destruction. Their ideas of Christian perfection are exceedingly vague, and they seem to feel no responsibility in the matter. They occupy a very unfortunate position, and are frequently hard to be reached.

Another class among us are always ready to wage *war*, whenever the doctrine of holiness is faithfully preached. They neither enter into this glorious rest themselves, nor are they willing that their brethren should enter, lest the glowing experience of others should throw their own into the shade, and make it appear *below par*. This is the naked fact in the case, and many a faithful minister has verified it to the sorrow of his heart.

"These things ought not so to be," as thousands will be ready to admit. It is a sad state of things, without any croaking about it; and the question often arises, "*Who is responsible?*" This to me is a solemn question, and I almost fear to attempt an answer, lest the blame should be unjustly distributed.—One thing is plain. Our *ministry* is responsible, to a great extent. How can it be otherwise? Those who occupy this sacred office, are placed as leaders of the people. They are supposed to be acquainted with our doctrines and discipline, and solemnly promise to preach the one and carry out the other. But instead of this, how much of our discipline is considered obsolete, and how many of our preachers utterly neglect to hold up the great distinguishing doctrine of Methodism,—*entire holiness of heart!* Some there are who do not themselves believe it; many who scarcely ever preach it; and many more who know not its preciousness in their own hearts. The result is what might be expected. In some of our charges, this subject is not urged upon the church for years in succession. The people lose sight of their highest privilege and settle down into a very indefinite religious course. It is true, they have the Bible to read, which teaches this great doctrine so clearly; and so do sinners have the Bible, which urges speedy repentance; but the gospel *preached* is, after all, the great means which God has designed to be effectual in arousing man from sin, and helping him on to heaven. Many conclude that holiness must be a *mistake*, or at all events very unimportant, or else the *preacher* would say something about it. Thus his silence increases the ignorance and scepticism of vast multitudes in the church, in reference to this vital doctrine. Meanwhile some sinners are converted, but they hear nothing about any higher attainment for years. *Then*, after they are settled in their opinions, they hear a clear sermon on sanctification, but it is a strange doctrine, and they reject it as heresy. If the minister urges the point, he will only stir up the elements of war, and a sad clashing in the church of God is the result. *Who is responsible for this?* Evidently those ministers who *preceded*, to an alarming extent. Had they declared the whole gospel, the people would have seen their privilege, pressed into the fulness, and become flaming champions for the truth. Nor is this an imaginary picture. Names and places might be mentioned, as living illustrations of the truth, but they are withheld.

But while we take home this solemn charge as ministers of the cross, we must also believe that a fearful responsibility rests on the *membership* of the church. The church, as a whole, is not living up to the light she has. Many confess that they are guilty of positive neglects. Many have the means of knowledge and grace at their command, but they remain in ignorance and dwarfishness, simply because they will not use them. Those who raise the voice of opposition against the advocates of holiness, do not stop to think that they are fighting the grand, distinctive doctrine of the Bible and the church. They claim ignorance in regard to the matter;—they are not fully aware that it is Methodistic; and yet many cannot be induced to spend a few shillings in purchasing, and a few hours in reading, Wesley's Plain Account, or some other work illustrative of the doctrine. Here is responsibility. Who can deny it? And, in short, every one who fails to use the light he has, must be greatly responsible for the sad but inevitable results of such neglect.

January, 1857.

Scraps from my Writing Desk.

"And they slew every one his man."

I WRITE just now to say some things which I am sure I would talk about if I were with you. Rev. Dr. D——, of——, dined with us to-day; we had also a lady visitor from R.——. The conversation turned on the subject of a remarkable revival which took place under the labors of Dr. D——, when stationed at R.——, about thirty years ago. The meeting lasted one hundred and sixty days, and the conversion of five hundred souls was the immediate result. Dr. D—— detailed, in the most interesting manner, the tactics in holy warfare which were practised by which so many souls were won over to Christ. These were so in accordance with my own ideas of being "in season, and out of season," that I cannot forbear urging that some tactics of this sort may speedily be devised for an ingathering of souls in your region.

And now let me lay before you Dr. D——'s plan. In the first place, visiting companies were formed, consisting generally of about half a dozen in number, with one leading spirit at their head to advise in their movements. Several such companies were formed, who were detailed to go under the direction of their leaders, either singly, or two by two, in every direction, through the city and its environs, and invite sinners, either from house to house, or from the highways and hedges, to forsake their sins, and come to Jesus. Wherever two or three penitents could be brought together, meetings were appointed in private houses. And thus, in half a dozen or more places, meetings were being held throughout the day. In the evening, the forces from various directions met at the church, which, for one hundred and sixty successive evenings, was the grand rallying-point.

Dr. D—— regarded these visiting companies as a secret of power immensely important. He identified himself with these various companies, as often as circumstances would permit.

One lady visitor, who was also from R——, had been acquainted with the history of this remarkable revival of thirty years since, and she had also good tidings to tell of more recent date. About twelve years ago, a similar course was pursued in R——, in which she was also a helper. The church members were divided into companies. Scarcely an exception of all who named the name of Christ, but was detailed for some portion of the work in laboring for a revival. The God of the armies of Israel greatly quickened and strengthened even the little ones in Israel. The weak, by reason of the *use* of the little strength they had, became as strong as David, and the result was a remarkable dispensation of the Spirit in the awakening of sinners, by which, in the course of a few weeks, scores were saved.

Now why may there not be such a revival in the place where you reside? And why may it not begin just *now?* Church communities are made up of individuals. If the revival ever begins, it must begin with some one individual. Why may it not begin with you at this moment? Do you not feel an enkindling of holy zeal in your heart just now? Well, the revival has already begun. It has begun in your heart. That still, small whisper is the breathing of the Spirit, invigorating you for holy action. It bids you go to work for God. Will you obey its gentle whispers? O, wait not for a tornado of power. Obey that still, small voice. *Begin to work to-day.* Begin at once to *spread* reviving influences. Tell your friend that you are resolved on more thorough and marked devotedness to Christ. Say that you want a helper in the way to heaven; one that will unite with you in efforts to save souls, and then, together, engage by every possible means to enlist others. Thus may you at once find the revival already in progress —a revival which may result in the salvation of scores, and perhaps hundreds, of souls. "One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight."

P. P.

Harlan Page.

For several years, it was my privilege to enjoy an intimate acquaintance with this beloved man, and, having had occasion frequently to allude to him in conversations with individuals, I have found no one who seemed to have correct ideas of his abilities, or rather that all have overrated them. This has arisen, doubtless, from the great amount of labor he performed, and the large results he achieved. I have met a multitude of men of far superior natural talents, whose education and whose advantages in many respects were very much superior to those of Mr. Page, and yet they probably have hardly ever been the means of saving a single soul. No one, in personal intercourse, however familiar, would get the impression that he was anything more than an ordinary man! Yet he *was much more than an ordinary Christian.* He was possessed of great urbanity of manners, and would become companionable to all with whom he came in contact; and when the incessant application of his resolution to do good to all, where opportunity offered, is considered in connexion with this feature of his character, we may account for his astonishing success. He had business tact, and this talent he brought into constant requisition in the work of saving souls. He made the salvation of men a business. He would have made a good merchant, had this been his calling, as he would always finish one business operation before embarking in another, and he would have been sure to have found something else to do very soon after its completion. He was a very modest man, and, had it not been for love to souls, I think he would have lived in obscurity. His command of language in personal conversation, and in social exhortation, was but limited. There was evident sincerity and great feeling in his addresses, but nothing like excitement. I hardly ever met him without his almost immediately introducing the great subject for which he seemed literally to live. I am acquainted with several who were converted through his agency, among them some clergymen, who, in their youth, were in his Sabbath School, in Broome Street Church; and the testimony of all these men corroborates my own views of Mr. Page's abilities, and the grounds of his success. This sketch is penned for the benefit of those in our churches, who are ready to avoid the condemnation they feel, while contrasting themselves with Harlan Page, by saying that he must have been an uncommon man. All that there was uncommon about him may be in the possession of almost, nay, of every man. He certainly was an uncommonly devoted Christian, and *so, reader, you ought to be.* I have seen him repeatedly in social meetings, and invaria-

bly heard him with profit. He would seem to feel intensely, but there was always a great deal of quiet about his manner. I do not remember ever to have heard him speak in an elevated tone of voice. No one could be with him without wishing himself a better man. It was a privilege to see him in his sick moments, when his work was so nearly accomplished, that he was momentarily expecting his change. There was no trusting in works of righteousness which he had done, but a sweet and perfect reliance on the Son of God. Always, when I saw him, there was a most delightful *peacefulness*, and to the last it seemed a feast to him to unite with Christians in prayer. Christian brother, are *you a useful* Christian? "The Master has come and calleth for *thee*." O, arise and shine in his light. H.

"Thy Will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven."

"I SHALL never be happy again," quivered the pale lips; "earth and sky are alike dark to me, since they laid my only one in the dust."

"Does religion, then, afford you no consolation?" asked the white-haired pastor, solemnly. "Does not the thought that you shall go to him, lift this veil from your spirit?"

"No—no—I know nothing—think of nothing, but that I have lost him—*lost* him. All is a dead blank; my heart is like a stone. O! I would give worlds to lose this awful weight—worlds, worlds."

"And if I should say that this terrible weight may be cast off—this cold heart made warm again!"

"O! tell me how—for I am in despair," she cried.

"In one year, dear madam," said the white-haired man, "my only son, grown to manhood, was drowned; my wife laid in her grave; my daughter taken from me by death, and my own health so much prostrated that I could no longer minister in holy things to my people."

"How sad!" cried the young widow, clasping her hands, while her eyes filled. "How did you—how *could* you bear it?"

"By looking up to my Father, and saying, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' Is the prayer new to you?"

"O, no!" murmured the disconsolate one, her pale face bowed upon her hands, "I say it every day — but — *I have never felt it.*"

The Sabbath came round, and the young widow, for the first time since her husband's death, went to the house of God. On her way she met the white-haired man, and, with a gentle, but subdued smile, she said, "I can bear it now."

A light, as from heaven, beamed on his aged face. "Then you found his strength sufficient?"

"Yes," she answered; "it was a struggle, but as soon as I felt it was right, the load fell off."

And the white-haired pastor, as he stood up to talk to the people, took for his text the words—"Thy will be done."

How the Holy Die.

"MARK the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." —Psalms, xxxvii. 37

DEAR BROTHER:

MRS. SARAH MONNETT, one of the constant readers of the Guide, has fallen. Before she died, she requested that you might know how she loved the doctrine of holiness, and what a great blessing the Guide was to her soul. It is natural in the hour of death to think most upon what we most love. It was no wonder, therefore, that holiness should have had a place in the mind of our sister when passing away; no wonder she should remember the little visitor which used to yield her so much pleasure, and throw so much light upon her pathway. From almost the commencement of the Guide, she has been a regular subscriber, and well did her life correspond with the principles she there learned.

I thought, in complying with the above request, I would tell you how this believer in holiness met death.

From the first of her sickness under a consciousness that her end was nigh, she fixed her mind upon the land of glory that lies beyond the grave. She was somewhat disappointed, therefore, when we told her she might recover, yet she sweetly said "His will be done." Not long before this time, she had seen her whole family, save one daughter, pass, one after the other, in holy triumph across the stream of death, and she knew they were awaiting her arrival on the other shore. "Let Christ be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death," was, however, the language of her heart. After a few days had passed, her symptoms suddenly changed, and she was told that she must die. Then it was we felt and saw the value of holiness. Often, too often, the peace of the Christian in a dying hour is marred by distressing doubts, and all because a state of entire holiness has not been sought. With her, there were no bitter tears of sorrow, no pangs of regret over wasted opportunities, no fearful struggles to get the victory over unbelief in the last hours of life, no cloud to pass between her soul and her Savior. One day, however, when her pain was very great and mind weak, she said she did not enjoy as much of the presence of Jesus as she desired, and we knelt in prayer. When we arose, "Glory, glory, glory," burst from her quivering lips.

The light of the Sabbath dawned upon us, and we told her the next Sabbath she would spend in heaven. A smile of rapture lighted up her wasted features, and she asked us to sing. We sang,

"Oh heaven, sweet heaven,
Home of the blest;
How I long to be there, in thy glories to share
And to lean on my Savior's breast"

Scarcely could her friends restrain their shouts of joy as she joined with us in the song. A friend near to her said, to those about him, "This is almost heaven." "It is quite heaven," said the dying saint, "quite heaven." Observing her lips moving, her daughter bent over her, and caught the words,—

"I 'll praise my Maker while I 've breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures."

On being asked if she wanted any thing, she replied, "I want you to praise God more." As we repeated verse after verse of the sacred word of God, she listened, and the tide of glory swelled higher and higher, until she raised her pale hands, and clapped them, in token of victory, shouting "Halleluiah, Halleluiah! Glory to God!" Often she would exclaim, "O precious Savior, precious *Jesus!*" During the whole night, she was employed in praising God. The morning came, and wore away. About the middle of the afternoon, conscious that her end was nigh, she gave her daughter her last charge. "Live for God," said she, "live to do good and to make others happy." Her last whisper was, "Almost home, almost home." Then gently as a "summer cloud," she passed away. Holiness, and nothing short of it, is a sure support mid the swellings of Jordan. Without it, there will be doubts, conflicts, and fears, and then "salvation as by fire;" with it, there will be unwavering confidence, blissful assurance, and an abundant entrance into the kingdom of glory.

C. M. C.

Delaware O., Jan. 23, 1857.

Letter to a Doubting Friend.

MY DEAR SISTER:

YOUR very interesting communication is received, and I will notice a few of its points this morning.

Scarce an exercise named by you, but finds a response in my own heart. I, too, have felt the same.

One word in regard to Satan's devices. God wills that we should go out of ourselves, and labor for others' good. Every

Christian has something upon which to occupy. Religion consists in *doing*, and not *feeling*. It is not to enjoy, but to act; to work; to visit the widow and the fatherless; to bind up the wounds of suffering humanity; to offer the consolations of the gospel; to present Christ to the sinner as the Savior of the lost; to witness to the efficacy of the all-cleansing blood, and the fulness of the grace of God; and keep themselves unspotted from the world's pollution. Yes, this is "pure, and undefiled *religion*." This is the *fruit* of that love which is the fulfilling of the law. Now Satan seeks to defeat us in this work. He concentrates all his forces, and employs his most skilful devices, to prevent our usefulness. With you, my dear sister, his most successful scheme has been, to take advantage of your *extreme conscientiousness*, and to present to your mind a false standard of perfection,—a perfection far above the *im*perfections and frailties of human nature; he has turned your eye within, and so dimmed it with his own fiendish darkness, that he makes it appear to you that sin is connected with your motives and acts.

His object is thereby to cause such *self-accusations* as shall lead you to doubt your acceptance, to brood over your unworthiness and sinfulness, and to be always dwelling upon your unhappy condition, and thus weaken your faith, cripple your mental energies, and hinder you from elevating your talent and influence to the important work of doing good to others.

Now, my dear sister, in spite of the temptation that, in all probability, will be suggested viz., that you are passing lightly over your own faults and errors,—that you are neglecting your own spiritual interests; I advice you to turn your eye *without*; you are not in a condition now to explore the depths of your heart; get your vision first so clear that you will no longer "see men as trees walking," but view things as they are; giving yourself, with all your perplexities, up to God, consecrating yourself to his service, yes, *service*,—(you understand the import of the word,) go about your Master's work; begin to *act*. I know that you do act some, but there is too much of self connected with it, too much slavish fear. Think no longer, "how *unworthy* I am, how *weak*, how *sinful!*" Away with such enfeebling thoughts, and throw all of your energies into the work—*take hold upon divine strength; act* as though a commission had been given you from the eternal throne to labor for God, and that you must obey, or perish!

What will be the result? I testify, from experience. Satan, foiled, will flee from you! With him will go also the *darkness*—the *doubts*—the *fears*—the *despondency!* Light will shine forth in obscurity. Strength will be made perfect in weakness. Assurance will take the place of despair. May God give you speedy deliverance! I intended to say but a few words upon this point; but I believe that the Spirit of God has given me a message to you, and, if so, it will be a word in season to your soul.

Talk no more about gloomy feelings; it feeds them, and gratifies Satan. Talk *faith*, though Satan tell thee that it is presumption—speak confidently of your relation to God—though he accuse you of hypocrisy. I would not advise every one thus, lest I encourage vain confidence, for some have need first to "repent," and do their "first works." But methinks Jesus would say to thee:—

> "In thy every *grief* I see
> A token that thou lovest me."

It is not from the height of our joy, nor the fervor of our religious exercises, that we are to determine our spiritual condition.

The "burden bearers" in the church are often like their Master, who was "a man of *sorrows*, and acquainted with *grief*." They suffer from sympathy with others. How can they rejoice, when Zion languisheth? But, sister, there are but few who understand this, and, if God hath chosen us to be of these, let us not deem our lot a hard one, but rather be thankful that he thus identi-

fies our interests with his own. This is the place of *toil*. *Rest* awaits the patient laborer in a better, brighter world, and then their cup of joy will be full and abiding.

I do not believe that the scripture to which you refer has any reference to you at all. No, no, "beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus write." That scripture has no application to common backsliders even, but to him who had been enlightened in reference to the great plan of salvation through Jesus Christ, who had been made partaker of his grace, received the gift of the Holy Spirit, and felt within himself the earnest of future joys, and then turned away from the truth, rejected Christ in his atoning sacrifice, counted the blood of the covenant wherewith he was sanctified an *unholy thing*, and done despite unto the Spirit of grace; for *such* there remains nothing but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, that shall devour the adversary, because only through that "sacrifice" can they be pardoned—only through that "blood," can they be cleansed —only through that "Spirit of grace," can they be "kept," and all this they *reject*.

Are you of this character, my dear sister?

Your perplexity in regard to having "so many duties to do," when you are seemingly so "backslidden," is no mystery to me.

It has been so in my own case, when suffering like depression. Your remark about thinking that you "was settling down to the common level of too many professed Christians," etc., expresses a fear that not unfrequently arises in my own heart.

I often feel, too, just as you express in regard to *prayer*; yet I would not abandon my stated devotions on account of a spirit of indifference. I do rejoice that we have an High Priest who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and a Father who pities his children, knowing their frame, and remembering that they are dust.

Again you express a desire to be "convicted for holiness," as you once were. Can the converted person feel convictions for justification as they once did? Rather reckon yourself to be *dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ your Lord*. Does this stumble you? Do you inquire if it be possible that you are already in possession of this grace, when you appear to yourself so far from it? Yes, O, yes. Perhaps one with less trying experience, less mental conflicts, and more of ever-abounding joy, might not tell you thus. I could tell you much from the page of my own expesience had I the opportunity, yet you can read much of it *in your own*.

I have probably suffered keener temptations, and more fiendish suggestions, and despairing emotions, than ever you began to know. In regard to "impressions," I have, for quite a number of years, been favored with these inward communications, and have found them to be God's voice speaking in my heart, and revealing that which I could not know from any other source. Yet there is danger of being deceived by false impressions, and too great caution cannot be exercised in regard to them. I would speak more fully on this, but my letter is already a long one. I think that you ought to have praised God at the time of which you write. Deem it not strange that you are led in a "peculiar" manner. Those who follow God fully are led quite differently from professors in general. Take heed to the voice of the inward teacher. It is a sweet, gentle, and enlightening instructor, and will never lead contrary to the written word. While you so earnestly seek to know the whole will of God, and so entirely submit to its control, you need indulge no doubt because of "heaviness through manifold temptations," and bodily infirmities.

Yours as ever. DORA.

The theologian is only the minister and interpreter of the Scripture. He is not to speculate on what ought to be or might be, in the Scripture; much less is he to settle what must be and shall be there. —[Jenkyn.

A Methodist Preacher's Experience.

My parents were both brought up rigid Calvinists. Nearly fifty years ago, my father, for the first time, was in a Methodist prayer meeting. It was in one of the churches in the city of New York, on a Sabbath evening. Though extremely prejudiced against this new sect, hating even the *name of Methodist*, yet, under the prayer of the Rev. T— B—, he was powerfully awakened. The man of God used this expression in his prayer:—"O Lord, if there is a sinner in this house, let him now be pricked to the heart." Quick as thought, the arrow sped its course, and reached the heart of my father, who has ever since been impressed that he heard the sound of the arrow, like the thump of a heavy hand upon his breast. Burdened with sin, he returned to his home in Delaware County, New York, fully convinced that the *Methodists* were the people of God. He at once revealed the whole matter of his awakening, and distress of mind, to the deacon of the Presbyterian church, with whom he was well acquainted, closing the rehearsal with the question of the jailer.

"Now, deacon," said he, "what must I do to be saved?"

"What must you do," said the deacon, "you can't do any thing."

Years passed away, and a pious Methodist lady moved into the place. My father called to see her, and, at the first interview, *she* was enabled to tell him what to do. He was soon after converted, while reading Hester Ann Rogers, by his own fireside. This was soon followed by the conversion of my mother, and, for more than forty years, my father has been a class leader in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his house both a chapel, and a home for the *itinerant*.

Under these influences, my mind was early impressed with the value of religion; but it was not until March, 1835, at the age of twenty-two, that I gave my heart to God, and received the evidence of adoption. For eight months, I was sorely tempted to doubt my experience. The suggestion would come in this form:—You have joined the church, and your brethren and the world think you are a Christian; but *you* know and *God* knows, that you are not; and, if you should die in your present state, hell would be your portion. You had better give it up for the present, and wait for a "convenient season." But, like Bunyan's pilgrim, in the "Slough of Despond," I would resolve either to sink and die in the struggle, or get out on the side toward the celestial country. So I struggled for the other shore, till "*Help*" came, and set me free.

Some years after this, I attended a camp meeting at ——.

As I came on the ground, I met two pious Christian ladies, Sisters L. and P. who, being strangers, inquired of me for a place of entertainment. As I offered to direct them, they inquired of me if I professed religion, and enjoyed the evidence of perfect love. The first question was answered in the affirmative. In regard to the latter question, I felt that I was as blind as the disciples who had not "even heard of a Holy Ghost." But, as they presented the subject, a flood of light burst in upon my soul, and I felt, for the first time, that this blessing was for *me*. It was then and there that I resolved never to rest without it.

In the year 1843, I was employed by the Presiding Elder to labor on the S—— Circuit, in company with Rev. D. W. As I left the home of my childhood for this distant field of labor, among strangers, my mother placed in my hands the "*Christian Manual*." When I reached my place of destination, it was placed in my library, and, although I felt impressed that I ought to read it, and the Spirit seemed to say to me that it would be rendered a great blessing to me, yet there appeared an impassable barrier between me and this little book. One day, as I was thus struggling between the temptations of Satan, and the suggestions of the Holy Spirit, with a desperate

effort I said, *I will read that little book.* I seized it at once, and began eagerly to peruse it, and every word seemed as manna to my hungry soul. I rose refreshed in spirit, and strengthened in purpose. The question was then suggested, "Will you preach the doctrine while you are unable to testify to its truth experimentally?" This was soon settled. I said, "This is the truth of God, and, while I press after it, I will declare it."

About this time I attended a camp meeting at Sing-Sing. I sailed down the Hudson in the night, with my heart upraised to God in prayer that he would grant me this blessing before I returned. I reached the ground about three o'clock in the morning. The stars glistened in the heavens, and the camp lights flickered dimly among the trees, still revealing the long lines of snowy tents; while here and there the deep breathings of some heavy sleeper, the prayer of some sleepless, burdened sinner, or the sudden burst of praise from the lips of the young convert just raised from the horrible pit, were wafted heavenward by the breath of early morn. The day dawned. Soon the whole eastern sky flamed with light, as if a thousand bonfires had been lighted at once, and poured its influence on the camp. The place was all astir, and the voice of singing and prayer was heard in every direction. I walked among the tents, praying for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and that this glorious daybreak might be emblematical of the rising of the Sun of Righteousness to my burdened and bewildered soul. As I was passing a tent, the voice of singing broke upon my ear from those within. It proved to be the tent of the two sisters before alluded to, where a little company had met for a special meeting on the very subject that so deeply interested my mind. Scarce a ray of hope seemed visible, yet I was resolved, at all hazards, to surrender my whole heart to God, and trust him for the result. Prayer was offered, followed by a song of praise. I sprang to my feet in order to improve the first opportunity to reveal my sad state of mind, and express my desires for a clean heart, and to solicit the prayers of all present in my behalf. As I took my seat, a stranger rose. It was the Rev. Mr. R.—. Said he; "when any one touches that subject, it always sets my soul on fire." He then addressed me personally, and laid out the way so clear, by simple faith in the merits of a crucified Redeemer, that, "while he was yet speaking," the blessing was imparted, and I was filled with the joys of perfect love.

On leaving the camp, the first duty that presented itself was to tell my colleague what great things God had done for my soul. I did so; but with a look that sent a chill to my heart, he said, "Well, I'm glad to hear it, but *I* have never been able to say this." For a moment my foundation shook, yet through grace I stood firm on the Rock of Ages. Soon a most glorious revival broke out on the circuit, which resulted in the conversion of over two hundred souls, and the sanctification of my esteemed colleague.

Here I would record a simple incident as a trial of my faith, and to show how grace may triumph over nature.

It was a driving, north-east rain-storm. The soil on this circuit was a deep, reddish clay. I was obliged to ride a number of miles to meet my appointments the following day. I had seated myself in a small, open wagon, drew my cloak around me, fastened the boot, and raised my umbrella, and was poaching along over a deep, muddy flat, musing on the goodness of God, when suddenly one of the traces unhooked. I was obliged to get out into the mud with my cloak and umbrella, while the rain poured down in torrents upon my wagon seat. Without the least feeling of impatience, I adjusted the matter, and resumed my seat. I rode, perhaps, four rods, and the very same thing happened again. With great care, I made things right the second time, and had proceeded about the same distance as before, when both traces unhooked. Here I took up the language of

Job, and said, "Though he *slay* me, yet will I trust in him." What was very remarkable to me, I never knew those traces to unhook, either before or since, although I have driven the same horse, with the same wagon and harness, thousands of miles, in all kinds of weather, and over some of the most rough and hilly roads. I have never been able to account for this circumstance, only on the principle that Satan is allowed to try others as well as Job, in order to test their religious character.

Since I first received this blessing, I have thrice yielded to the suggestion of the enemy that I was setting myself up above my brethren, and I have thereby lost the evidence of this sanctifying grace. But when I come back to the plain Bible course, of giving up all, and taking God at his word, I am happy. Here I now stand, and here I have stood, for some few years, without wavering. And here, by grace, I purpose to stand, however much doctors may disagree; for Christ has become my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, my all and in all; glory to his name forever, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen and amen. O.

The Fulness of Love.

It is a remark of Fletcher's, that "the work of sanctification is hindered, by holding out the mere, '*being delivered from sin*,' as the mark to be aimed at instead of being *rooted in Christ* and *filled with the fulness of God*, and with *power from on high*. And by its not being held up as a blessing to be received and enjoyed now by faith."

Many seem not to appreciate the great means of being filled with all the fulness of God. Paul prays (Eph. 3.19,) that we may know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that we might be filled with all the fulness of God.

And we read, "We have *known* and *believed* the love that God hath to us." And what is the result? "Herein is our love made perfect."

There is that excellence and beauty in Christ, which is capable of completely captivating and absorbing the soul if we could only see it; and the Holy Spirit is given for this very purpose to take of the things of Christ, and show them unto us.

It is surprising how dull the apprehension of the soul is upon this subject, until the Spirit enlightens it. "GOD IS LOVE;" but few seem to have realized it. It brings the soul out into a large place, to find out the deep meaning of this truth—this blessed truth that thrills all the happy spirits in heaven. It is because God is not known, that he is not more the object of adoration, for "he that loveth not knoweth not God," for God is love. It is of vast importance that we should become acquainted with God; because all things that pertain unto life and godliness are given unto us *through the knowledge of him*. It brings the soul into the very element of heaven. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." It is through the knowledge of him, that we escape the pollutions that are in the world. And we are brought from nature's darkness into his marvellous light, that we should show forth his praises. (Margin, perfections or virtues.)

That God is love is a great central truth; and he has given us his word to illustrate this, and reveal his character to us. After our eyes are opened, we see this glorious truth shining in one phase or other through every manifestation of his character, and on every page of his word. His justice in punishing the wicked is seen then to be from love to the best interests of his universe, as well as his faithfulness in rewarding the righteous.

We love God, because he first loved us, and we also love him, because he is "altogether lovely." And how hath he loved us? What are his own declarations of his love to us? He says his love is an "everlasting love;" a "great love wherewith he loved us while we were yet dead in sins."

And that we may be assisted in raising our conceptions, he uses comparisons that may shadow forth his love.

But after all, he shows us that every touching symbol fails to convey the full meaning. A father's yearning heart—a mother's compassionate devotion—the affection of friends, whose hearts are knit in strong bonds together; these all fail in comparison. It is love that a brother's fails to figure forth; he is a "friend that sticketh *closer* than a brother." It is love that the mother's tender ardor will not represent; "She may forget, yet will I not forget thee." And when the universe has been searched for comparison, all fail. The strongest terms possible are used, but how far short do they come! How far? "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Who by searching can find out God? and GOD IS LOVE. After all we can conceive, we have gone but a little way toward fathoming the depths of divine love.

Not only does God stoop to have mercy upon repulsive man, but his mercy is great, it is tender; not only is he pitiful, but "*very* pitiful and of *tender* mercy." And such is his mercy that it is represented as "reaching unto the heavens;" but it stops not with such comparison,—it towers yet higher; for "his mercy is great *above* the heavens." And his kindness is a "loving-kindness;" and not only so but a "*marvellous loving-kindness.*" And his compassion is revealed to us as being so great, that he takes that which is done to us as done to himself.

He said unto Saul, not "Why persecutest thou my saints, my beloved ones," but "why persecutest thou *me*"? And he says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Yea, "in all their affliction he was afflicted." And not only so, but they are represented as touching him in the tenderest manner; "he that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of His eye."

Yea, we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you." What an *infinite* love is expressed here! As infinite as the love of the Father to the Son. Ah! what seraph can conceive fully of the infinitude of God's love to his Son! What finite being can, by any process of thought, conceive of the blissful communion, of the infinite satisfaction, between the Father and Son! Yet he says "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you."

Let us consider what love led him to do for us; for God *commendeth* his love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners,—enemies,—Christ died for us. Jesus hath so loved us that he left the glories of heaven. But we cannot appreciate what a sacrifice it must have been; for we know not the heights of joy which dwell in that blessed abode. Yet he sacrificed it, and, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor. Think what a life of sorrow and privation; "despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, without where to lay his head. And at last, betrayed by one professing friendship, denied by another, forsaken by all; arraigned as a bad man, not fit to live; condemned as if a most heinous blasphemer, and reviled as if guilty of the worst crimes; abuse followed abuse; yet "He gave his back to the smiters, and his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; he hid not his face from shame and spitting." And while "reproach had broken his heart," he was also exposed to most dreadful temptations from devils, who now made a last effort to overwhelm him; nailed to the cross between two malefactors as if the worst of the three, and suffering the most excruciating tortures of body that cruelty could invent; and far more than all, the light of the Father's smile withdrawn and arraigned in spirit before the bar of justice bearing the sins of the world—look at this, and

see a proof of love such as the universe never saw before. Now what an interpretation should all this give to the expressions he uses? When *He* says, "I have loved thee," he means far more by it than any friend *could* mean, even though he were one who had saved us from peril at the expense of his own life. It was more than mere dying, that Jesus underwent for us. *Herein is love.*

How strange that a soul should ever complain of not realizing that Jesus loves it! How strange that any can remain unmelted, when the objects of such love! What a *demonstration* of the truth that "God is love" do we find in the *cross*! Is it any wonder that the apostle cries out, "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified?" Is it any wonder that the poet exclaims:

"Vain, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood.
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified."

"Thus saith the Lord; Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches, but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me; that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth, for in these things I delight saith the Lord." When we come to this knowledge, we shall not wonder that those mentioned in Revelations were so filled with a desire to praise him, and cried out "Thou art *worthy*, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power;" and that the Psalmist not only called upon all intelligences to praise him, but also upon the sun, moon, and stars, the beasts, trees, and mountains, and all that hath being.

When we know God, we can say, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet will I rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation."

When we enter into the *liberty of love*, we can "rejoice in the Lord always." *In the Lord* not in our own feelings. Living out of self, and loving the Lord so much better than we love ourselves, and loving to have him pleased so much better than to be pleased ourselves, we should not be anxious for *self-enjoyment*, but only ask "Is the Lord pleased?" And if our infinite Friend is pleased, it would be more satisfying to us, than it could possibly be in any other way.

Thus, whatever occurs in his providence, we should know of course to be his will, and, delighting more in his will than in our own will, we should be always happy and content. We should never want for a source of enjoyment; even when sorrowful we should be "always rejoicing," *in* the Lord.

Says one deeply taught in the things of God, "It is to be feared that many know Christ only after the flesh, or have no other knowledge of him than what they obtain by reading and hearing *about* him without any manifestation of him to the soul or to the inner man by the Holy Spirit. We need, so to speak, a kind of *revelation* of *self*, to us by the Holy Spirit—to see in the light of God the worse than uselessness of our resolutions and self-originated efforts. When we see that we are helpless, and our necessities are infinite, then are we ready wholly to cast off self, and to put on Christ. The glory and fulness of Christ are not discovered to the soul until it feels its need of him. But when self, with all its loathsomeness and helplessness, is fully revealed, and hope is utterly extinct as it respects every kind and degree of help in ourselves, and when Christ, the all and in all, is revealed to the soul, as its all-sufficient remedy and portion, then does the soul know its salvation. This knowl-

edge of ourselves and of Christ is indispensable, and such an acquaintance and such a reception of Christ is blessed."

If we would "grow up into Christ, and come to a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ," we need "the spirit of wisdom and *revelation in the knowledge of him*, the eyes of our understanding being enlightened, that we may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us ward who believe." And the Spirit must be sought as directed in Prov. ii. 1—6; then shall we find the knowledge of God, and know the sweet, constraining power of his love.

When we count all things but loss for the *excellency* of the knowledge of Christ, and are ready to sacrifice that we may give ourselves unto the contemplation of his perfections, we find him ready to reveal himself unto us in all his adaptation to our wants as our "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." If we follow those repeated directions to "remember Jesus," to "consider him," to "think on his name," and live "looking unto Jesus;" "beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we shall be changed into the same image from glory to glory," by the spirit which was given for this very purpose to take the things of Christ and reveal them unto us. And if we "*search* the scriptures which testify of him," we shall find that that Spirit operates in a peculiar manner in connection with the word; for it is *through* the truth we are sanctified.

If we desire to hear that still small voice which shall guide us, we need to hearken *diligently* unto him, and be *fully given up* to follow him just as he shall lead us, through suffering if need be; and abandon ourselves to every cross upon which we may be crucified unto the world and the world unto us. Then shall we find that his loving-kindness is better than life, and we can say "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." P.

"Come this way, Father."

During a short visit to the sea shore of our State, some two years since, with a party of friends, it was proposed, one bright afternoon, that we should make up a party and go down the harbor on a fishing excursion. We accordingly started, and after sailing about three miles, a young lady of the company declined going farther, and requested us to land her on one of the small islands in the harbor, where she proposed to stay until our return. My little boy, then about four years old, preferred remaining with her. Accordingly, we left them, and proceeded some six miles farther. We remained out much longer than we intended, and as night approached, a thick fog set in from sea, entirely enshrouding us. Without compass, and not knowing the right direction to steer, we groped our way along for some hours, until finally we distinguished the breaking of the surf on one of the islands, but were at a loss to know which one of them. I stood up in the stern of the boat, where I had been steering, and shouted with all my strength. I listened a moment, and heard, through the thick fog and above the breaking of the surf, the sweet voice of my boy calling, "Come this way, father!—steer straight for me—I 'm here waiting for you!"—We steered by that sound, and soon my little boy leaped into my arms with joy, saying, "I knew you would hear me, father!" and nestled to sleep on my bosom. The child and the maiden are both sleeping now. They died in two short weeks after the period I refer to, with hardly an interval of time between their deaths. Now tossed on the rough sea of life, without compass or guide, enveloped in the fog, and surrounded by rocks, I seem to hear the sound of that cherub voice calling, from the bright shore, "Come this way, father!—steer

straight for me!" When oppressed with sadness, I take my way to our quiet cemetery; still, as I stand by one little mound, the same musical voice echoes from thence—"Come this way, father!—I'm waiting for thee!"

I remember a voice
Which once guided my way
When lost on the sea,
Fog-enshrouded I lay;
'Twas the voice of a child,
As he stood on the shore—
It sounded out clear
O'er the dark billows' roar—
"Come this way, my father!
Here safe on the shore
I am waiting for thee!"

I remember that voice
'Midst rocks and through breakers
And high dashing spray;
How sweet to my heart
Did it sound from the shore,
As it echoed out clear
O'er the dark billows' roar—
"Come this way, my father!—
Steer straight for me;
Here safe on the shore
I am waiting for thee!"

I remember my joy
When I held to my breast
The form of that dear one,
And soothed it to rest;
For the tones of my child—
"I called you, dear father,
And knew you would hear
The voice of your darling
Far o'er the dark sea,
While safe on the shore
I was waiting for thee!"

That voice now is hushed
Which then guided my way;
The form I then pressed
Is now mingling with clay;
But the tones of my child
Still sound in my ear—
"I am calling you, father!—
O, can you not hear
The voice of your darling
As you toss on life's sea?
For on a bright shore
I am waiting for thee!"

I remember that voice;
In many a lone hour
It speaks to my heart
With fresh beauty and power,
And still echoes far out
Over life's troubled wave,
And sounds from loved lips
That lie in the grave—
"Come this way, father!
O, steer straight for me!
Here safe in heaven
I am waiting for thee!"

[Waterville Mail.

The United Brethren in Christ.

This is a denomination of Christians better known in the western part of our country than the East. From what we learn of them through their periodicals, we take them to be an earnest, laborious, evangelical branch of the church of Christ. In the last "Unity Magazine," (a monthly publication,) the editor gives a very interesting sketch of the progress of holiness among them, which we take pleasure in laying before our readers. We agree with our brother, that the doctrine of entire holiness cannot be claimed as the peculiar property of any one sect; it is the doctrine of the Bible, the doctrine of God. May it be received and claimed by universal Christendom. But to the article. After a few general remarks touching the progress of this vital truth since the Wesleyan reformation, the writer proceeds by saying:

"BUT I must hasten to the main design of this sketch, which is, to place upon record, while it is fresh in my memory, a few facts in reference to the progress of this doctrine in the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, and more especially in one conference of said church.

"Although many of the early ministers and members of the United Brethren Church possessed much of the spirit of entire consecration to God, and brought forth fruit unto holiness, yet the doctrine of sanctification was not generally admitted among them as a distinct theme.

"Repentance, and a thorough change of heart, were, indeed, most earnestly dwelt upon in almost every sermon. So, also, were plainness in dress, and faithfulness in duty much insisted on; but the doctrine of

complete deliverance from "indwelling sin," was not held up in a clear, definite form, as something to be obtained by faith subsequently to conversion. Such, at least, was the general character of the preaching among this body about twenty years ago. The idea of a blessing called sanctification, received after conversion, was considered a great error, and was often denounced from the pulpit. Some few had embraced different views, and I have known them to contend for the doctrine and pray for the blessing; but up to within about twelve or thirteen years of the present time, I never became acquainted with either a minister or member in the church who professed to enjoy the blessing.

A prominent instrument in the hand of Providence in introducing the doctrine of sanctification among the Brethren, was found in JESSE WILSON, a faithful and useful minister, who is now in heaven. He had formerly enjoyed the blessing while in connection with another church, but had lost the witness when he came among us. It was, however, his constant theme, both in and out of the pulpit. He urged it upon others and sought it himself. His teachings accomplished more for others than his prayers did for his own soul; for a number of his members on the circuit, he travelled the year before his death, sought and found the grace before he did.

It was not till after disease had compelled him to desist from preaching, that he was enabled by faith to regain the lost blessing, for which he sought so long and so earnestly. It was the lot of the writer to be present when he gained this prize.

We were then living under the same roof. It was on Christmas day, in the year 1844. He was far gone with consumption, but was able to walk a few rods to a neighbor's house where he had been invited to dine. After dinner, prayer was proposed. And while he was leading in prayer he became unusually drawn out for the blessing of complete salvation and the witness of it then. He seemed to forget the company in his anxiety for himself. He talked familiarly with God, as though alone with him. All in the room felt that he was approaching very near to his Father in heaven. With every sentence his confidence seemed to increase, until he was enabled to claim the promise. In an instant he cried out, with tears, as loudly as his shattered lungs would permit—"I have got it! O Lord, I will praise thee—I will confess thee!" From that hour his confidence remained unshaken till he entered heaven, a few weeks afterward. His remaining time and strength were all devoted to preaching holiness, in his room or on his bed, to all who called to see him. Many were convinced of the truth of the doctrine by his earnest, dying efforts, who subsequently sought and found and openly professed the blessing.

The clear experience of Brother Wilson, his dying testimony and warm exhortations during the few weeks he lingered with us, and his gloriously triumphant death, mark the beginning of a revival within the church. Many of the leading ministers of the conference to which he belonged, about that time, became awakened to the importance of seeking a new baptism of the Holy Spirit. And, as many who may read this sketch can testify, they soon obtained such a victory over sin as assured them that God had heard their prayers. Just eight days after Br. W. entered into this glorious rest, the stationed minister in the town,—who had been seeking for a clean heart for about ten years,—was enabled to consecrate himself wholly to God, and obtained unquestionable evidence that the offering was accepted. In a short time afterward, Br. W. H., then editor of the Religious Telescope, entered into the same glorious liberty, and, although he had before opposed the doctrine, he now made a public profession of what God had done for him, and, like an honest man, acknowledged and renounced his former error.

From this time the revival spread rapidly; many of the most talented, pious and

useful ministers became witnesses to the truth, and also many of the most intelligent and devoted members in the laity. In about two years the writer was able to count about *thirty* ministers of the conference in which the revival began, who professed to have experienced the blessing of perfect love. The name by which they most generally designated it was, "entire consecration." And perhaps this was the leading element in the blessing as pressed upon them at this time. But this, even, was a great advance with many, and prepared the way for the Holy Spirit to work *in* their hearts. Complete purification, crucifixion, and the union of the soul indissolubly, with its Maker, are all higher developments of the inner life, which naturally follow the act of consecration, if the soul continues upon the altar. It is the altar that "sanctifieth the gift."

The fire that burned in the hearts of these newly baptized souls caused them to publish abroad, both with the tongue and pen, this great salvation, that others might be induced to seek for the like precious faith. The result was, that the influence of the revival was felt, more or less, throughout the church. Even those ministers who did not receive the doctrine, gave greater prominence to the idea of consecration in their sermons, and some, by this means, *drove* their people into green pastures whither they could not *lead* them.

In some places a most violent opposition was stirred up against the doctrine and those who professed to enjoy the grace. In many instances, this opposition came from honest and pious brethren who thought they were opposing a real error; but no doubt much of it came from depraved hearts. Indiscretions were, no doubt, committed by the advocates of holiness. In their zeal to spread the truth, they sometimes held separate meetings for the friends of holiness. This, perhaps, was not wise under the circumstances; it had an alienating tendency, and embittered instead of winning over the opposers. Yet they were often seasons of peculiar interest, and will long be remembered by some who there communed with the Lord and with one another.

What are the fruits of all this movement? Has it all passed away like a summer shower, without leaving any lasting results? Far from it. Although some have not always honored their profession by a walk according to holiness, and others have ceased to stir up all about them to seek for a fulness in Christ, yet there are many scattered here and there over the church, who have since possessed a firmer faith and a more complete consecration than before. In addition to this, I think it is very perceptible, that about that time a new era commenced in the church. The light which was diffused so abundantly upon the subject of living and laboring for God and the world's salvation, has aroused a spirit of enterprise upon the subjects of a Christian Education, Missions, and the right use of Property. Christians among us cannot now so innocently hoard property and serve God for themselves alone. We have learned that the religion of Christ is unselfish, and requires us to live for others. The rapid advancement made by the Brethren Church in the last ten years, in building schools and multiplying missions, is attributable to this clearer light upon the subject of personal consecration.

The Mother's Death-Bed.

Two years have glided away. They have brought no marked change to the inmates of the fort. Again the autumn, with its rich coloring, has decked the forest. But now the wailing wind finds an answering echo from the bleeding hearts within the silent walls of the fort.

The death-angel has spread his dark wing over the happy family, and chosen indeed a "shining mark." Upon her couch lies the idolized wife and devoted mother; her eye lighted by undying love as it rests upon the grief-stricken group around her.

For weary days the hot breath of the fever had scorched and consumed her life-blood, and burned upon her brain, invading her reason, and filling it with vague but terrible dreams. With fond care had the husband watched for one glance of recognition from the wild eye, while the children wept as her voice fell upon their ears in its unwonted ravings. But now the crisis was past—she must die.

Awaking, as from a long sleep, she calmly received the grim messenger, and began to make ready to depart. Her inner house was all in order, but she must look out from it, while she nerved her soul for its struggle—for she must leave all these beloved ones. It was hers to tread Jordan alone.

"Arthur, dearest!"

The voice was a feeble one, but its tender tone reached the heart of the husband, who had buried his face in his hands, while his strong frame trembled beneath his burden of sorrow. He bent eagerly to catch the whisperings of the beloved voice so soon to be hushed forever.

"I am dying, my own Arthur. God calls me home. Mourn not too deeply, but acknowledge a Father's hand, and prepare to meet me there—in heaven. You have smoothed life's thorny pathway, dearest, and gentle has been your love. My heart quivers with anguish in leaving you to finish your pilgrimage alone. But I know that my Redeemer liveth, and I will trust him. I could ask to be spared yet a few years, to guide our precious children over the shoals and quicksands of life, but I can trust them to One who has promised to care for them, and to your own watchful love.

"But, Arthur, my precious husband, yield your heart to God. Let me be the blissful messenger to heaven of the glad tidings that you are one of Christ's redeemed. Yield not to despairing grief, but arise, and, in God's strength, meet your sorrows and your duties with a firm heart. We shall soon be united, never again to know the pang of separation."

The exertion of speaking so much had nearly exhausted her feeble strength; but as the flame of life flickered in its socket, it gleamed forth once more, with that mysterious strength granted to many ere they close their eyes to enter the shady realm of death. Then did the mother in that moment of life and vigor give her last instructions to her weeping children. To Malcolm she pointed out the peculiar temptations and dangers that would beset his future path, while she urged him, with earnest tenderness, to give his heart to the Savior now, to take his mother's Bible for his guide and counsellor, his mother's God as his everlasting portion.

"Charlotte, my daughter, you must endeavor to fill my place. Be a guide to your little brother and sister, and a comfort to your father. Seek strength and wisdom from God, darling, to prepare them for life and for death. May the blessed Savior keep you from every hurtful snare, my dear child, and bring you to himself when life is over.

"Nellie, my sweet one, kiss mamma. You must be a dear child, and love papa very much. Mamma is going to live in those beautiful mansions, of which she has so often told you. Come and meet me there, Nellie, and be a pure, bright angel in heaven.

"Where is Edward, my poor boy?"

The boy arose from his knees, and took the extended hand of his mother, while she spoke words of comfort and hope to his agonized heart. Pushing back the masses of brown hair from his fine forehead, with a gentle tenderness, she breathed forth her blessing, a precious boon: sinking back exhausted, she motioned to her husband to raise her once more. The farewell kiss was given, and, after a short struggle, she slept peacefully,

"As dies the wave upon the shore."

Colonel Russel laid her back gently upon the pillow, and clasping his youngest children to his heart, he mingled his tears with theirs. No stranger was there to mar the

sanctity of that solemn scene. Only the bereaved hearts that loved her best wept over the lost one.

How beautiful she looked in that peaceful slumber!

"There beamed a smile
So fixed and holy from that marble brow;
Death gazed, and left it there; he dared not steal
The signet-ring of heaven."

Ah, there is nothing terrible in death when the spirit is borne away so gently to the "pearly gates." We almost fancy we can behold the glories of heaven as they burst upon her longing eye, while the faint echoes of heavenly music fall even upon our own sin-imprisoned souls, as she strikes her golden harp in unison with the angel band.

Rest, sainted one. We cannot wish thee back, although life will be dark unlighted by thy smile. The influence of thy holy life shall live after thee, and arouse many a better resolve and lead to many a deed of love and charity.

The bitter duties that follow death—'t is these that cause the heart the most of anguish. The carelessness and coldness of hirelings who clothe the lost treasure in the garb of death, the narrow coffin and tomb. How gently would we fold the linen, and lay her upon a softer couch! How does each jar, each misstep make us writhe with pain, although we know the cold form can never suffer more! Then—most desolate of all—the rattling of the first sod upon the coffin, that knell to our hearts, that tells us all is past.

The return to the desolate home, and the long, dreary days and nights to watch and weep alone. Ah, it is easier to die than to live and mourn over the graves of those dearer than life to us.

Life seemed all a blank to the bereaved husband. Each room of the fort, every flower in the garden, and every whisper of the forest leaves, seemed to speak of his lost one. She was buried among the flowers she loved so well, and already her grave was covered with the sere dead leaves of autumn. There came the husband and children to weep, and there stood the officers and soldiers to remember her gentle teachings; and there, too, came many a dark-browed Indian to speak of the deeds of mercy and acts of love of the "White Dove" of the fort.

But the stern duties of life must be met, and Colonel Russel roused himself for the conflict. When weakened by his great grief, he had bowed his proud head over the clay-cold form of his idolized wife, and prayed for the first time in his long life—prayed for submission, faith to believe, and strength to serve his God for the remainder of his days. His prayer was heard. He daily petitioned for strength to meet every trial, while, from the oracles of God, he sought wisdom to direct him. His heart was comforted, and he arose from his sorrow "a wiser and better man."

Men wondered to behold the haughty heart subdued and tender; the man of passion a man of prayer. He who has promised to "reward openly," remembered all the secret prayers of the righteous one now sleeping beneath the snow-wreaths in the garden. His promises are sure.—[The Russel Family.

"Cast thy care on Him who careth for thee."

BY ANNA.

Weary traveller, cast thy care
On the Savior;
Quickly to his throne repair,
He will hear thy humble prayer,
Always—ever.

True and faithful is thy Friend,
Ever near;
He will watch thee, and defend,
He 'll be with thee to the end,
And wipe thy tear.

Or is thy soul by sorrow riven;
Mid sin and care;
Hope on,—this promise sure is given,
The pure on earth shall meet in heaven;
No sorrow there.

There is beyond a happier land,
Far, far, from this;
Martyrs next the throne will stand,
Saints will meet a glorious band,—
A world of bliss!

As on life's rugged path we go,
We 'll trust thy love;
Whate 'er our lot on earth—we know,
We soon shall part with all below,
And meet above.

Then cast thy load of doubt away,
And never roam;
He 'll lead thee to the realms of day,
He 'll guard, and lend a beauteous ray,
To guide thee home.

Business a Means of Grace.

WE often hear Christians complain of their leanness and emptiness, and attribute it all to their business. If they are correct in the cause of their want of religious enjoyment, then either they are engaged in a wrong business, or they are pursuing it in a wrong manner. No lawful business—and a Christian cannot engage in any other—pursued in a proper manner, will injure the religious enjoyments of the child of God. He that has the love of God in his heart, and does his whole duty each day, toward God and man, will never find occasion to charge the blame of his leanness to his business. The true Christian, who does all that he does to the glory of God, is never more happy than when full of business. Let him connect his business with God; let him work for God every day in the week, and consecrate all his income to the furtherance of his cause in the earth, and he will find that his business, instead of being a hinderance, will be a help—a real means of grace to him. Instead of letting his business swallow up his religion, his religion will swallow up his business. To all the dear brethren who are crippled in their religious enjoyments by their daily callings, I would recommend the course pursued by Normand Smith:

"When roused to a more entire consecration to God, falling in with the common notion that a life of secular business is incompatible with a life of eminent usefulness and piety, he seriously purposed to abandon it. But more scriptural views led him to continue in business consecrating it to God. He put on record the 'purpose to engage in my business that I may serve God in it, and with the expectation of getting to give.' From that time it was observable by all who knew him, that he made rapid progress in religion. There was a fervor and engagedness of spirit, a purity and elevation of aim, that could not be misunderstood or concealed. He rose towards heaven like the lark of the morning. From that time he found no tendency in his worldly engagements to chill his piety, or to enchain his affections to the earth. His business became to him a means of grace, and helped him forward in the divine life, just as truly as reading the Scriptures and prayer."—[Unity Magazine.

The Image of Christ.

[Translated from the German of Tholuck.]

THE image of Christ, drawn by the pencil of the Spirit, to which Scripture directs our aims, is painted in such colors, that it is impossible often to contemplate it without its irresistibly affecting the heart. As the bodily eye that has looked long at the sun, retains a bright image of it, so the spiritual eye that gazes steadfastly upon the face of Christ, is filled with light. We carry this image with us wherever we go, and it blends with all our thoughts and actions. It never ceases to be a study to us, ever growing more bright and beautiful as we gaze upon it, revealing in contrast more and more the darkness of our own hearts.

I have said it is with us at conversion, as it is in spring, when the sun melts the snow in the fields and on the mountain side, but upon the highest peaks and in the deepest valleys, patches of it still remain. So the rays of the spiritual sun may penetrate our souls, and still there remain in each heart heights and depths, where yet all is cold and hard. How much must still be melted away, he is first aware, who conscientiously yields himself

to the discipline of Scripture. The longer we contemplate Christ, the more do we discover how unlike him we are, how selfishness has penetrated our inmost nature, how poor we are in humility, in love. When we enter this school of discipline, it does not seem so.

This beholding ourselves in the image of Christ has the peculiarity that, while we more and more discover the darkness in us, upon us, all the while unconscious, it is pouring its light. Paul has expressed this in a particularly rich passage in his letter to the Corinthians. He says: "But we all, with open face, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

A wonderfully rich saying indeed. Just as when we behold ourselves in a metallic mirror, he would say, it spreads over us its own effulgence, so we Christians looking with unveiled face at Christ, as into the mirror of true humanity, are adorned with his light, made partakers of his Spirit, changed as from glory to glory into the same resplendent image. And how the most diverse individualities are alike transformed into this image! Women, for example, might seem to need a special ideal, and so the Catholics have found such a one in Mary. But is she, of whom at the most we know so little, other than a gentle moon which borrows her light from the sun? Therefore, she does not warn us, but both men and women, as well as children, of all ages, all temperaments, all degrees of culture, are warmed in their inmost souls, by the image of Christ, and the flowers of the soul, even to their innermost fibres, are filled with its light.

EXTRACT.—"To be reviled for 'righteousness sake' is a blessing too precious not to be valued by you. It gives such opportunities of patience and humility, and persevering fortitude that you have great reason, and our Lord has commanded you, to rejoice in it. But though offences must be laid in your way for the exercise and improvement of your virtue in surmounting them, yet there is a woe attends those by whom they come, and we are bound in charity to prevent, as much as in us lies, their hurting their own souls."—[John Heylyn, D. D.

Extract.

"Hearken unto me, ye that know righteousness, the people in whose heart is my law; fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be ye afraid of their revilings."—ISAIAH li. 7.

"WHEN a man, enlightened by divine grace, discovers the error of his ways, when he comes to 'know righteousness,' and have the law of God in his heart, when, in consequence of this, he often reflects upon the wretchedness of his condition, his guilt, his danger, with the necessity of conforming to that law, and accordingly takes some steps towards it in serious purposes and resolutions, one of the first temptations that assaults him is the fear of men—fear of what the world will say of him. If, contrary to St. Paul's example, he 'confers with flesh and blood,' upon this occasion, he will say within himself, 'If I should retrench such customary expenses, forsake the company I have so long frequented, and renounce the diversions I have been so much addicted to, what will men say of me? How shall I be slighted and contemned?'

Many a hopeful conversion have such thoughts stifled. But let us be assured of this, as a certain truth, that, as long as we stand in awe of the opinions of men, we are not fit for the kingdom of God. Not to dare to do our duty, is the basest and most infamous cowardice, and Almighty God will not be served by souls so mean and unworthy. So St. Paul assures us in the clearest terms, 'If I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ.' And Christ himself hath declared, that he will be ashamed of those before his Father and the holy angels, who are here ashamed of him and his gospel."—[John Heylyn, D. D.

The Guide to Holiness.

MARCH, 1857.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

A City Missionary "Sentenced."—On Wednesday, 14th ult., a well-known Boston city missionary, Rev. Perez Mason, was, with his family, invited to a friend's house to spend the afternoon, and on returning home early in the evening was surprised to find his residence filled with a large number of neighbors and friends, and a large table covered with substantial presents, among them a costly and comfortable cloak, sent by W. H. Bartlett, Esq., and other friends at the jail. Judge Russell, of the Police Court, aptly explained this demonstration, on account of his conduct, "summing up" and "passing sentence" as follows:

Father Mason:—You have been accused of divers grave offences. It is charged, that having the fear of God and the love of man before your eyes, moved by the instigation of humanity, you have habitually sought and relieved the destitute, the sick, and the afflicted; that you have preached the gospel to the poor; that you have comforted those in prison. It is said that you have believed that even the men and women who have been convicted of being "drunk, by the voluntary use of intoxicating liquors," might yet have hearts to feel and souls to save. You are further charged with diminishing the number of inmates at the jail, (and the jailer conspires to *cloak* your offence); with reducing the fees of constables, and the business of the Court. You bring the laws into contempt by preventing the crimes which those laws are intended to punish. You are known to be an old offender, and you have declared that you will not depart from these ways as long as you live.

Now receive the sentence of the Court, and, as a famous judge said, on sending a convict to State Prison for life, I wish I could give you a heavier sentence (giving him a purse of $138 in gold). And you, Mrs. Mason, as you have shared your husband's trials, and helped him to bear his afflictions, as only a woman could, it is right that you should share his joys, (giving her a purse of $50). Our gift is accompanied not only with the kind wishes and warm regard of these friends, but with the prayers of many who have been relieved in distress, or saved from vice. I have passed sentence on your husband, and I do not doubt that both of you, continuing your charitable labors in life, will hear the final sentence: "*Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.*"

Mr. Mason was greatly affected, and replied in a feeling address, thanking his friends for their present and past kindness. After a short season of social intercourse, the company retired, leaving the good man and his wife to enjoy their deserved gifts.

Statistics.—The Puritan Recorder sums up the statistics of evangelical religion in this country as follows: "Over thirty thousand working ministers of the gospel, sustained by four millions of communicants, and heard by sixteen millions of church-going people. Church property, seventy millions; religious contributions, twenty-four millions per annum."

Chinese Christians in Sacramento, Cal.—Several Chinese have abandoned, through the Chinese preaching of the Rev. Mr. Shuck and his native assistant, Mr. Wong Ah Mooey, the false religion of their fathers, and have embraced Christianity. Several more have renounced idolatry, and expressed their firm belief in the truths of the Bible, and are looking forward to church membership.

A Horrid Death Struggle,—The Miser and his Gold.—A singular circumstance was once related to me by one of the house surgeons of the charity hospital of Paris. In one of the men's wards of this immense hospital, a man was dying at twelve o'clock at night. At this hour, in the surgical wards, there is no movement except in cases of necessity, the lamps burn dimly, and the guardians are ordinarily sleeping in their chairs. But there are always some of the patients more or less wakeful because of their sufferings. The man who was dying had in the pocket of his pantaloons a tolerably well-filled purse—not at all a rare circumstance, in a Paris hospital. He was a miser. He had kept his pantaloons carefully stowed away under his pillow, but his frequent attentions to the safety of his pocket book aroused the attention and cupidity as well of the man who occupied the next bed to him. This man watched with wakeful eyes for the proper moment to seize the dead man's treasure. When the miser no longer breathed audibly, and the other believed him dead, he stole

quietly out of bed, and thrusting his hand under the pillow, seized the pantaloons, but he was mistaken; there was still breath and life in the miser, and the attempt to wrest from him his treasure seemed to give him life and breath that he had not. He seized the pantaloons, and a horrible struggle took place between the dying man and the thief for the possession of the coveted money. But the miser's grasp was soon relaxed by death, and fell back on his bed gurgling words from his throat that ought to have frozen the blood of the blackest pirate on earth. More than one patient was aroused by this singular and horrid scene, and when the thief shall be sufficiently cured to leave the hospital, he will be handed over to justice.—[Exchange.

Cannibals Converted.—It is said that on the Feejee Islands, from 30,000 to 40,000 are daily brought under the direct teaching of Christianity, and into close contact with the word of God. The grass has grown over the ovens formerly used to prepare human flesh for food; and thousands assemble every Sabbath day to hear words whereby they may be saved. —[Texas Chris. Adv.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

An Interrogatory Considered.—One of our correspondents says:—"I am convinced that the Guide is doing good, and I am anxious to circulate it; and yet I must confess there is a mystery connected with the doctrine of entire sanctification. How it is that a man can retain an evidence of his acceptance with God, and yet feel that he has lost the witness of perfect love, I cannot understand. Yet there are those who tell me that such is the fact. Now it seems to me that there must be condemnation in all such cases. When it shall be convenient, please give us your views on the point."

We think no person ever lost the blessing of holiness—entire sanctification—without falling into condemnation; but, from the testimony of very many witnesses, we think it not an uncommon occurrence that the persons thus condemned do soon, by repentance and faith, find pardon again, and so continue to enjoy subsequently the witness of their gracious relations to God as justified persons. We have known instances where several years elapsed before the soul was again restored to its forfeited estate of purity, while all along there were such marks of Christian character that we could not doubt the daily testimony of the lips and the life, that there was enjoyed a measure—even a large measure, of saving grace.

Perhaps the point of the question proposed might be stated thus:—"Can any one lose the blessing of perfect love, and merely fall back into a justified relation to God?" We think not.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

Our Beloved (isms).—The Editor of the Religious Telescope has some severe, and, we fear, merited criticisms on the practice of glorying in our beloved *isms*. Though his remarks are levelled against one particular sect, we are not sure that they will not apply to every denomination in the land, to a greater or less extent. This worship of the creature, and creature systems, has been the sin of the church in every age. We reprobate, in severe terms, the homage that the Catholic pays to the virgin mother of Jesus, and yet what church is there that has not its idols? If it is not the Church, or our beloved Methodism, or the Church of our Pilgrim Fathers, it is our eloquent preachers, or our learned professors, or something else. The Corinthian Church, for their creature attachment to Paul and Apollos, were pronounced, by an inspired apostle, *carnal*. Does the practice, in any age, indicate a higher spiritual condition? We are not disposed to lay this sin at the door of any particular denomination, for we doubt whether any are so free from it as to justify their throwing the first stone, and yet we cannot withhold our solemn protest against it. In our humble judgment, this deifying of men and means, and systems, is one cause of the church's weakness. Our strength is in the Lord—our expectation must be from him, and when, through his gracious blessing, our one has become a thousand, our feeble one has become mighty, we must not forget, in the agencies employed, the hand that has wielded them, the Spirit that has given them life. Let him that glorieth, then, glory in the Lord. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen.

Christian Sympathy.—How quickly and instinctively the heart of the Christian is drawn towards those members of the body of Christ, who are the subjects of suffering! If "one member suffer," says Paul, "all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the

members rejoice with it." In our last number, it will be recollected, we published two letters lately received, ordering a discontinuance of the Guide which exhibit a painful contrast in the spiritual condition of the writers. We doubt whether any read the testimony of the bereaved widow, without being touched by it. Scarcely had the number been issued before we received a call from Father Taylor, the well known Chaplain to seamen, whose large heart, ever alive in its sympathy for suffering humanity, is especially drawn out where the sailor or his family is passing through the furnace. "Here is a dollar," said the old veteran, "for the Guide for that widow, whose husband was washed overboard. Continue it to her from year to year, and charge it to me." A few days after, on opening our letters, we found another chord had been touched, by the submission of the afflicted one.

A sister in Rondout, N. Y., writes:—"Enclosed is a dollar for the sister whose husband was washed from the deck of his vessel. Please inform her that her subscription is paid for this year." To these dear friends we beg leave to say that we have a heart as well as they, and that their wishes were anticipated, long before the article, that awakened their sympathy, met the public eye. We published, it is true, the widow's *request* for a discontinuance. We did not say, however, that we *complied* with it. The money we have received from the two friends above mentioned, is held subject to their order. If we do not hear from them, as the money was intended for the widow's benefit, it shall be remitted to her, to be used as her enlightened judgment may dictate.

THE "NEW DOCTRINE."—A brother in Alabama, whose heart has become greatly enlisted in the subject of holiness, writes us that he has been *corresponding* lately with the people of his former pastorate, on the subject, and that he is receiving from there the most encouraging statements.

"One young lady," says he, "but recently obtained the blessing, and, though naturally rather timid, is now going from house to house, encouraging and instructing her companions who are seeking for the blessing. She seems now to be always abounding in the work of the Lord.

Another says that she believes she obtained the blessing, but lost it again by indulging in light-mindedness with the giddy. She seemed, when last I heard from her, to be filled with the deepest penitence, and I trust that ere this she has regained her lost jewel." In a P. S., he adds: "Since writing the above, I received a letter from one of my former charge, in which it is stated that the young lady, whom I mentioned above as having lost her evidence, is now in the enjoyment of the blessing, and also that another young lady, one of her companions, has also professed to have obtained it. The writer states that the whole community is in commotion in reference to what they call the "new doctrine!" Some delighted, and others astonished. Hallelujah! The Lord is making known his saving health among the people."

While we rejoice with our brother at these gracious manifestations, we cannot but feel sad at the thought, that HOLINESS, the element that gave to Methodism her strength, and for the spread of which God raised her up, should have become so far lost that its revival excites surprise, and the doctrine itself be viewed as a NEW doctrine. But we trust a better day is before us.

BY WHAT DENOMINATION IS THE GUIDE PUBLISHED?—A correspondent, who had heard it variously stated that the Guide was published by the Protestant Methodists, and by the M. E. Church, writes for information. As there may be others who desire light on the same point, we have concluded to give an answer through our journal. The Guide is not a denominational *organ*. It is edited and published by clergymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church; its object and aim, however, is not the promotion of a sect, but the building up of the church in that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord. The possibility of attaining, by faith, a state of entire holiness in this life, is ceasing to be, we are happy to say, a sectarian dogma. Its experience has been verified in every branch of the Church of Christ. Our aim is to diffuse the precious leaven throughout Christendom. Though brought by our relations, in more immediate contact with the M. E. Church, we are happy in being able to say, our patrons and contributors are to be found in every evangelical church in the land. Holiness emancipates the soul from every sectarian bond. When, then, our monthly, descending from its high mission, panders to *denominational* interests merely, it will cease to be a "GUIDE TO HOLINESS."

PREMIUMS FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.—Our friends will do us a kindness to read *carefully* the conditions on which we offer premiums. We fear that they overlook the terms or conditions on which the offer is based. Some claim them on old subscribers as well as new—while others forget to remit the postage for their pre-payment. The object, in offering premiums for *new* subscribers, is to enlarge our circulation, trusting that, if any can be induced to read our periodical one year, they will find it to their interest to continue their subscription and patronage. We allow a commission to agents for collections from old subscribers, but not in the same ratio. For eight dollars collected from old subscribers, we are willing to allow the same premium which we offer for three *new* subscribers. Again, under a new postal law, just gone into effect, all transient printed matter must be pre-paid—hence whenever a claim for premium is made, the postage stamps should always accompany it. Our Canada friends will please bear in mind that both premiums and new subscribers will be supplied through Rev. R. D. WADSWORTH, our agent at Hamilton, C. W., to whom their communications should be addressed.

CONTRIBUTORS.—We need hardly say to our contributors that there are several articles on hand which will appear in due time. Let none infer that *delay* always implies *rejection*. We have, however, some communications intended for publication, which we shall be compelled to decline; not on account of their heterodoxy, but because, if published, they must be wholly rewritten, and, in some instances, so remodeled that the author would hardly know them; and, even if this were desirable, we have not time to do it. We trust, in saying this, no one's feelings will be wounded. Indeed we have no right to suspect such a thing, as our friends invariably accord to us the largest liberty. Write on, then, beloved, and trust to our judgment, and, by the grace of God we will so exercise it in the disposition made of articles received, as shall best conduce to the great interests we are trying to serve.

A SUGGESTION.—A friend called upon us, a day or two since, and made an excellent suggestion. It was this: That every subscriber to the Guide offer fervent prayer at this, the commencement of the year, that a special blessing attend its perusal to the thousands who have taken it into companionship for the year 1857. To this suggestion we give an unqualified *amen;* only adding that the editors and contributors be included in the general invocation, that they may be guided by unerring wisdom, and write under a divine unction

WHO WILL FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE.—A benevolent gentleman in the West, has subscribed for one hundred copies of the Nashville Christian Advocate, for distribution. We find from our exchanges, that such instances are not rare. May not some of the wealthier readers of the Guide profit by the suggestion? Would it not be a safe investment?

Book Notices.

We have received several volumes from the American Sabbath School Union, H. Hoyt, Agent, Boston, of which we have space enough to notice only the following.

Wesley and His Friends; illustrating the Religious Spirit of their Times. By the author of "Towers of Zion," "Triumph of Industry," etc.

There are few subjects, if well treated, so entertaining and instructive, as religious biography; and yet, from want of skill in their arrangement, many books of this class are passed over by the young, as dull and prosy. This cannot be said of the volume before us. The author evinces great discrimination in the selection of his material. Passing over details that could interest only the historian, or theologian, he has seized upon those points, (and there are many such in the life of Wesley,) which would entertain and instruct the young, for whom he writes.

The Sunday School Teacher's Bible Stories. This is the title of another gift book, filled with first class pictorial illustrations. The stories are told with a simplicity and point well calculated to cherish in childhood a love for the Bible. Much taste is evinced in the style in which it is got up.

Stories of the Good Shepherd. The leading events of our Savior's history are here told in words adapted to the capacity of childhood. Each story has its pictorial representation, numbering in all some thirty or forty.

Divine and Moral Songs, attempted in Easy Language, for the Use of Children, with some Additional Compositions.

A most splendid copy, elegantly illustrated, and printed in large type, and on beautiful paper. Who, that has ever imbibed the influence of these sacred songs in the nursery, that will not delight in their transmission to their offspring!

A Mother's Portrait, or The Model Mother.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. PALMER.

"O, prayer is good when many pour,
Their voices in one solemn tone,
Conning their sacred lessons o'er,
Or yielding thanks for mercies shown.
'T is good to see the quiet train
Forget their worldly joy and care,
While loud response, and choral strain,
Re-echo in the house of prayer."

With all her multiplied engagements of family and business, strange as it may appear, the regularity of her attendance on the house of God was remarkable. Says the honored Son, from whose lovely picture of maternal excellence we transcribe this sketch, *Love* is an ingenious principle, and in most cases will find the way for obtaining its object. So her *love* to God and her desire to appear before him, overcame all difficulties. To attend the public services of religion was a part of her plan of life. She made preparation for it in the arrangements of the week, and of the day; and that not only for herself, but for others. Entertainment of friends, and attention to business, might be pleasant or profitable. But, with her, serving God was the one thing needful; and she would not allow that to be set aside for any friendly or temporal occupation.

She was earnestly anxious for the salvation of servants, and of other persons, whom she employed in business. She spoke to them of their spiritual condition, and took pains to manifest an interest in their temporal welfare. She was careful to see that nothing interfered with their attendance on public and family worship, and thus was she instrumental in bringing in several, who were employed by her, into the way of life.

It might by some be supposed, from this remarkable mother's activity and diligence in the discharge of philanthropic duties, that all her zeal was expended abroad to the neglect of her own family and household, but it was not so. She had most emphatically her house in order. Her business was one that required watchful government. Those who assisted in it were several in number. Yet, there was no waiting for her, no insubordination, no confusion. Her son observes, "I have often heard it said to her, when the shop was full, and the rooms behind were full, and when, at the same time, her children and the persons employed were looking up to her for direction, and yet she would be calm, collected, and full of energy—'I wonder how you can get on at all in the midst of so many cares, and with so much depending on you.' To which she would almost invariably reply about thus, "The Lord is very good to me! He assists me very graciously? He has promised, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be,' and he mercifully fulfils his word." And this *reliance* was in reality the secret of her strength. She consciously lived, moved, and had her being in God. It was her habit to spend some considerable time in prayer every morning, before she left her room. At the noon-tide hour, and on retiring at night, she poured forth her soul in intercession. Her faith was childlike in its simplicity, but, like one of the simple elements in nature, it was mighty in power. She loved the word of God, and, in the most careful manner, regulated her life by its holy precepts. By observing its requirements, and realizing its cheering promises, she walked in unshaken confidence before the Lord her keeper. Her loving value for the blessed book, might be seen even in the outward care she took of it. The family Bible was not indifferently left on any table, or desk, as though it were an ordinary book; it was carefully put in its place, and she would not allow any thing except the hymn book to be placed upon it. She taught her family, even by these outward circumstances, to honor the book of the Lord.

(*To be Continued.*)

Delight in God.

NO. I.

DELIGHT in God, as the supreme good, is the chief characteristic of genuine piety. It is the holy pleasure awakened in a renewed soul, by the contemplation of the works and character of the Creator. The efficient, producing cause of such delight is the Holy Spirit. But the outward and exciting object of it is Jehovah, as he is revealed in his works, and as he is in himself.

True piety does not make men stoics. It does indeed place the Creator first as an object of desire, but it does not destroy an iota of due regard for objects of inferior excellence. Good men are not indifferent to the circumstances and conditions of humanity; to the beauties of nature, and the refinements of taste. They only regard these *less* than the infinitely excellent Being, who is the Source and Author of them all. Nothing of this created good is allowed, in their esteem, the place that belongs to the invisible, but omnipresent Creator. All inferior excellence derives its power to please and delight from him. All is more pleasing and delightful, because the work of his hand. The loveliness of the blue expanse, the bright sun by day, and the star-lit canopy by night, the green earth and fragrant flowers, the balmy air and sweet music, the dawn of morning, and the brilliant hues of closing day; all would be dead things but for the life and beauty imparted by the omnipotent energy. God's impress, to him who beholds them with a religious eye, is upon them all, giving them a divine significance. Sentiment, by this significance, is converted, in the holy man, into sacred reverence. What would otherwise be only poetic admiration, becomes a religious act, by looking "through nature, up to nature's God." "The invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and godhead." Before these invisible things thus made visible, the contemplative Christian bows down to worship, saying, as did David, when he mused on the wonderful creation, "Thou hast made me glad through thy works." The wide canopy of heaven is the arch of his temple, wherein

> "Hearing oftentimes,
> The still, sad music of humanity,"

he is chastened and subdued; the green earth is his altar, at which he feels

> "A presence that disturbs him with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts."

Worship with him is habitual, in which his mind becomes

> "A mansion for all lovely forms,
> For all sweet sounds and harmonies."

Gratitude and praise are more a permanent state than a fleeting expressed emotion. In his adoration, not of nature as his divinity, not of an absent deity, whose curiously constructed machinery is working out alone its destiny, by the operation of its own laws, but of an all-present personal Being, by whom all things were and are sustained, whose modes of acting in nature are the only laws of nature—in his adoration of him, he catches a glimpse of the glory which Moses saw when he went up to Mount Pisgah to die. His state is like that of Habakkuk, when in his prayer, "God came from Teman, the Holy One from Mount Paran, and his glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise." O, how deeply does such an one feel, amid all the magnificence and loveliness of this lower world, in comparison with their infinite and more excellent author! "There is none upon earth that I desire besides thee."

Some atheistic minds have never been able to discern an over-ruling Providence in the complicated events, which are taking place in the world. Chance, blind, inert, dead chance is their only deity. Against such a cheerless view, so repugnant to our experience and our consciousness, there needs no argument for our Christian

readers. We feel, that what we have came from the fatherly care, and kindness of the Supreme. And, in respect to what we may need, our filial confidence should enable us to say, as Abraham did to Isaac, "God will provide."

From our birth, this care and kindness have been constant. Health, reason, friends, civilization, liberty, peace, Christianity,—all are the fruits of a paternal Providence. But are these blessings more fit objects of delight, or desire, than the all-wise and holy Being, from whose hand we receive them? Shall we esteem the gift more than the Giver? Prefer the stream to the Fountain? Who does not know that all this earthly good is transient, that God and holiness are the only enduring good? Who does not know, that prosperity gives, and adversity takes only that which is least desirable, and, that both are but the provident workings of a kind Father, for the good of his trusting children? And who, that knows this, will be elated by the one, or fall into repinings at the other?

If the believer has not all he *wants*, he knows, that he shall have all that he *needs*. His desires may not always be met, but his necessities will be. He may not have every thing, but he knows that he shall have every good thing. And, if afflictions come upon him, he feels that he needs them, and that they are good, else they would not be sent. If he has great sufferings, he has greater consolations. The "light affliction worketh out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." It is because the good man sees, in the providence of God, a fatherly presence and love, that he takes pleasure in them, because they bring him into closer communion with him, who is himself *love*, and he almost loses sight of the means in the sweet anticipation of the end. From the deepest vale of sorrow, he sings with the exulting prophet, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.'

E. A. L.

Heaven is Holiness Matured.

"Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathers here,
And, painted on the eternal wall,
The past shall reappear."

NOTHING is more common than to slight or decry the present. Our day, our privileges, our attainments, are accounted as nought; we are mere pigmies ranged in an obscure corner of the world, while the Past and the Future loom up before us, as a beautiful vision. The croaker is forever pointing his finger backwards into the dead ages, where only are to be found real men, or considerate saints, or such church and states as reserve the name. All the religion and philanthropy of the world died out long ago, and we must be content to plod on in our poor way, till the millennium of his brother visionary bursts upon a sleeping world, and sets its inhabitants all ablaze.

These, however, are mistakes and dangerous notions; not only wide of the truth, as revealed in the gospel, but exerting an influence that would turn the wheels of society the other way. We are too prone to look away from the present hour, while all that is grand and fearful in hope or responsibility, centres in our current existence. Heaven will be glorious because it will absorb and diffuse the aroma of a blessed life on earth; hell terrible as the concentrated bitterness of probation. Present transactions are important, wide in their interests, far-reaching, sweeping the whole vista of life, and measuring the illimitable cycles of eternity. Every day, all our acts take hold on the unseen—and are prophecies and earnests of the future. Heaven and hell take their color from earth—are only the outworking, the full development, of our present dispositions and conduct. The final account is now being made up, in the solid columns of

every day life. Who asks for his future, eternal history—for the doom, written in the Book of God, and ready to be revealed? Let him consult the ordinary exercises of his heart, or contemplate the deeds of his life, or penetrate the motives that underlie his conduct, and, as by a secret current, give direction to the whole being. Let him mark the direction of that current; scrutinize carefully the beginnings of that experience which shall swell on in grander, more fearful forms, but still in the same direction, as ages elapse. We stand here upon the dividing lines, where the ways of sin and holiness separate, running, to human view, for a space almost parallel, and then diverging to the most distant parts of God's empire. Men often *do* not, more frequently will not, observe the distinction between right and wrong, virtue and vice, holiness and sin. The same things happen to the evil and the good; hence the service of a holy God, or of an unrighteous Mammon, are set down as matters indifferent. The lines run so near each other, that, to a blurred vision, they commingle and it is not until death, or the judgment, that the mistake becomes evident. Then, however, the ways separate, and conduct the pilgrims thereon, the one, to the glories of Paradise, the other, to the depths of a fearful perdition.

The latter revelation to the human mind, must be most startling; especially at an hour when life has waned, probation run out, and the Judge has approached the door! It gives us no surprise that such cry out in agonizing despair, as the "terrors of hell get hold on them." The recollection, however, that they might have known, must eternally pierce the soul. The history of the saint is far different. He daily participates in everlasting life; he drinks of the river flowing from the throne of God and the lamb; he plucks the fruit from the tree of life. The beginnings of a new, higher existence stir the deeps of his soul. Aspirations high and holy spring out of his inmost nature. He feels himself a new creature; crossing a fearful main amid storms and reefs, but with sail spread for glory, and Christ in the barque. His *heart* attracts him to the skies—the *disciple* to the *master*. "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren"—have the sign-manual of the great King, the very spirit and genius of the heavenly world.

How strange that men who have none of these marks of the good Shepherd, still presume on the divine mercy—hope for heaven, and live for earth—vow to the Lord, and bow to Mammon—be sure they steer direct for Paradise, while a terrible current drifts them to the maelstrom of perdition, when life and hope are at once extinguished. And these unfortunates are not always the unholy throng; this, we have reason to think, will be the fate of many a professed believer in Jesus. He has the theory, not the practice; the whole external forms fashioned by the pattern in the mount, not that inward fire of holiness; an interest, not *the* interest demanded by the Bible; a faith, not the genuine confidence in the atonement. His antinomian belief pillows him comfortably upon the promises, affording a glass that magnifies the mercy of God, and the unconditioned benefits of the atonement, while, at the same time, a secular spirit, a merely carnal heart, sweep him unconsciously from his Christian moorings His house is built but with one abutment in the sand. His very religion deceives him; while reposing upon his dry creed, the whole gives way, and plunges him into the blackness of darkness. He had much of the paraphernalia, little of the spirit, of worship; a magnificent Ritual, but a meagre degree of heart *holiness*, which alone gains admittance at the bar of God. Here our works are useless, our wisdom folly, and all these good dispositions, amiable tempers—all that kindness between man and man, however excellent in their places, are there futile and vain. Man will then know but

one intercessor, and his plea can avail only for the pure in heart.

And is this life, with its multitudinous events, its sins and infirmities, its light and dark side, to pass that test? Are my acts, my thoughts, the intents of the heart, to be all revealed to the gaze of a world, and receive their just deserts? Then shall I need to be holy. Ah! my brethren, in the light of that day, how beautiful will holiness appear—the one thing desirable, altogether lovely. Without this, the soul sinks abashed before this spectacle of blessed majesty and glory. Nothing will pass, save holiness that penetrates the heart's core; that enters as a refining fire, consuming all sins, and elevating the soul to higher and nobler sympathy with God and all goodness.

What are our hopes, our visions of heaven? What is that life above? Is not its main feature to be found in holiness—in the moral image of God? The fruit planted, watered, cultured on earth, has grown to muturity. No doubt there will be much in the locality, the views, the society, the studies, the pursuits and varieties of heaven to interest the mind; but these will be only secondary topics. Holiness stands first, and all else as related to this, as imbibing the comeliness and glory thereof. This is not a holiness attained in the other life, but in this. Every act goes to make it up; no ray of holy living is lost. Let the weary disciple never forget this; a *sin* of to-day will not be forgotten; and the years of heaven are but the distant echo of those on earth.

"We shape ourselves with joy or fear,
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future atmosphere,
With sunshine or with shade."

S.

In due time we shall reap, if we faint not

No man hath seen God at any time.

God is not slack, concerning his promise, as some men count slackness.

There are Two Ways.

To all those who sincerely desire to enter in—to walk in the safe way, I would say a word, "drawing my bow at a venture, trusting that God will direct the arrow," that it may find a lodgment in your heart, and spring up and bear fruit. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—Proverbs xiv. 12, and xvi. 25. "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness."—Isaiah xxxv. 8.

Unless it can be clearly demonstrated by the Word of God, that there are more ways than *one*, in which you may pass your life with a sure, constant and abiding hope, that, when the brief day is ended, you will enter into life eternal,—in which you can live a life "hid with Christ in God,"—in which you may walk with the certain knowledge that it shall issue in heaven; that *one*, that *only*, safe and right way, is "the way of holiness." But do I say you are unsafe if not in this way? Most assuredly I do. Because the Holy Scriptures clearly, forcibly, and beyond the reach of cavil, or vain speculation, point out to the wayfaring man this way as leading direct to the goal of heaven; therefore, if there be but *one* way, this is that one way. Happily for him who would become a traveller toward Mount Zion, that the safe and direct way is not in the least involved in obscurity, but is illuminated all along by light radiating from the Book of Inspiration, and set about with a hedge, so that, by the Master of the way, the assurance is given, that "no ravenous beast shall go up thereon."—Isaiah xxxv. 9. This is one way. But there are others—others that are palpably wrong, or those that "seem right," but yet are wrong—yet are the "ways of death." There are, then, two ways—two as respects their end,—and *only* two, in which all are going.

In which of these am I walking? is the paramount question—is the all-important question, infinitely transcending all others; because all who profess to be in earnest for

their souls' salvation, and are now pursuing a fixed and settled course of action in all their associations and relations of life, in all their intercourse with their fellow-men, are already in the "good and the right way," (2 Samuel xii. 23,) or they are not; and if they are not, they must be in a way plainly wrong, or one that "seemeth right," but as surely leadeth to the "ways of death." I am not unaware that this covers a broad ground—includes all professing the name of Christ, and also divides them. But I would deal plainly; for I think the Savior clearly sets forth this distinction when he says, "For many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able."—Luke xiii. 24.

That the "many" who seek to enter in and shall not be able, are *not* base and profligate sinners,—rejecters of Christ and his gospel, but *are* those who profess and proclaim the religion of Christ openly before the world, is as clearly taught in the context, as is it that they shall not enter; and also, (Matthew vii. 22,) the same marked distinction is drawn—"Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name have cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works?" This shows plainly that the "many" might not only profess and acknowledge the Savior, but teach him to others—cast out devils in his name, and do many wonderful works, and not be able to enter in, but receive the doom, "I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity."—Matthew vii. 23.

You profess the name of Christ, and have made an open and solemn declaration, in the presence of men, angels and God, of your faith in him, by receiving his instituted ordinances, and uniting with the visible body of Christ. And you are now in one of these ways. Ask yourself the question, "Am I in the good and the right way?"—and at once set about the work of deciding whether or not, by ignorance, negligence, carelessness, or *self*, you are still in a way, though, perhaps, for years, it hath seemed right, that is plainly wrong. If, by the Spirit of God, you know that Christ dwelleth in and reigneth over you, without a rival, let the language of your heart be,—"Lord, keep me in this way."

But, if you doubt,—if you are dissatisfied with your experience and hope,—if by your heart you are condemned, (2 John iii. 20,) let your cry come up before the throne of God, with unwavering faith,—"Lord, teach my feet to find that better way."

If you are in the good and the right way—the "way of holiness"—more than this need not be said, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Revelation ii. 10. But, if you are not, is this addressed to you? I think not. For, if you continue as you now are, that is, faithful in the course you are now pursuing, and do not leave it, you will not receive a crown of life, but your end will be the "ways of death." O, then, as you desire your own salvation, and the glory of God, leave the way you are travelling, and enter upon the "highway." You will then "walk by faith and not by sight,"—"seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness,"—"walk in the light of the countenance of God," and "rejoice all the day."

You will then "look at things not seen," "forget those that are behind, and reach forth to those that are before," and "love God," his word and ways, "with all your heart." God would not have procured the means whereby you might "live in holiness all the days of your life," if he did not design you should so live. He does design it, because he has commanded it. "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."—Revelation xxii. 14. A. J. M.

Alleghany College, Dec. 11, 1856.

God blesses still the generous thought,
And still the fitting word he speeds,
And truth, at his requiring taught,
He quickens into deeds. WHITTIER.

A Few Words to Methodists.

ENTIRE Holiness, as an attainable state, in this life has been peculiar to the people called Methodists; but this is no longer so, it being favorably received now among many of our Presbyterian, Congregational and Baptist brethren. But it is still peculiar to Methodist theology—a distinctive feature therein, the great central truth in their doctrines. If there be anything in their teachings, that warrants the encomium of Dr. Chalmers, that "Methodism is Christianity in earnest," it is their belief and practice of Bible holiness. In our excellent discipline, in the "Episcopal Address" to the members of the church, are these words; "We believe that God's design, in raising up the preachers called Methodists, in America, was to reform the continent, and spread scripture holiness over these lands." Our fathers in the ministry believed this, and acted upon it. Bishop Asbury says, "I am divinely impressed with a charge, to preach it (holiness) in every sermon." Among them, to preach it as attainable and practicable, was the rule; not to do so, was the exception. How is it with us now, dear brethren? Is the reverse not true of us in this day? We would not be understood as instituting the question so often put against Methodism in the wholesale, "What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" But candor and truth will constrain us to admit that there is a sad declension in this one feature of our preaching. Methodism has made laudable advances in many other respects; but there is no concealing the fact that retrogression marks her history in this particular. This is noted and spoken of by our sister churches. Let us not then, before it is too late, forget that our strength lies in the practical working of this great distinguishing doctrine of our theology. When it becomes a dead letter with us, then will we be as weak as others. It can be no part of wisdom or good policy for the Methodist ministry or laity to ignore, or pass lightly by, this undeniable truth. Our wisdom and consistency require that we admit it; and "ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein."

Our painful experience, which we have reason to believe is that of thousands in our communion, constrains us to speak of some evils existing among us as ministers and people. Our foes are often those of our own household. We tremble while we express the fear that the greatest enemies to the doctrine of holiness are to be found among our ministry and people. What means the very common practice among both ministers and influential laymen in our church, of using such expressions as these in the presence of young and inexperienced professors of religion? "These are the holy ones," "the perfect ones," "the sinless saints." "Whenever I hear of a man professing sanctification, I expect to hear of his backsliding," etc. Also the very common practice of traducing and ridiculing certain schools who advocate the doctrine of holiness. Taking up the leading persons in these schools and speaking of their faults and magnifying them into great sins; seizing upon some rumor concerning them, and comparing the rumor that probably has not the least foundation in fact, with their high professions and writings, thus poisoning the minds of those among whom they retail their scandal against these individuals, and lowering the doctrine in their estimation. Such appeals to their pride and consistency in a large majority of cases are productive of immense evil to our teachings upon this doctrine. It deters thousands among us from seeking the grace of a clean heart, and is putting a weapon in the hands of our adversaries, with which they deal us some heavy blows.

But do not these brethren, who act and speak thus, believe in holiness, as a Bible doctrine; that it is attainable and practicable; that it is our duty as well as privilege to be sanctified, "wholly," "spirit," and "soul," and "body;" to "be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ?"

Yes, they subscribe to all this; but they think it not best to urge it frequently from the pulpit, or to refer to it particularly in our experience. They seem to think it scriptural for them to traduce the characters of many who profess to enjoy the blessing, but differ with them in some of the minor details and steps to its attainment; and these, too, non-essential points. Their views of the doctrine, and its requirements of those who embrace it, do not seem sufficiently powerful to prevent them from the common sin of evil speaking, of backbiting and devouring their brethren in Christ. Suppose all they say of these is true; suppose also that they are in error in some of the details of this great doctrine, would such an admission be the least justification of such a course? Is it not most anti-Christian? Is this the way to correct what they are wont to call the errors of such, and lead them into all truth? We think not. If we or the world are to judge of their sanctification by such a line of conduct as we have alluded to, we should all pray to be delivered from embracing it. Here let us stop and inquire, Did our fathers in the ministry act thus, or did the leading members of our church, in their day, talk thus in the presence of young and zealous converts? No, they rather took them by the hand, and led them on to the attainment of the blessing. They preached it and lived it, and often spake of it particularly in their experiences. Are they not to be imitated herein?

These are some of the things that greatly injured us in our earlier experience. We have heard Methodist ministers talk *thus;* be it said to their shame! Our prejudices were awakened against the doctrine, and especially against the professors of the grace. We would as soon have been found perusing a novel almost, as reading the works of some whom we now highly esteem; and only because we heard ministers to whom we looked for example and advice, railing out against these books and their authors. And it was not till we were driven by severe affliction to seek a deeper work of grace, that we were induced to read these. If we could not subscribe to every thing in them, we found very much that did us good, and very much that resembled the word of God. No human production can be expected to be entirely faultless. Overlooking this fact, many have been led into the error and misfortune of controverting these, in the public prints, as if they were heresies of the worst sort. All the writers in our church, on this subject, are agreed upon the essential points. The history of most controversies teaches us, that the bitterest feelings, and the greatest detriment to the cause of Christ, have arisen from non-essentials. How much the cause of holiness has suffered from these controversies of late years, we need not now stop to consider. It is to be sincerely hoped that they will forever cease among Methodists. If we would cease finding fault with professors of this grace, and their writings, and strive to imitate them so far as they imitate Christ, we would be doing the cause of holiness a much greater service and good; than can be possibly done by the opposite course. If the class of brethren to whom allusion has been made, could only see how many souls they have prevented from seeking the blessing of holiness, and what discredit and unbelief they have brought upon this distinctive feature of our church, they would be alarmed and confounded! Who shall be "greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" Not those who make light of holiness and its professors. Not those who cripple and dishonor that doctrine, that lies nearest God's heart. Why, it has come to such a pass, in very many parts of God's vineyard, that the minister who feels it his duty to preach on the subject of holiness, is looked upon with no little degree of suspicion! He is likely to be regarded as an enthusiast, a fanatic, or as a setter-forth of some new faith. This is so to an alarming extent in our own. What has induced this great change in the Methodist body? We apprehend that it is mainly due to the evil we have spoken

of. Would it not be well for us to preserve consistency, either to abandon the doctrine altogether, or to return to our primitive simplicity in preaching and living it? It we do not, we believe that God will raise up a people that will. Nor should we be at all surprised that it should be some of those very churches, which once so violently opposed our church on this same doctrine. As we lay down this mightiest power of the Christian church;—Bible holiness—others will take it up, and use it effectively. When it becomes a dead letter in our theology, we will be somewhere in the rear, instead of the van of God's militant host.

In conclusion, suffer one young in years, and in the ministry, who has suffered deeply from these evils, to utter a caution to those who have lent themselves to the above mentioned things; that they ponder these statements well, and if they cannot embrace all the views of their brethren upon the subject of holiness, or feel that they cannot preach it, and speak of it particularly in their experiences, do not, my brethren, speak lightly of them or of the doctrine. I feel well assured that there are thousands, within the pale of our church, who are suffering most deeply in their religious progress in consequence of these evils. What would be the feelings of the great founder of Methodism, and his coadjutors, and the fathers of American Methodism, could their ashes be revived, and they witness this state of things, so prevalent among their sons in the ministry? This question we leave each one to answer for himself. God being our helper, we shall, in our little measure, do all we can to discountenance these things, and bring the church back to the practice of this great central doctrine of Christianity.

Honolulu, S. I., January 6th, 1857.

W. S. T.

Who can comprehend the extent of that supreme homage which is due to the will of God? LA COMBE.

The Morning-Land.

SOFTLY, in the solemn midnight,
Through the river's swelling tide,
Passeth she, with step unshrinking,
To the bright, celestial side.

Lingering glows the holy pathway,
Which her angel feet have trod,
Up the golden heights of heaven,
To the bosom of her God.

Long had night been falling round her;
Trod she slow the steep descent,
With a face serene in sweetness,
And her eye oft upward bent.

In the dim, foreshadowing twilight,
Faith still led her by the hand,
Pointing through the gathering darkness,
To the glorious MORNING-LAND.

With a widowed heart, and lonely,—
With a mother's streaming eyes,
Had she knelt before the altar,—
Laid thereon her sacrifice.

On a distant, rocky islet,
Long has Harriet Newell slept,
While successive sorrow-tempests
O'er the mother fierce have swept.

But with childlike trust unwavering,
Never did her heart recall
That dear offering to the Savior,
Blest in giving him her all.

As the tempests burst upon her,
Sore the struggle, sharp the strife,
Yet each wave of sorrow bore her
Up to a diviner life.

Joy for thee, thou gentle spirit!
Life's sad warfare now is o'er,
And the raven wing of sorrow
Foldeth over thee no more.

Sweetly rest in Love's dear bosom,
All thy yearnings satisfied;
Rest thee with thy parted loved ones,
And with Him—the Crucified.

Oh! the peace, the peace of heaven!
Deep, seraphic and divine,
And the boundless bliss and glory,
Which are now for ever thine!

Yet our stricken hearts are weeping
To behold thy face once more
In its new, immortal beauty,
On fair Eden's radiant shore.

Oft we strain our tearful vision
Upward to the portals bright,
But a misty, cloudy curtain,
Hides thee from our aching sight.

Weeps the severed kindred circle,
Which around thee long had twined;
In their hearts, oh! fondly cherished,
Is thy fragrant memory shrined.

Mourn they of that darkened dwelling—
Chosen as a dear retreat,
Smitten sorely in their household,
Hallowed by thy presence sweet.

Ah! thou meek and loving spirit!
Earth has lost a treasured prize,
Yet we clasp our hands in silence—
Gained thee now hath Paradise!

Religious Conversation.

BY S.

It cannot but be a matter of surprise to every reflecting mind, how seldom religious topics are made the subject of conversation, even among those who profess to consider them of the highest moment. It is not so in any other department of science and art. The mathematician, the astronomer, the geologist, all feel their enthusiasm enkindled while laying down the principles of their favorite science,—the artist's eye beams with unwonted brightness, as he talks of the power of art, and feels the influence of its magic spell—the hard, cold man of the world wakes into life as he discusses the possibility of opening new avenues to gain, and even the frivolous man of fashion is roused into something like animation by contact with minds, it may be, as frivolous as his own. The constant, daily action of mind upon mind, in the intercourse of society is the most powerful engine for good or for evil that has ever been set in motion, and, if the rule which God has established as the measure of our delinquencies holds good in this, as in all other cases, our condemnation will be pronounced not merely for the idle words that we have spoken, but for the words of power that we have buried in silence, and the earnest, glowing thoughts that we have kept concealed within our own breasts. Alas! how few of us, on looking over the social hours of a single day, would not experience something like terror and dismay at the thought of facing that sad record of meaningless words and trivial utterances!

Yet we would not have it supposed that we advocate that undiscriminating zeal which seeks to force the sacred verities of religion upon all circles, and in all places. There is sometimes a degree of abruptness that trenches upon irreverence, and defeats its own object by calling into action the antagonistic principles of our nature. The want of harmony jars upon the feelings, and the sense of unfitness offends the taste, and so far from receiving an appropriate impression, worldly and fastidious minds turn from the whole subject in disgust. The best intentioned people often commit this error. They judge other minds by their own, and make no allowances for original differences of mental conformation, heightened, it may be, by early education. Yet, when they fail in their efforts to do good, they do not attribute it to a want of tact in themselves, but only construe it into an additional proof that the heart is by nature at enmity with God, and opposed to his holy requirements. We do not deny that both experience and revelation teach this sad lesson, but we believe that, in many cases, prejudices have been implanted, and a wrong bias given to the mind by the unwise and ill-directed efforts of good, but narrow-minded and injudicious people.

While upon this subject, we cannot but allude to the fact that religious appeals often lose much of their effect by the peculiar phraseology in which they are couched. It may be said that, in one of its aspects, religion is a science, and that all sciences have a technical language of their own, and this may be true so far as it applies to the

professorial chair. But when our object is not to define dry points of divinity, but to touch those hidden springs of the human heart that vibrate to every passing emotion, our language ought to be the free and natural expression of the feelings that prompt it. Is religious truth so entirely at variance with originality and grace that they are found to be inconsistent with each other? Are the dry bones of Ezekiel's vision so fearfully descriptive of the spiritual apathy of the church to be equally descriptive of the language in which she tries to win the world over to her cause? We believe that to be natural is the sure way to be impressive, and to feel deeply ourselves the best method of awakening a corresponding feeling in others. The utterance of the heart is always eloquent. The words may be simple; the grammatical construction defective: but deep emotion spurns ornament, and breaks loose from restraint, and makes a way for itself by its own resistless power.

There is an evil springing from the use of set phrases that has been too often overlooked. We refer to the fact, that repetition, while it familiarizes the mind with the words, weakens the power of the idea. This does not apply to acts of worship, where repetition is but the gushing-forth of deep and earnest feeling, but it does apply with peculiar force to all such arguments as are calculated to act, with persuasive power, upon the mind. To produce any effect, the attention must first be gained, and how can this be accomplished by the use of expressions, which might have had a meaning when they were first originated, but have lost much of it by the lapse of time and change of ideas? When the conventionalism of religion shall have been set aside, and men shall have learned to speak of religious truth as of something which they have received into their own hearts, and incorporated into every fibre of their being--then its legitimate influence will begin to be recognized, and society will feel its energizing power.

There is a kind of conversation which passes for religious, but which is, in fact, nothing but the most frivolous gossip. It relates, it is true, to sacred things, but, when substituted, as it is too apt to be, for the things themselves, and dealing in trivialities weakening to the mind, it becomes positively pernicious. How often is our reverence for the ministers of Christ diminished, if not destroyed, by descanting on their faults, and perverting their words, or, what is even worse, by offering them an adulation unworthy of their office, and at variance with the homage due to their heavenly Master! And are we not conscious that, while descanting on the inconsistencies of others, who, like ourselves, are the professed disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus, our attention has been drawn away from our own hearts, and a righteous indignation has blinded us to the perception of our own moral failures and delinquencies? How far removed is this from that charity which not only hopes every thing that is good, where there is room for doubt, but seeks to cover, in its ample folds, the faults that are too glaring to be denied!

We find, in the teachings of Christ, a principle laid down for our direction on this subject, enforced by a penalty so stern, and yet so just, that, while the reflecting mind quails before it, it cannot but acknowledge its equity. "Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Who can remember how often he has constituted himself the judge of his erring brother, and has made himself the empire of his conscience—how severely he has condemned acts that were but questionable in their nature, and held up to view, foibles which ought to have been shielded by a generous charity; who, with such remembrances crowding upon his mind, will look forward with calmness, to that solemn hour, when all his open acts and secret motives shall be submitted to the same searching scrutiny? Should not

the fact that a retributive judgment infallibly awaits us, soften the asperities of our nature and temper, and the severity of our decisions? The true way to exert a powerful influence in the society in which we live, is not to attack the faults of others, but to apply ourselves to eradicate our own, that the world may be rebuked by a pure and holy example, rather than silenced by an arrogant assumption of superior merit.

In reading the narrative of the life of Jesus, we catch some glimpses of his social nature, as it revealed itself in his intercourse with others. Kind and courteous in his manner, earnest and natural in the introduction of religious truth, suiting himself to peculiar temperaments without ever losing sight of the great end of his mission; seldom reproving with severity, yet holding up to the conscience the mirror of truth, so that whoever looked in it could not but see and feel his own moral deformity. How beautifully is this exemplified in his interview with the woman of Samaria! He knew that the abandonment of her conduct had made her an outcast in the society in which she lived—even his disciples wondered when they saw him talking to her, yet did he not assume towards her a tone of conscious superiority, nor did he address her in the language of exhortation or reproof. A slight favor courteously asked, enlists her good will. The offer of the water of life draws her attention. A natural allusion to her domestic relations leads to a confession of her guilt, and a recognition of his prophetic character, and when, with that peculiar tact, which distinguishes her sex, she seeks to turn away from a disagreeable subject by referring to the points of controversy between the Samaritans and the Jews, she is immediately brought back to higher and nobler thoughts by the assurance, that the only worship acceptable to God, is the spiritual homage of the heart. Is it surprising, that, while listening to those words of power which penetrated the most secret recesses of her soul, and unveiled to her the depths of the spiritual life within her, she should have yielded to his teachings with the unquestioning obedience of a pure and child-like faith!

Our limits permit us only to allude to some of the prominent points of Christ's social character. It was eminently free from a love of display. Accustomed as we are to see the all-powerful influence of this master motive, the absence of it strikes us with unwonted power. Those sallies of wit which have charmed the ear, those flashes of eloquence which have quickened the pulse, that vivid descriptive talent which has made the past a present reality, these, and all other social elements which have given to society its life and brilliancy, have been developed and fostered by the desire to shine. Even the controversialist loses sight of his zeal for truth, in his love of admiration. But none of these things influenced the mind of Christ. With a noble disregard of all inferior considerations, he sought only to win, to attract, to convince. He did not endeavor to establish, or to confute particular theories,—truth in its broadest sense—truth emanating from the source of all knowledge and wisdom,—truth in its application to the higher principles of our nature—this was the aim and object of his whole discourse. As we see him imparting heavenly knowledge to the teachable mind of Mary, or opening the Scriptures to the two disciples on the way to Emmaus, can we wonder that she sat at his feet in rapt attention, or that their hearts burned within them, as they listened to his inspired words?

When we look at the perfect manner in which Jesus performed all the actions of life, it seems almost like presumption even to think of imitating his example, and yet, the Bible not only allows, but authorizes no other. This is that looking unto Jesus, which it so earnestly enjoins, as an incentive to run the Christian course—looking to him, not only as our deliverer, but as our pattern and our guide in every scene of life. Could we but realize more fully, our

obligation to imitate Christ, how different would be the tenor of our lives, and the tone of our conversation! Instead of the frivolous nothings which fritter away our mental energies—the fashion of people's dresses, and the style of their furniture—the beauty of their persons, and the emptiness of their minds—we should have the earnest thought, the persuasive language, and the charitable intent. When true disciples met together, their conversation would emphatically be in heaven—a foretaste of that pure and holy intercourse, which awaits the redeemed in glory, and, as the world lent a listening ear, to see how Christians used that most noble gift of speech, it would recognize, in the absence of all that was low, and scandalous, and trivial, something so different from itself—something so elevating and refined, as to feel convicted by this unanswerable evidence, of the superior elevation which true religion always imparts both to the character and to the mind.

A Test of Christian Character.

BY REV. J. L. HANAFORD.

It is a serious question with many, even professors of religion, whether they are in fact Christians,—whether the redemption purchased by Christ has been so applied to them, as to render them partakers of the benefits of this redemption. The reason is obvious. They have simply compared themselves with themselves, or with one another, or with some standard devised by man, and, consequently, "they know not what spirit they are of," or how they appear in view of him who looketh on the heart. They seem to have forgotten that the best criterion of character, and the only safe criterion of Christian character, is found in the principle involved in the precepts of the gospel of the Son of God. If this standard be lost sight of, and some other test be adopted, then are they liable to self-deception. If they merely regard their outward deportment, however good in appearance, and conformable to the rules of external morality, which may arise solely from selfish motives and worldly policy; (and this temporary experience, and these transient emotions, however elevated and full of hope, may be the mere effect of sympathy, the simple results of passive impressions,) they deceive themselves.

How important, then, that they should take the principle contained in the precepts of the gospel as a test, a criterion of Christian character, and try to bring themselves up to this great standard, and in conformity to one of those precepts which is the very essence of the whole, "seek to glorify God in their bodies and spirits which are his."

If they wish to decide as Christians in what business they shall devote their days, in what profession or employment they shall spend their short life, they have only to ascertain the wants of the human race, and the claims of their country and the world; what are their peculiar talents, and the circumstances in which they are placed; and what, therefore, are the prospects of comparative usefulness in the various pursuits that open before them. Or they have only to inquire how they may effectually do the will of him who calleth them unto himself. Or, in still more familiar language, they may ask themselves in what employment they can do the greatest good, and best answer the end of their being. "What is duty? What does the Lord my God require of me?"

Do any wish to bring their present occupation or employment to the test of Christian principle? and thus ascertain whether their present business ought to be abandoned or still pursued? in a word, whether they are in the path of duty—they have only to apply the same criterion. If they are engaged in any profession or stated business, which does not promote the glory of God, and which in itself is not useful, or upon which they cannot consistently, and do not actually, seek the blessing of heaven; in either of these, their very

business in life, their daily occupation, is inconsistent with the claims of Christian duty; and unless some material change—and that very soon—takes place, it will be a swift witness against them in the great day of judgment.

This is a criterion or test, by which professed Christians may learn the propriety or impropriety, of any existing custom or fashion, any peculiar manner of appropriating their time or talents, or prosperity; any acts which in themselves are not necessarily good or evil, and which are not expressly enjoined nor prohibited in the Bible; more especially that whole class of actions and pursuits usually denominated amusements, in all their varieties and forms. By the masses of the world, especially the inconsiderate, and even some professed Christians, those things are regarded as acts of indifference—neither virtuous nor vicious, neither good nor evil, neither sinful nor holy; and that they are so in themselves, independent of their relations and tendencies, none will doubt.

But they are not so viewed in their connections with other acts, and in their bearings on other beings by a holy God, who has commanded his subjects to do all things with reference to his glory; and has also given assurance that he will "bring every work, with every secret thing, into judgment." Nor do those who have been renewed by the powerful operations of the Holy Ghost, who have consecrated themselves without reserve to the service of their Redeemer, view them in such a light. To such, every custom, every habit, every indulgence of passion or appetite, every allowed practice of voluntary action, every appropriation of time, of wealth, or talents; yea, every thing which has an influence on this capacity for spiritual enjoyment, or active benevolence, or their own character, or well-being of others, is a matter of great importance, worthy of the most serious consideration. *In their estimation, nothing is innocent which is not useful; nothing harmless which tends to evil, or even prevents the accomplishment of the greatest good.*

Do any, then, wish to know whether they can, as Christ's disciples, consistently engage in some prevalent custom, or some fashionable amusement of the day? Let them apply this test, and consider whether it will promote the glory of God; will it be agreeable to his will, and will it correspond with the great design of their existence, as intelligent, moral and immortal beings? Or they may ask, Is it useful, will it promote health, will it improve the mind, will it exert a beneficial influence on the temper, will it warm the heart with pious gratitude, or enlarge it with benevolence, will it create in the bosom feelings of devotion, or establish in them principles of virtue? Or they may inquire, before they engage in the proposed act whether they can consistently retire into their closets, and ask a heavenly Father's blessing upon it, and whether they return from it, when accomplished, with satisfaction, and give thanks unto God, "through Jesus Christ our Lord," for the privilege of rational enjoyment and spiritual improvement, for the good they have thus received, or been enabled to accomplish. By these, and similar inquiries, they may learn whether any practice not expressly commanded or forbidden in the word of God, is innocent, proper, consistent with that *self-dedication* and *entire consecration to God*, which the gospel of Christ demands.

"There are undercurrents in the ocean, which act independently of the movements of the waters on the surface; far down, too, in its hidden depths, there is a region where, even, though the storm be raging on the upper waves, perpetual calmness and stillness reign. So there may be an undercurrent beneath the surface movements of your life; there may dwell in the secret depths of your being the abiding peace of God, the repose of a holy mind, even though, all the while, the restless stir and commotion of worldly business may mark your outer history."—[Rev. John Caird, M. A.

To the Professors of Holiness.

BELOVED FRIENDS:—I take my pen in hand to write a few lines, hoping they will not be written altogether in vain. As professors of holiness, much depends upon our example. We should so let our light shine that others may know that we are what we profess to be, holy. Reader, do you profess to enjoy the blessing of holiness. You may answer readily, yes. Now let me ask you another question of much importance. Are you holy in all manner of conversation? Do you not find it exceedingly difficult to bridle your tongue as you wish to do? Does not this little member cause your soul more trouble than any thing else within your knowledge? Now I have given some rules below, which, if observed strictly, will aid you to advance in the divine life.

Read the following passages of Scripture every morning, and observe strictly the rules there given:

Proverbs, chapter xviii., verse 21.
Proverbs, chapter xxvii., verse 2.
Matthew, chapter v., verse 48.
Matthew, chapter xii., verses 36—37.
Luke, chapter xiv., verse 27.
Romans, chapter viii., verses 12—13.
James, chapter i., verses 12—15.
James, chapter iii., verses 2—6.
Revelations, chapter iii., verses 20—21.

Pray in secret, directly after eating each meal, every day.

Be very temperate in eating and sleeping.

Remember faith, without works, is dead. Work, work, work.

Your brother, in perfect love.

W. B. OWENS.

The Work of Holiness in Summerfield, Ala.

Led by the Providence of God, in the fall of 1855, I made a short visit to the little town of Summerfield, Ala.; a place noted for its institutions of learning, under the patronage of the Methodists. While there, I held a series of meetings, with special reference to the subject of holiness of heart, meetings, which were owned and blessed of God, in a peculiar manner. There, I found a noble band of devoted ones, who have constantly kept alive the sacred fire upon the altar of consecration.

I became much interested in the work of holiness there, and requested a sister, who had been an eye-witness, and a co-worker with God, to give to the columns of the Guide, the account which is subjoined.

The sister begins the narrative by giving something of her own experience, in order the better to set forth the leading points in the work of God, as coming directly under her observation W. A. S.

WHEN I look back and see how the Lord has led me, to bring me to himself, and his great salvation, I can but exclaim, "Goodness and mercy have followed me, all the days of my life."—"The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

It has been over twenty-three years, since I found peace in believing, through our Lord Jesus Christ. But, like many others, I seemed to forget I had to *walk* in the *same* way, that I entered the course, by faith. I sought to be justified by the works of the law, until my life became a burden. But God loved the purchase of his Son's blood too well to leave me thus. By his own fatherly hand, he laid his afflicting rod heavily upon me. At a stroke, he removed two idols of my heart, a son and daughter of much promise. Both were enclosed in the same winding-sheet—both sleep in the same earthy bed. "They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." I owned the justice of the blow, and could but feel how deep the malady, that required such a remedy. I then resolved, by the grace of God, to consecrate my life to him, and "prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." Thoroughly convinced, that it was the absolute requirement of God, the only passport to heaven, I felt that no sacrifice was too great, for such a prize. I was often greatly blessed in seeking it, but, having no one to lead me into the light, I fell into many errors by the way, of which the chief and most common was, that I tried to see myself pure, before believing

it was so, thus reversing God's order, who says, "Believe that ye receive, and ye shall have it." "He that believeth hath the witness in himself." Oh! it did seem to me, if God had commanded anything else, I could have done it, but how could such a work be accomplished just by believing the simple truth of God? "Believe that ye receive." By not complying with this command, my mind became enveloped in darkness, and filled with distress. I saw clearly, that, if God bestowed the blessing on the condition of *believing* with the *heart*, confessing with the mouth was a requirement equally absolute. For four long years, I struggled and toiled, hoping that, in some way, I might enjoy the precious blessing, without standing forth, alone as it were, a witness for God and his truth. Just when I was despairing, the Lord sent us a minister full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, who well knew how to lead the weary, thirsty pilgrim, into a land of "broad rivers and streams." In my first interview with him, my heart was made glad, and I rejoiced that a promise was still left me of entering into that rest, for which I had so long vainly sought. During a series of meetings, held by our beloved, now sainted pastor, in which the doctrine of holiness was prominently set forth, and forcibly applied to the consciences of the people, I felt the time had come when the point must be settled. Oh! what a crisis! What an eventful hour! Eternal interests pending on the decision! Not a step could I take, not a prayer could I offer, till I had paid the vows which I had made in affliction. I seemed to be closed around by insurmountable difficulties, as were the children of Israel, at the Red sea; yet the command was, "Go forward!" I turned me to look on every side for help, but none could I see, when a sister arose from her seat, came to me as an angel of mercy, and said, as by inspiration, "Why do you not look up?" Then, by one mighty act of faith, I *did look up*, and saw Jesus, "my way, my truth, my life," and in him was plenteous redemption. My soul was set in a large place.

I longed to make known to all, the great salvation which had been imparted to my soul, through faith in Christ, who was made of God unto me, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption. Nearly twelve years have elasped, since that memorable era, and, though I have passed through many dark seasons of trial and affliction, I have been enabled to "hold fast the profession of my faith without wavering," although, at times, it has seemed as though I should sink beneath the billows. I have ever remembered the obligations I took upon myself, to live and labor for God, and, blessed be his name! I realize more of its blessedness now than ever. It soothes all my sorrows, cheers me in affliction, in all difficulties it opens a smooth way; it takes away the fear of death, and makes it a welcome harbinger of rest.

About a year after this change, there seemed to be a voice uttering in my heart the language of God to Abraham, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land which I will show thee." It was a startling suggestion, yet it became so imperative, that I felt it demanded a prayerful consideration. As I began to lay it before the Lord, I soon discovered the way opening for a removal from my home, kindred and friends. The question arose, Where shall I go? Just as I began to ask this of the Lord, my mind was peculiarly directed to Summerfield.

I was soon settled there, but was not a little disappointed to find the religious interest at a low ebb. One sister I found, who sympathized with me in the desire for the spread of holiness, and, after various efforts, and pressing through much opposition, we established a prayer-meeting at a private house, attended, at first, but by five or six, but the numbers soon so increased as often to fill two rooms, and many and powerful were the manifestations of God's presence and grace among us. When we first met, we *formally* and *unreservedly* consecrated

these meetings to God, as a means of his own appointment, to be conducted and controlled by his own Spirit. Keeping this one idea in view, when we met, it was with the united prayer that God would select his own instruments, and prepare them for his own work. It was not with us, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, should plant or water, but whether *God* should be in our midst to work *by* whom he would.

Often, before any audible prayer was made, the Holy Ghost would descend, with a mighty shower of grace and glory upon our souls, and then our tongues were loosed to speak of his wonderful works among the children of men. Various were the operations of the Spirit, and various the work suggested. Some were to be instructed, some to be comforted, some to be reproved, as the case might be, and all to be taught of God. Often, a youth of fifteen years, or less, was called to open the meeting, for the purpose of exercising the gifts of all, and to make each feel he had a work to perform; in this way, all were zealous to be ready, for his part of duty. Nothing could be more confounding to the wisdom of this world, than this simple working of God's little ones. But they were mighty through God, in pulling down strongholds. No wonder they were derided by the world, who were not able to discern the wisdom of God, in this marching around Jericho. Generally, after the first prayer, the meeting was left open for any one to speak, pray, or sing, as the Spirit might direct, and none dared to think or say, "the things he possessed were his own." I have often observed, when this simple method of trusting all to God was, in any degree, lost sight of, and a disposition to have *respect to persons*, and to look to any instrumentality out of God, the work was hindered, and nothing but confusion and defeat was the result. The meetings were never formally closed, but each felt at liberty to leave when he desired, without any interruption to others who wished to remain.

There chanced to be in our meeting, one evening, a minister who had never attended before, and was not acquainted with the manner of conducting it. He was invited to lead, and did so, in the *old treadmill way.* After having called upon several to pray, he formally dismissed. No one, however, made any motion to leave; silence reigned. The brother, of course, became embarrassed, not knowing what to think of it. A sister approached him, and asked if he thought the Lord had done all he designed, by our meeting together. "Well," he said, I feel very comfortable, and I suppose the rest do." "But," said the sister, "are we prepared to say to all, that God is true, and hath fulfilled his promise unto those who meet in his name?" He was silent a moment, then asked this sister to pray. In doing so, she was much blessed, and then a brother, who was groaning after full redemption, was called on to follow. While he prayed, the Spirit descended in great power, and the room was filled with the divine presence. None was more blessed than our clerical brother; he exclaimed, at the close, "I wonder if you always have such meetings?" The result was, that he became a regular attendant. His religious state has been much higher ever since, and his labors greatly blessed of the Lord.

These meetings are still kept up, and are owned and blessed of God. The subject of holiness is always kept alive by its advocates here, and we are still expecting to see greater things. Nearly all the young men, who have entered the ministry from this institution, have shared largely in the benefits of these meetings; some remember them as occasions when they received commission to preach the everlasting gospel.

In the spring of 1848, a number of the young ladies in the school became interested, and thirty-three pledged themselves to seek entire sanctification. One morning, ten left the school at recess, and hastened to a private house to spend a few moments in conversation on the subject. They be-

came so powerfully affected under the truth, that they did not leave the house, until the last one received the blessing in a clear and satisfactory manner. The news going out, stirred up others to greater earnestness. The next morning, five young men met at the same place, and did not leave until each was blessed, and went on his way rejoicing. During the year, twenty-three witnesses were raised up to testify of this great salvation.

This was too great a havoc in the devil's kingdom, and he stirred up great opposition. From the world? That we expected. From the church? That we could have borne. But oh! it came from those whose *faith* we are commanded to follow; from those to whom we looked for aid and encouragement. Guides of the church! Leaders of the hosts of Israel! Great God! Am I speaking the truth? Thou knowest. Lay not this sin to their charge. Oh! my Father, thou knowest I would not touch thine anointed, and would do thy prophets no harm; but how can I hold my peace while I see the hurt of the daughter of thy people healed slightly, by those who are crying, "*Peace, peace*, when there is *no* peace?" Notwithstanding all adverse circumstances, the work has gone steadily on, and shall go on, until the whole lump is leavened.

In March, 1852, at a meeting in which eight were present, three professed the blessing; one of whom was converted and sanctified at the same meeting. In November, 1855, at a meeting held by our beloved Brother Simmons, late from Cal., the power of the Lord was present to heal many. Would that I had the power, as well as space, to speak of the peculiarities of this meeting; suffice it to say, it was more after the apostolic order, than any I have ever known. May God give us more such revivals. Time would fail me to tell of all the times and seasons, in which the Lord has blessed his people, and raised up witnesses for his truth. I think not less than seventy souls have professed the blessing of entire sanctification in this place, within nine years. "What hath God wrought!" The reader may inquire, Where are they all? Do they still stand as witnesses for Christ? Some, perhaps, have been driven back to the wilderness—some may even have gone down to Egypt, to dwell among the fleshpots. How sad the thought! Many are still on the highway, as lights in a benighted land. Many are on the walls of Zion, proclaiming the great salvation. Some have died in the faith, and gone to their reward—"their works do follow them."

ANOTHER VOICE FROM THE SOUTH.

Extract from a Letter.

[From a Niece to her Uncle, who questioned the doctrine of Holiness.]

I DO most heartily believe the doctrine of Christian perfection, as taught by the Methodist Church. It is not the perfection of God, not Adamic perfection, not the perfection of angels, but *Christian* perfection, a perfection of *love*. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and soul, and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself, is the perfection of which we speak. It is the having all our passions regulated, and purified by grace, so that we are saved from all the indwelling of sin; so that when the wicked one cometh, he findeth nothing within us to agree with the temptation he presents. Hence the difference between the justified believer, and the sanctified; the former is saved from the committal of sin, but yet feels it within rising at times and troubling him; the latter has sin all destroyed within, and his foes are all without. But the question may arise, How can any one thus saved, ever fall? I would simply ask in reply, How did Adam fall from his sinless state? A fact is sometimes easier proved than explained? I believe no one lives without mistakes, and a mistake in opinion may occasion a mistake in practice; but, if we walk according to our most enlightened conscience, we shall feel the washing of the atonement

continually applied to our hearts. Surely it is a momentary faith that saves; we must believe from moment to moment, and if the Lord of hosts is able to keep us a day without sin, he is able to keep us through time. I do praise the Lord that I have not only learned this doctrine theoretically, but, what is far better, I have proved it experimentally. I do not say this boastingly, (for, many times, it humbles me in the dust,) yet, for the glory of my exalted Redeemer I declare it, the Lord hath power on earth to forgive sin, and to cleanse from all unrighteousness. It seems to me this is the crowning glory of the salvation provided for a lost and sinful race. The Redeemer saw our desperate condition, and made provision to meet the exigencies of the case. I lament that all professing this state of grace, do not bring forth the corresponding fruits. This want of consistency in others, for which of course we are not responsible, should lead us to look well to our own hearts. You ask me if I am saved from pride, vanity, and uncharitableness; from unholy appetites and passions. I am happy to have you thus free. I have learned to love searching questions; and there is no danger in examining our hearts too frequently or too thoroughly. I think, then, I can safely say, to the praise of the riches of divine grace, "I am saved," yes, "saved through the blood of the Lamb," and did I not feel confident in this, I would not contendedly rest until thus saved. "His name shall be called Jesus, because he shall save his people from their sins," *from them*, not in them. O who, for a moment, will doubt a truth so full of comfort, so glorious? We are greatly blessed here with many helps in our heavenward journey. There are a goodly number in our society, who, both by their words and works, show that they are saved from sin. O for an increase an hundred fold! Since I received your last letter, I have had unusual liberty and access to the throne of grace in your behalf. O be willing to bear the consecrated cross, for, by the way of the cross, must we gain a heavenly inheritance, and, if we are not in this way, let us begin to fear. Love to all.

Your affectionate niece. E.

The Experience of a Presbyterian Clergyman.

It has been my privilege, for a few months past, to read your periodical entitled Guide to Holiness. It has brought to my remembrance the days of my novitiate, when I was a sincere inquirer after all that God was willing that I should know. The sweet psalmist of Israel was an egotist, and so am I. *We* does not sound well, when the things that refer to personal experience are related. I am now an old man, and have learned to speak with heed and care as in the sight of God. I profess to be acquainted with the subject upon which you treat. I had a clear Christian experience of pardoned sin and justification from God, his spirit bearing witness with my spirit that I was his child. In the year 1817, I joined a class in John street, N. Y., and continued my profession, and held on to my confidence. I was about two years in Newark, N. J., and afterwards, in 1825, was attached to a class in Brooklyn, L. I. There I was deeply convicted that all was not right within my heart. I became extremely heavy and was weighed down, but I gave myself unto prayer.

While in a class meeting, I was blessed indeed. My inmost soul was sanctified. I exclaimed, What hath God wrought! Now I began to publish to all who would hear me what great things God had done for my soul. I was satisfied that it was my duty to give myself wholly to the work of saving souls. I was a merchant, doing business in New York city. I began to study. I fasted one day in every week, and attended meetings for conversation, where the subject of holiness was mainly dwelt upon by those who had much experience. I became established, and my heart was fixed,—so fixed that all the opposition I have met

with has not to this day (more than thirty years since,) moved me from my fixed state. The covenant I entered into was perpetual, not to be forgotten. Why, I can no more forget that I am set apart from the world than I can forget my existence, or that I have flesh on my bones. You may wonder somewhat when I tell you that I am not in the Methodist connection; but have been, for sixteen years past, an ordained Presbyterian and Congregational minister. I did preach as a local preacher among the Methodists in New York State, but I was too singular in my manner of life, and mode of expressing myself, to be acceptable; therefore, after full time for investigation, I asked for a letter, and united with those who fellowshipped my views of scripture doctrine. I believe, and preach every Sabbath, the truth that you seem to be aiming at. I cannot be satisfied with any thing short of entire devotedness to God. Holiness—real holiness—Christ within, who is the image of the invisible God, is all my desire from day to day. There is no strange God with me, neither do I worship any strange God. Neither shall the groves or the images stand up; they are the work of men's hands. Every real Christian may be wholly sanctified and set apart from this sinful world. The world will love its own, but it will not love or honor those whom God hath sanctified and sent forth as Saviors upon Mount Zion. The mixed state of Christianity is tolerated in the world; but not the fixed, wholly-for-God state. It is enough for any person to become holy, and his or her very presence is an abomination to sinners. Those who are like Christ are hated of all men—not of some men, but of all men. Only those who are of God, and who dwell in his presence, can appreciate the treasure of real holiness. I carry with me all I value. Wherever I go, in every place I meet the object of my love. I dwell alone with God. My state is fixed in God. My hope is assured. I do not hope for that which I see and enjoy. I am already saved from sin, and brought near to God, immovably fixed upon the only sure foundation, that is, holiness. To be in Christ, and to be holy, is the same state. Now, I am nothing. My selfish feelings are gone and annihilated forever. Christ is all in all. If one were to ask me about *myself*, I would readily answer, I am vile; nothing but a mass of corruption, to be abhorred wherever seen. Thus I separate the precious from the vile, and sanctify the Lord God in my heart, and give an answer to every man that asketh a reason of the hope that is in me with meekness or fear. I lack for nothing. I have all, and abound; for God is with me always. The body has natural wants; but they are very trifling. My greatest care is, to keep hid with Christ in God. I suffer very much from exposure; yet I dwell in the secret place of the Most High, that I may dwell under the shadow of the Almighty. I need not say the doctrine is of God. We know that we are of God; and the whole world lieth in wickedness.

A HIDDEN ONE.

Entire Sanctification.

A SERMON.

BY REV. W. O. CADY

"And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly.—1 Thess. v. 23.

A GREAT deal of confusion in matters of doctrine, arises from a want of candid thinking and correct definition. Supply these things, and the doctrine of *entire* sanctification by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, becomes as plain a point as any in the Scriptures. I desire with candor briefly to discuss the subject, endeavoring to ascertain what the Scripture teacheth. "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because *there is* no light in them." We remark, then,

1. That entire sanctification does not imply our being raised to angelic perfection. If angels are superior created intelligences, and, as such, were placed under a higher test of obedience, and are favored with superior advantages and facilities for the

attainment of light, wisdom, knowledge, and power, it were unreasonable to suppose that God requires men to attain a perfection as high as theirs.

That angels were placed under a higher test of obedience, is evident from the revealed word, which teaches also that hell was originally prepared *only* for them, in the event of their violating the required obedience—and that such would be *their* offence, that an infinitely holy and just God could show them no mercy.

"And the angels, which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day."—Jude, 6th verse. Milton truthfully exclaims:—

"Of rebel angels; by whose aid aspiring,
To sit himself in glory 'bove his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
If he opposed; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Raised impious war in heaven, and
Battled proud, with vain attempt.
Him, the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from th' etherial sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains, and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms."

But glory be to the triune God, that it was determined, in the councils of eternity, that, in the event of *man's* violating the divine law, he should not *irremediably* perish,—that a glorious scheme of mercy should be provided in the gift of Jesus Christ as an *atonement*. "Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain."—Acts ii. 23.

And pleasing is the thought, that glorified saints will, in their enjoyment, equal the angels—yea, in some respects, rise superior. They are engaged alike in the same services, united in the same worship—yet the songs of glorified saints will swell louder and sweeter. Angels may sing the honors of divine holiness and goodness, but,

"There is not an angel tongue can tell,
The wonders of EMMANUEL."

"Worthy the Lamb that died, they say,
To be exalted thus."

But here they must stop; the saints glorified only can finish the ascription.

"Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us."

The slain of Calvary has not died in vain.

2. Nor does a wholly sanctified state mean a restoration to full Adamic perfection. It appears that Adam, as an intellectual, moral, and physical being, was *perfect* prior to the fall. In his physical system, he was so perfect as not to be subject to sickness, pain and death; and, but for sin, neither Adam, nor his posterity, would have experienced these. (See Rom. v. 12.)

We do not read that Christ, who is called the second Adam, was ever afflicted with disease of any kind. But this cannot be said of man in general, however holy he may be. Nay, often, the most devoted Christian has been called to suffer *apparently*, far more than the vilest sinner. Then is it not clear, that man in this respect cannot attain Adamic perfection? The reader will carry out in his own mind the train of thought suggested.

In short, man was created in the image of God,—which consists in *righteousness*, *true holiness*, and *immortality*. In the language of an eminent writer:—"Here we behold man in all the charms of his pristine innocence; beautiful in his appearance, mighty in intellect, happy in God. He walks and talks with the great Author of his being; listens to his voice, and receives instruction from his lips, and holds intimate communion with him."

But glory to Christ, that he is the Savior of the body, as well as of the soul—"namely, the *redemption* of our body."—Job. xix. 25–6.

As entire sanctification does not so far restore us to Adam's first estate, as to exempt us from disease, so it does not imply the attainment of a state here below, in which we shall be free from error in judg-

ment, and consequently in practice. To err is human. To illustrate the sentiment advanced—An action good in itself, does not of consequence make the actor holy. If it were so, then there would be ground for a much better opinion of the unjust judge in the gospel, than is now generally entertained of him. He performed a good act in avenging the poor woman of her adversaries, but it is hardly possible to extend the idea of goodness in this case, beyond the action itself, as we are told that he did the deed to avoid being "wearied by her importunities," or, in other words, through sheer selfishness.

Nor does an action confessedly evil in itself, of consequence make the actor unholy or vicious. If it were so, then he that in his haste to rescue a fellow creature from drowning, should stumble over a little child and cause its death, would be guilty of a crime. Whereas, in this case, though we lament the sad and untimely death of the little one, no one thinks of arraigning the man who caused its death as a murderer, because the object that impelled his haste was most commendable in its character.

Hence we are taught that the moral quality of human actions, considered as good or evil, virtuous or vicious, resides wholly in the intention. Said Dr. Olin, "In forming our judgment of human character, we might set aside the outward bodily movement which we call action, had we any other clew to the mental condition from which those actions spring."

We remark,

3. That, by entire sanctification, we do mean the setting apart of a person from the service and thraldom of sin and Satan, and consecrating him *entirely* to God. Literally from "*agiazo*, to separate, consecrate, cleanse, purify, sanctify, regard or reverence as holy."

(1.) To separate from the world. There *is* not,—there *cannot* be, any agreement between our holy religion and the unsanctified world. "Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean; and I will receive you," etc.—2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.

(2.) To consecrate *wholly* to God. "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Rom. vi. 11.

"And who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"—1. Chron. xxix. 5.

"Give up ourselves, through Jesus power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

"To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day."

(3.) To cleanse from the contaminations of sin. "Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God."—2. Cor. vii. 1.

Let us, at once, wash in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and be made every whit whole.

(4.) To purify. "Purify *your* hearts, *ye* double-minded," says St. James. To this end was Christ given to *suffer* and *die*. "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."—Titus ii. 14.

(5.) To sanctify. Sanctify *yourselves* unto the Lord, and ye shall be sanctified *by the Lord*. "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I *pray God* your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." Unbelief be silent; God *can*, and *will* do it; Jesus is *able* and *willing* to save to the UTTERMOST all that come unto God through him. Then let us, dear reader, come without delay, to the blood-besprinkled mercy-seat, and be sanctified wholly; for it is written, "Follow *holiness*, without which,

no man shall see the Lord." "Blessed *are* the pure in heart, for they *shall* see God."

"In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout, and wonder at his grace,
To all eternity."

Remarkable Case of Benevolence.

AMONG the encouraging instances of Christian benevolence that have recently been made public, although some involve larger amounts of money, few illustrate more strikingly the power of Christian principle, or the value of the widow's mite, than one which has recently transpired, and which I will briefly state.

Some fifteen years ago, there might have been found, in one of the Western States, a pious servant girl, quiet and unobtrusive in her character, and faithful member of the Methodist Church. She was constant in the observance of her religious duties, and a regular attendant on the means of grace, always dressing plainly, but with scrupulous neatness. About nine years ago, she had saved some three hundred dollars, which she desired to render in some way productive. Under good advice, she invested her little capital in a city lot, and disposed of her subsequent earnings in a similar way, not omitting to give liberally for the support of the gospel, and in response to other benevolent calls of the church.

The person mentioned is still living, but is now a widow and childless. Her property has risen in value, so that it now produces a handsome income, and promises still greater increase. Her income is regularly invested in deeds of charity and benevolence; but, not content with this, she wishes to devote the principal to a similar use.

Although in excellent health, and having fair prospects of many years, she recently desired to set her temporal affairs in order, as she had her spiritual, so as to be fully ready for the summons of her divine Master. To this end she desired her will to be prepared. Her chief anxiety was to dispose of what the Lord had given her in such a manner as to accomplish the greatest amount of good. She desired, if it could be done, to devote the principal part of her means to the aid of poor widows. Her wishes were complied with by the attorney who drew up her will, so that, after providing for the maintenance of her father during his lifetime, and bequeathing several sums to relations, she devoted all the residue of her property to benevolent purposes, and the principal part of it, to the aid of indigent widows, members of the Methodist Church.

What an instructive and worthy example! Here is an humble servant girl, unknown beyond the narrow circle of her associates, by her industry, economy, and liberality, providing for the necessities of pious but sorrow-stricken and desolate widows.

To the Christian it is not difficult to perceive the blessed Savior, through her, providing for the redemption of his own promise to the widow that puts her trust in him, and securing to her the grateful blessings of those bereaved ones whom Christ so tenderly regards. Indeed, to any reflecting mind, there is something beautiful and touching, as well as eminently instructive, in this pious example. Who shall not henceforth say that the Lord indeed, "exalteth the humble?"

Who would not rather have the crown of glory in reserve for this lowly but faithful disciple, than all the pomp and fashion of this world though they could endure forever!—[Christian Advocate and Journal.

A NOBLE SCHEME.—A church for the deaf and dumb, in which divine worship will be conducted by signs, is about to be opened in New York. It is the first of the kind in the world.

My heaven upon earth is communion with God; and therefore nothing else would be my heaven in heaven.—[Adams.

Giant Selfishness.

AN ALLEGORY.

GIANT SELFISHNESS sat in his bower, which was all garlanded over with flowers. The honeysuckle twined round its slender pillars; damask roses and white, tinged with a pale blush, clambered over the roof; while around a marble basin, from which a bright fountain tossed its sparkling waters in the sun, the geranium scattered its delicate blossoms, and the Fuschia shook its crimson tassels in the breeze. A fair bower it was, for it had been adorned by Pleasure, the willing servant and attendant on its lord.

Giant selfishness was huge of stature and strong of limb; taller and more powerful than his younger brother, Sloth. There were few indeed who could cope with his arm; he was tyrant over half the world. Many a great conqueror he had made his slave; thousands and thousands had felt his chains; he claimed dominion over young and old. Yet now, as the giant sat alone, a deep shade of gloom was upon his massive brow; he listened not to the tinkling fall of the fountain, he glanced not at the beautiful flowers.

"Evil tidings! evil tidings!" he muttered to himself. "Sloth has been the the first victim, but he will not be the last! I dread nothing on earth but the invincible sword; not even my strength can stand against that!" He pressed his vast hand over his eyes, and remained for some moments in thought.

"Ha! I have it!" he exclaimed, suddenly raising his head. "What force cannot accomplish cunning may perform." He clapped his hands as a signal, and the noise that they made was startling as a peal of thunder.

Instant at the summons, his servant Pleasure appeared,—a fairy-like creature, with gossamer wings, all sparkling with the tints of the rainbow.

"Pleasure!" exclaimed the giant, "I call thee to my aid against him who would root out the race of Selfishness. Knowest thou if Fides is still at the castle where Sloth this morning fell beneath his sword?"

"He is still there," replied the musical voice of Pleasure. "He finds much to arrange, and much to do; but will leave ere the sun goes down."

"He must not leave it till the night-dew falls!" cried the giant, leaning forward on his seat, and speaking in a low, earnest tone. "Hie thee to yon castle, Pleasure; spread there for him a table that may lure him to delay; load it with rich wines and the daintiest food. Make it tempting as thou knowest how to make it."

Pleasure had learned many a recipe from old Gluttony her neighbor, and, confident in her own powers, only answered the giant by a smile.

"There is no moon to-night," continued Selfishness, "if he tarry till dark, he is my prey. Then, when he sets forth from Castle Sloth, do thou, with a lantern in thine hand, dance before him like the wildfire on the waste; draw him from the path which he should pursue, lead him on to the deep pit in the woods which I have dug to catch wanderers like him."

Pleasure bowed as she received the command, spread her gossamer wings, and flew off.

A heavy day was it with Giant Selfishness; his mind was full of anxiety and fear. What if the chosen knight should resist the temptation, if, resolute in the way pointed out by Conscience, he should neither indulge in the dainties so treacherously provided, nor follow the light sent to mislead! As the night closed in, and the scene grew darker and darker, with huge strides the giant sought his pit in the wood; there, like a wild beast lurking in his den, he awaited the approach of Fides; he dared not stand the stroke of the invincible sword; but he might slay his foe if taken at disadvantage.

Ah, how many times, whilst indulging in the feast of Gluttony, had Fides heard the

faint, warning voice of conscience! But, proud of his success in his conflict with Sloth, he regarded not warning nor danger. The sound of the clock fell unheeded on his ear, and not till the darkening shades told of the approach of night, till the glass ceased to sparkle, and all grew dim, did he slowly rise to depart.

Giant Selfishness crouched by his pit in the woods, and listened for the sound of footsteps. For a long space, he only heard the rustling of the leaves as the night wind moaned through the forest. The stars scarcely gleamed in the dark blue sky, through openings in the driving clouds. At length a light appeared at a distance, and, by its yellow, flickering beams, the giant knew it to be the torch of Pleasure. On it came, nearer and more near, and now the flash of its gleam upon armor, and the sound of a footstep on the forest path, showed that a knight was fast following behind. Then Giant Selfishness rubbed his huge hands with delight; "He who follows only Pleasure," he muttered, "will be sure to fall into my pit."

The sword of Fides hung by his side; it was not in his hand, for he found it encumber him as he passed through the thicket. He was not on the watch for a foe; he thought of nothing but the gay light before him. Suspecting no danger, he pressed on with rapid step; then, ha! there was the sound of a crash and a cry; he had reached the pit; he had set his foot on the edge; he had fallen into the snare of Selfishness.

The fall did not kill him, though the pit was deep; perhaps his wondrous armor protected him from severe injury; but he was bruised, mortified, and discouraged, and the giant whose art had thrown him into this dark prison was resolved to keep him in it till he should perish by a slow, lingering death, as thousands had done before him.

But Fides, the conqueror of Sloth, was not one to remain a captive to Selfishness, without making an effort to escape. He was not content to be shut out from usefulness and glory; he had fallen indeed, through his careless walk; but he might yet struggle up to freedom. As soon as the knight fully understood his position, he began to attempt to climb the sides of the pit; for the armor which had been given to him never encumbered his motions; though strong in the battle, it yet sat light on the wearer as a garment of silk.

A few small twigs of the creeping plant, which, in that land, is called "Desire of Approbation," gave some little hold for his fingers, as he tried the difficult ascent. With great effort, he reached about one third of the height, then the spray which he grasped broke off in his hand, and he fell again heavily to the bottom, while the laugh of the giant, from the brink of the pit, mocked his disappointment and pain.

Fides was not, however, altogether discouraged; he resolved to take a better and surer way. His own strength would not suffice, but then he had his sword; he would cut out resting-places for his feet in the soft wall of the pit, and thus find a method to rise. He cut then, with a strong and patient hand, as far as his arm could reach, with many a thought of his King. He placed his foot on the first, raised his other to the second, and then, difficult as the task had become, and sorely as his arm ached with the exertion, scooped out two more little notches above his head. It was dark, and the giant who, kneeling by the edge, with his head bent down, was glaring into the pit, could not see his intended victim; but he heard the sound of the earth as it fell, and caught a glimpse of the point of the sword, working its difficult way.

"Ha! that must be put a stop to!" cried Selfishness, as, hastily gathering together a heap of stones, earth and turf, he hurled it down in the direction of the climber. The mass fell first on the sword, the invincible sword which the weight of a mountain would not have snapped. This broke the force of the blow; but it was still sufficient

to dash the weapon from the hand of Fides, and hurl the knight once more to the bottom.

Now was Fides in sore dismay, and much he repented having lingered so long at the feast, and forgotten Conscience to follow Pleasure. He felt almost tempted to despair of ever getting out of the pit of Selfishness. He felt in the dark for his sword; he found it and tried its edge; it was keen and perfect as ever. Then, remembering the words of Conscience, in his distress he breathed upon the hilt. In a moment a faint light shone in his prison from the star-wreath round the brow of his friend.

"Oh! Conscience!" exclaimed the unhappy prisoner, "never before hast thou seen me in such woful case! Must I remain buried alive in this pit. Am I shut out from the kingdom forever?"

"Thou must climb," replied Conscience, "though thou hast fallen thrice; he who perseveres must be successful at length."

"But my limbs are bruised and weary, my strength is half spent. When I rise a little way, down comes a shower of earth, which throws me back into my dungeon. I have nothing firm upon which to lay hold, nothing to help me to rise from these depths."

"Look this way," said Conscience, "see what has been placed here to enable poor captives to climb up from their dungeon." By the soft light which she threw around her, Fides perceived a cord of twisted silk and gold, hanging from the top of the pit.

"This," continued the guide, "is the strong cord of Love; the bright scarlet twist is love towards man; the golden, stronger, holier love. The Giant knows of this cord, and a thousand times has tried to break, or loosen, or destroy it; but it is not in his power to do so. Sometimes, indeed, he draws it up, so that his victim cannot reach it. Either he has forgotten this precaution to-night, or he has trusted that the darkness would hide from thee the means of safety and deliverance."

Fides grasped the slender but firm cord of Love, and with stronger hope and more steady resolution, again began his dangerous ascent. The climbing appears far easier now; his feet find the notches prepared in the wall, and relieve his arms of a portion of the weight. But Selfishness, meanwhile, is not idle above; again he collects a heap of stones and of earth; but, in the deep darkness, uncertain of his aim while the mass comes crashing and thundering down, but a small portion actually strikes the knight. Another upward step, his hand is on the edge of the pit; one more, and his head rises above it; then Giant Selfishness utters a cry of despair he has no courage to cope with the invincible sword; he turns his back like a coward upon his foe, and is slain in the act of flight.

Fides stood panting and breathless, scarcely believing his own victory, exhausted with his efforts, but rejoicing greatly in their success. With his drawn sword in his hand he stood, when a faint cry for mercy struck on his ear, and caught in the thicket by her gossamer wings, her bright torch lying extinguished on the ground, by the dim twilight which was now appearing, he recognized his false guide, Pleasure.

Doubtful he stood, with his weapon raised, unwilling to strike a creature so fair, unwilling to destroy what possessed such power to charm, yet resolved to do his duty, whatever it might cost him.

"Oh, Conscience!" he cried, "come now to my aid. Must Pleasure be destroyed, when sin is overcome?"

The starry one was again beside him. "Hold thy hand!" she exclaimed, "and let Pleasure live, now that her master, Giant Selfishness, is slain. She shall be thy servant, even as she was his; but she must first learn how to perform higher, nobler tasks than any to which she was accustomed with him. I will place her beneath the care of Benevolence, where all her better nature will be drawn out;

Pleasure will then become a holy thing, her office no longer to lead thee astray, but to follow thy footsteps in the path of duty, and remain thy companion forever!"

Death swallowed up in Victory.

BY CARRIE.

DIED, on the thirteenth of February, Mrs. Louisa M. Hastings, aged forty-eight years.

It cannot be uninteresting to the readers of the Guide to learn something of the Christian experience of one whose eye, now dimmed in death, has often traced with delight the instructions of this precious monthly.

It has been our privilege to know her since childhood, to remember her petitions mingled with others for our conversion, to hear her weekly testimony in the class-room, and, withal, to witness her daily walk before the world. We always loved her for her goodness, and wished to be like her ere we learned to love the Savior. About five years since, through the influences of the Holy Spirit, and the teachings of the blessed Bible, she was filled with an earnest restlessness to be more like this blest Exemplar; her spirit yearned to be freed from all impurity, and to be made perfect. Believing that he who implanted such desires was able and willing to grant them, when she had done her part, she laid herself upon the altar, a willing, whole sacrifice, and sought for this witness of her acceptance. Her prayer was ardent, and it opened heaven. She was made clean by the blood of the new covenant, and he who shed it took up his abode in her heart, to go no more out forever. O, we knew the inner sanctuary had been prepared by hands divine, for the outer court beamed with its impress, as she sweetly told us of the change. How we loved the terms she used to express her experience — Entire consecration! Trials and temptations beset her in all their new and varied forms; but, as the peaceful river floweth onward over its rocky bed, so passed her life away. It was her privilege, the last winter and spring, to listen to the ministrations of Brother Charles G. Finney, and O, how she prized them! How her heart burned within her as she met with God's people, evening after evening, and gathered each morning in the prayer room! Her soul expanded beneath such influences, and she seemed with each new day to be more like Jesus.

Her baptism was more complete, and with it came a boldness to profess the blessings received, from which, with her natural timidity and retiring disposition, she had before shrunk. Often has she said, "It is not me that testifieth, but that new nature with which I have been clothed."

The summer came, and with it disease. They told her its nature, and that she must die. She wept at the intelligence; "not," said she, "because I fear to die. O, no; but I shrink from the suffering I know I must endure. All I would live for is, that I might do good, and counsel and guide the dear ones of my family, who are unconverted; but God will care for them, and make even my dying a richer blessing to them than my living." "My grace is sufficient for thee." "As thy day so shall thy strength be."—These were promises whose richer meaning was unveiled as, day after day, she rested on them, comforted and sustained by that other one, "My word shall never fail." Her pain was intense, so much so, that friends best loved were not admitted to the sick room, but, alone with God, she plead for grace to suffer all his righteous will; and, when it was done, that he would take her to himself. Fearing lest a friend should mistake her state of mind, as she prayed, she said, "Jesus does give me peace of mind. I pray for rest for the poor body." The last week of her life her sufferings were unparalleled; nothing but the insensibility derived from the use of chloroform afforded any relief. Then she seemed to have forgotten every thing but Christ, and salvation, and how sweet the name of Jesus sounded on that

dying bed. He was her all and in all. Perfect, at last, through suffering, she has gained her Father's house above, where, safely sheltered from the storms of earth, she waits the arrivals of the faithful, who, like her, walk the *narrow way* below, realizing that that alone leadeth to the New Jerusalem.

Thee, in thy glorious realm, they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We, in the kingdom of thy grace,
The kingdoms are but one.

The holy to the holiest leads,
And thence our spirits rise;
For he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

Rochester, March 1st, 1857.

Payson's Happiness.

"Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience," says Dr. Payson, "if they would only believe what they profess, that God is able to make them happy without any thing else. They imagine, if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings to be removed, they should be miserable; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case,—God has been depriving me of one blessing after another; but as every one was removed, he has come in and filled up its place; and now, when I am a cripple, and not able to move, I am happier than ever I was in my life before, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety."

FAITH. — Faith is a certain image of eternity. All things are present to it—things past and things to come. Faith converses with angels and antedates the hymns of glory. Every man that hath grace is as certain there are glories for him if he perseveres in duty, as if he had heard and sung the blessed thanksgiving song before the blessed sentence of doomsday.—[Jeremy Taylor.

I Am the Lord's.

BY MATIE.

I AM the Lord's! yes, Lord, I 'm thine;
O, *fill* my soul with love divine;
And fill it *now*, my God;
'T is done,—thou dost baptize with fire,
Yes, even *now* my soul mounts higher,
In all the life of God.

I am the Lord's, my heart I 'll raise,
In never ceasing songs of praise,
No matter what my lot;
My God is faithful, and I know,
All needful good he will bestow,
Therefore I murmur not.

Though friends prove false, poverty come,
I am the Lord's, he' ll guide me home,
To yonder bright abode;
A few more days, and I shall rest,
Safe in my heavenly Father's breast,
And *see* my loving God.

Dundas, C. W., Jan. 1857.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.—In one of the last of his published works, Dr. Archibald Alexander makes this remark:

"The author in a long life has found that real Christians agree much more perfectly in experimental religion, than they do in speculative points; and it is his belief, that a more intimate acquaintance among Christians of different denominations, would have a happy tendency to unite them more closely in the bonds of brotherly love."

MRS. JUDSON'S EXPERIENCE.—"It is just a year this day," says Mrs. Judson, "since I entertained hope in Christ. About this time in the evening, when reflecting on the words of the lepers, 'If we enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there; and if we sit still here, we die also;' and felt that if I returned to the world, I should surely perish; if I staid where I then was, I should perish; and I could but perish, if I threw myself on the mercy of Christ. Then came light, and relief, and comfort, such as I never knew before."

The Guide to Holiness.

APRIL, 1857.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

SELF-LOVE AND SELFISHNESS.— Since the issue of our January number of the Guide, we have received a communication from a brother in the south, who seems to be stumbled at certain phraseology contained in the sermon, and in the editorial on the New Year. We desire, so far as possible, to make the Guide what its name imports, and as it is possible others may have found some difficulty in these articles, we will offer the words of explanation through the Guide itself, instead of addressing a private note to our brother who has sent us his strictures. His difficulties are all based upon certain forms of expression contained in a quotation from Dr. Olin. The said quotation extends to the word "move," near the close of page 5, where the proper marks should have been placed, but were omitted through our own carelessness, or that of the compositor.

The main difficulty seems to be with the words "self" and "selfishness," as used by Dr. Olin. The Dr. says, (see Resources and Duties of Christian Young Men: A Discourse to the Graduating Class of the Wesleyan University, 1845,) "It is not always easy to practise beneficence and charity—to exert the highest public, or social, or private virtues, without having, whether we will or not, some reference to the returns which we are likely to receive in the form of gratitude, or reputation, or public confidence, or posthumous fame. This selfishness, to whatever extent it mingles with our motives, not only produces a sense of self-degradation, but it is, in fact, degrading to our performance and character;" etc. Further on in the same quotation, the Dr. says, "Love is the perfecting of the law, and this is a motive from which self is wholly excluded." Our brother asks, after quoting these words from the Guide, "What are we to do with the appeals of Christ and his apostles to our self-interest, if *self* is wholly excluded?"

We would say, first of all, it seems important to fix, as nearly as possible, the meaning of the terms which Dr. Olin used in the lecture from which the quotation was made. It appears to us that "self" and "selfishness" are used by the Dr. as equivalent terms, and that they are not used synonymously with "self-love." "Self" and "selfishness," as used by most writers upon experimental religion, seem to be employed to denote what may be called depraved or sinful self-love. And does not the very language which our brother quotes indicate that Dr. O. so used the terms? To perform virtuous acts from a desire for personal popularity, or posthumous fame, he thinks, is to act from selfish motives: and, upon second thought, does not our brother think so too? *We do.* And we think that those motives are inferior to the simple desire to please God, or to promote the welfare of mankind. And does not the Savior recognize the same distinction when he said, "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, *to be seen of them;* otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore, when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do, in the synagogues, and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth; that thine alms may be in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly. And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues, and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily, I say unto you, they have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

Now, do not these words of our Savior constitute at once an appeal to our self-love, (in the form of desire for the approbation of God, and the "rewards" of his grace,) and a rebuke to our selfishness; that very form of selfishness to which Dr. Olin alludes—popular favor? Our brother asks, Do you not mean to encourage us by all those good things, "Paradise," "the everlasting song," "eternal sunshine," "eternal life," "the chariot of fire?" Yes, we mean to encourage you. "Is there no appeal to *self* in all this?" he further asks. No, brother, not if the term be used in the technical sense in which religious writers commonly employ it.

Again, he asks what is to become of poor Moses for his motives, and then quotes from Hebrews xi., where his choice of the service of God is spoken of, and it is said *he had respect unto the recompense of the reward.* Does not

our dear brother see that the encomium upon Moses is, that he had respect unto the recompense of *such* reward as *God sets before men*, and not that he acted from a desire for popular applause or pecuniary gain? Suppose the nomination for President of the United States were offered to some minister of the gospel, and he should decline the nomination, saying he thought it *his duty* to devote himself wholly to the work of the ministry, and consequently that he could only enjoy the favor of God while prosecuting the labors of his sacred calling. We should certainly respect the man for his decision, and say that in refusing an office of such distinction and emolument, from conscientious scruples, he had acted unselfishly in a peculiar degree. Yet who does not see self-love exhibiting itself in a marked manner in his intense desire to retain the approving smile of God upon his soul?

Suppose, now, that the same offer were made to another minister, who, in like manner, declines it, but without assigning any reason. On inquiry, it turns out that he had no hope of his election, in case of his nomination, and further that he was privately paid $10,000 for declining. What say you of these two men? Would you call them both equally selfish? We suppose not. You would say that the former acted from the highest of conceivable motives; the desire to do the will of God, and so secure his smile: while the other exhibited neither piety nor patriotism, but acted from simple selfishness.

Another point at which our brother stumbles, is the language of the following quotation:

"When we have fully put on Christ, then is love made perfect, and all *fear* and all selfishness are fully cast out."

Against this doctrine of the casting out of *all fear*, he quotes the following Scriptures.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrances was written before him, for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name; and they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels, and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." He adds very justly, "Not a bad people, that; hope we shall all be his when he comes to make up his jewels." After saying *amen* to our good brother's petition, we wish to remind him that the clause upon which he here animadverts is a quotation of the very words of Scripture, "Perfect love casteth out fear."

Does he ask what then shall be done with such passages as those he has quoted? and we confess there are many such. We answer, that in this case, as in the other, the whole difficulty arises from want of discrimination. The Scriptures speak of two kinds of fear. One is a guilty, slavish, tormenting fear: the other is a filial fear. Adam and Eve exhibited the former, when they attempted to hide from the divine presence, after their transgression, and when Adam said, "I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was *afraid*." This guilty fear is ascribed to infernals. "The devils also believe and tremble." Paul ascribes it to certain classes of reprobates, saying, "There remaineth to them no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain *fearful* looking for of judgment and fiery indignation;" and finally, the "*fearful*" are among those who are to be cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death. See Rev. xxi. 8.

On the other hand, the *filial* fear of God is everywhere commended.

We believe, as firmly as our brother, that the grace of God does not aim at the extinction of self-love from the human soul. We regard self-love as the spring of human action, and are not able to see how, in its absence, any motive could be brought to bear upon man so as to induce him to put forth any volition whatever. We believe it is to this attribute in man that all the promises and all the threatenings in the Word of God are addressed, and we own we cannot see how heaven itself should be desirable, or hell dreadful, to any one who has ceased to care what becomes of himself. G.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

THE LAST THURSDAY IN FEBRUARY.—The Montreal Witness of last week has the following:

In a New England town, the church had assembled on the last Thursday of February to pray for the colleges of the land. One gentleman was called upon to pray. He rose and commenced his prayer. But as he began to supplicate for the descent of the Holy Ghost upon these fountains, his voice faltered, the tears rolled down his cheeks, and, overcome with emotion, he sat down. Ah, said the pastor to himself, he remembers his son in Yale College!

At that very moment, in New Haven, there were assembled within the college walls, a

company met for the same purpose. And even while they yet prayed, the Holy Ghost came down. Many were bowed down with anguish of spirit. Among them was one, the merriest hearted, the most beloved in college, who had hitherto made fun of religion. "What must I do to be saved? Brethren, pray for me," was his language.

It was the son of him who had sat down, overcome, in the prayer-meeting at N. Those in Montreal who listened to the preaching of a late beloved minister in this city, will know how that question was answered. "*It shall come to pass, that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.*"

A HERO.—At the late railroad collision at Alliance, Ohio, a German flagman sacrificed his life in a most heroic manner. Such actions should not die unchronicled. We quote from the account in the Pittsburgh Dispatch:

If the account given to us be correct, and it was given by eye-witnesses of the occurrence, Jacob Rudy, a German, the flagman of the station—the shapeless fragments of whose body we saw lying upon a board, in a large warehouse near the station—died as a hero dies. He saw the train approaching with the speed of lightning; he saw the danger of the crowd upon the platform, and of those in the train which was leaving; he rushed with the lantern and his signal waving, up the track, directly fronting the death-dealing locomotive, and it struck him, carried him between the cars; tore him limb from limb; actually tore his noble heart out, which was found lying twenty or thirty yards from his body, which was dragged from under the baggage car, a torn and bleeding mass of shapeless human flesh. In the agony of his fear for others, he had forgotten himself. Such conduct is worthy of a monument of marble. His body, or rather what remained of it, presented a most shocking spectacle. One of his arms was torn off, his head and the upper part of his body had lost every distinguishing feature of humanity. His young wife came down in the morning to see her husband. God help her in her sore distress.

EXPENSES OF PREACHING.—The following estimate has been made of the probable amount which it costs the individual members of the different churches in the United States, to sustain their respective churches. The estimate is founded upon the last United States census. A Baptist or Methodist, three dollars and forty cents; a Presbyterian, seven dollars; a Congregationalist, ten dollars; a Roman Catholic, fourteen dollars; an Episcopalian, eighteen dollars; a Reformed Dutch, twenty-two dollars; a Unitarian, twenty-three dollars.

TRULY WHAT HAS GOD WROUGHT!—The New York Examiner of the 13th instant, gives a summary of conversions, reported in "the religious exchanges of two weeks," amounting to nearly nineteen hundred in connection with Baptist churches, and about thirteen hundred in connection with other denominations.—"Total, three thousand and two hundred, in addition to many revivals, of which, no particulars are given, and swelling the number to five thousand."

CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—The following note was received, Thursday, by Isaac M. West, Esq., of New Bedford. It came through the post office. It is a rare case of honesty.

"*Dear Sir:* Over twenty years since, I took five dollars of your property. I return it with interest—twenty-four dollars ($24.) *I have become a believer in Jesus Christ as my Redeemer.*

Yours truly,

CONSCIENCE."

PRAYER OF THE SERVANT ANSWERED.—A writer in the *Methodist Protestant*, relates the following interesting incident.

Being in Surrey county, Virginia, in the fall of 1840, I attended a religious meeting held in an old colonial church, one of the relics of our union with England. After a warm sermon, an invitation was given to seekers of religion, to approach the altar of prayer. Among others, who availed themselves of this invitation, was a gentleman, I should judge of forty-five years of age. There seemed to be much sympathy felt for him by those present, and I judged him to be a man well thought of in the neighborhood, which I learned was a fact. But I was particularly attracted by the manifest sympathy of an old negro in the congregation. I judged him to be a man of eighty years; his frame, once athletic and erect, was now bent beneath the accumulated weight of years. I learned that the relation of master and slave subsisted between the penitent at the altar, and the weeping old negro at his seat, which was near to the end door of the church. The penitent, truly agonized in prayer, and old Jeffrey, for this was the name of the negro, evidently joined with deep feeling the prayer of the wrestling mourner. It was not long ere a shout, as from those victorious in battle, went up, and the walls of the old house resounded with the

praises of the victor—the wrestler had prevailed, prayer was answered, and the happy convert was now here and now there, embracing friends and receiving their hearty congratulations. But none in that house was more joyous than old Jeffrey, and, raising himself on his staff, which gave him support, he made his way toward his happy young master, (as he called him,) and the master at the same time making toward his slave, they met about midway the church, and the convert fell on the neck of his old servant, and wept with joy in the aisle of the house of God, and in the face of the congregation. And words like these were spoken by Jeffrey; "Bless God; my poor boy, I have been praying for you this long time."

There was no dry eye in that assembly, and the two, master and slave, were the only objects of attraction for the time. Said a minister present, "I never saw so touching a scene."

EDITORS' DRAWER.

THE GUIDE IN GREAT BRITAIN.—We are happy to announce that, through the influence of a friend of the cause, now in England, the Guide has been introduced in that country and an agency established. The last British steamer brought us out our first list of subscribers, with letters containing very encouraging statements in regard to future prospects. That the cause of holiness is receiving a fresh impulse in our fatherland, is evidenced in the fact that a uniform series of Mrs. Palmer's works is being published there, some of which have already passed to a second, if not a third, edition. Our friend has secured Rev. Robert Young, our former contributor, as the English correspondent for the Guide. Mr. Young's communications to our monthly were suspended in consequence of his mission to Australia, where he was sent by the British Conference, to arrange and reorganize the Wesleyan Church in that country. He now occupies a position, the arduous duties of which will prevent his contributing as frequently as he will when his present office expires. We are led, however, to expect shortly from his pen an account of a most interesting work of holiness which occurred in England some few years since. We cannot conceal the pleasure that this new extension of our circulation list has given us; not merely on account of the increase in the number of subscribers, but because it seems to be the beginning of the fulfilment of the earnest prayer of our heart, which has been that the Guide may become the medium through which the lovers of purity in all lands may commune with each other. Through its pages, the burning testimony, or spiritual teaching of a soul in England or America, may now act not only on thousands in this country, but become the means of quickening new pulsations in Germany, China, and the islands of the sea. If there is a cause in the world whose interest cannot be restricted to local limits, it is the cause of holiness. It knows neither sectarian or geographical boundaries. The *world* is our parish, and by the grace of God we will never rest, till to its uttermost limit the leaven of a full salvation is known and felt. We beg leave to say that the subscription price of the Guide in England is four shillings sixpence, sterling; postage one penny a number. All applications for subscription should be made through Mrs. Hopewell, No. 4 Albion Road, Holloway Road, Islington, London, N., our agent for Great Britain.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The Rev. W. S. Turner, missionary at the Sandwich Islands, writes from Honolulu under date of January 6th:

"I think the cause of holiness is gaining ground in this place. We have of late commenced a meeting to converse about, and pray for, the progress of holiness in the churches of Christ. There are some of our Congregational brethren who unite with us in this blessed cause. Pray for us."

THE SEED SOWN, AND ITS RESULTS.—A class-leader in Elgin, Illinois, thus describes the fruit of a little effort:

"We have here a membership of one hundred and forty. Previous to July last, the Guide was scarcely known in our midst. It was first introduced by a beloved sister B. After she had canvassed the entire church, she obtained, I think, four copies. Now, I say for your encouragement, from one class out of five I have obtained these, (seven). I trust in July we shall be able to increase in a much greater ratio. I receive the Guide next to my Bible as a bosom companion. It ever brings food to my soul in due season. I truly believe that God is in the work, and my prayer is that his blessings may attend you while you strive to do his work. I truly praise God that I can highly esteem those in love that labor to lead me on to Christ. Since I commenced taking the Guide, Jesus has led me so near the fountain, that I am permitted to look out upon its placid waters and behold the blood that is mingled with its crystal hue."

A Mother's Portrait, or The Model Mother.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. PALMER.

"The All-beneficent
Cares for man's better part, and has given
This Sabbath-rest to lead his thoughts to heaven.
Myriads of thanks for this divinest gift,
For this perpetually recurring day—
Wherein both rich and poor, bond and free, can lift
Their hopes above this erring world and pray."

SHALL we give you a glance at the portrait of our model mother as we behold her in intercourse with her family on the Sabbath day? Here we behold the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord made honorable.

"Bright shadows of true rest! Some shoots of bliss
Heaven once a week
The next world's gladness pre-possessed in this."

As we have before shown, her spiritual concern for her household and family was very great. They were the subjects of her daily solicitude and instruction; and she walked before them with a perfect heart. On Lord's day evening, the mother would frequently remain at home with the younger members of the family, when she would read and speak to them of God, of his angels, and of heaven; and would pray and sing with them. I remember some of these seasons, says her son, as overpowering in their tenderness and unearthliness. The Sabbath was with her truly a holy day and a delight, and was most distinctly separated from other days in the week in its employment. After twelve o'clock on Saturday night, no secular business was allowed to be done. What was not accomplished by that time must be left undone till Monday morning. Doubtless some less observant of the command, "Remember to keep holy the Sabbath day," might have thought her too rigid. But with her it was a fixed principle that nothing unnecessary should be done on that day. And she extended this principle to all in the house, servants and children. The children were not permitted to seek amusement on the Lord's day in picture books or toys: these were all put aside on Saturday evening. There was no visiting allowed or encouraged on the Sabbath, further than the reception into the family circle for the afternoon of a young Christian apprentice distant from his home. There was no conversation on worldly subjects allowed. But yet the Sabbath was not made a gloomy day; it was cheerful and joyous in its exercises, and the delight of all. It was, as it is designed to be, a Christian festival. The day was usually opened with the family singing an appropriate hymn; such as,—

"The Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who joyful in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest."

or,

"Sweet is the day of sacred rest
No mortal cares disturb my breast,
O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound."

All the children were taken to the house of God on Sabbath mornings, except when extreme infancy, sickness, or very inclement weather prevented. And O, how truly sweet is the day of the Lord as thus spent, in its remembrances! But more especially were these Sabbath evening scenes memorable. Says the Rev. Mr. Jobson, in drawing this portrait of his mother, "it seemed sometimes as if the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem were opened before us, and as if we could see the nations of the saved rejoicing in its golden streets. The room in which we were, not unfrequently seemed to be full of angels, who had descended as on Jacob's ladder, and, with viewless wings, were hovering around and associating with us." If religious parents would often hold such conferences with their children, what beneficial results might be made on their tender minds! How much more commendable such a practice, than reciting foolish tales, and showing ludicrous pictures

to children! Surely believers should more constantly remember the duty and advantage of preoccupying the young mind for Christ. They should beware of waiting till the enemy has sown tares in the heart, which will have to be rooted up; and should rather hasten to plant the seed of the kingdom, in virgin soil. Nor is it necessary to wait so long as some persons suppose, before the mind shall be able to receive religious teaching. In many respects, a little child is better prepared to receive it, than an adult. A little child has not been rendered suspicious and unbelieving by the experience of a doubtful world, but is guileless and confiding, so much so, that the Savior sets it forth as the very type of undoubting trust, and of implicit obedience: "Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein." Perhaps it was through the influence of the Sabbath Evening ministrations of this model mother to her infant auditory, that her son, from whose "Portrait of a mother," we have sketched this model, now stands in the sacred desk ministering to thousands. The path of the just shineth more and more unto the perfect day. In our next, we will finish our sketch of this burning and shining light whom the heavens have now received. We will trace her luminous, onward, upward, course until we "see her fade away into the light of heaven." In the mean time, we will rely on God for grace to follow her as she followed Christ; confidently believing that we can do all things through CHRIST who strengthened us.

To be concluded in our next.

Delight in God.

NO. II. BY E. A. L.

THERE are many objects in which men take delight, that are wholly undeserving of regard. It is only by the perversion which sin has wrought in the moral nature and tastes of men that such delight is ever produced. It is from the same cause also, that objects which ought to awaken the greatest delight so entirely fail to excite the least interest.

The contemplation of the adorable perfections of the Creator excites in a holy mind the highest delight and love, while, in an unholy mind, the same contemplation is sometimes accompanied with a positive displeasure. A diseased eye cannot bear the light, and the most inviting feast is often distasteful to a vitiated appetite. For the same reason it is, that unrenewed men take no delight in God; nay, that thoughts of him are painful. Their moral tastes are diseased. They love darkness rather than light. They choose evil before good, the world before God. The signs and professions which such men sometimes put forth are only the workings of self-love for some selfish end. They have a kind of complacency in God, imagining him different from what he is—all mercy and grace, and no primitive justice, and this they mistake for delight in him. But convince such men that they are under the power of sin, and therefore under its curse—that they are unforgiven because unrepentant, unwashed, because they have no faith, and it will soon appear that all this semblance of religious joy is but the form of godliness when its power is denied. There may have been some apprehension of God's greatness, but no glimpse of his moral beauty, no ray of his spiritual glory, has yet fallen upon such hearts. As their emotions are occasioned by mistaken views of themselves and of God, so right views of these things would destroy them.

True delight in God arises from an apprehension of him as he is in himself, and as he will be seen in heaven. It is not for what he has done, but for what he *is* primarily, that holy souls are drawn towards him. God has had mercy on the human race. But it is not this which makes him worthy of its love. He would have been as deserving of our supreme devotion, if he had left us as he did the fallen angels.

And he would have been the object of delight and desire to all holy beings as much then as he is now.

It is the clear apprehension of God's moral rectitude and excellence that awakens the conscious delight of holy men. While they meditate on these, the fire of love kindles and burns in them like a divine flame. They think not of themselves or of their happiness. Their eye is fixed on infinite moral beauty. They are drawn towards it; they are assimilated to it; they are absorbed and lost in it. That beauty is holiness, the mingling of truth, justice and love,—the crowning excellence of the divine nature. It is by this that all the natural attributes of the Deity are rendered so lovely to holy beings. The beauty of God's wisdom is, that it is a holy wisdom. And, were not his power a holy power, it would be the most fearful thing in the universe. Hence the supreme beauty is the beauty of holiness. And because this is God's crowning excellence and glory, holy hearts instinctively yearn after him. They cannot be content without him. If he withdraws himself, they are in a darkness which a thousand suns could not dispel. When he returns, their joy returns. O, it is this holiness of God, this concentrated, infinite beauty as it is displayed in the heavenly state, which awakens the highest raptures of holy souls, which makes him the great central attraction of the moral world. It is this chiefly which constitutes heaven what it is, a holy place, the place where the holiness resides. Here on earth, holiness is just begun; it is in conflict, is pressing on towards the goal. It is our encouragement that holiness begun on earth shall reach its consummation in heaven. The infant here shall stand up there the full grown man,—a free, perfect, glorified man, with an angel's might, and more than an angel's love. Thus shall it be with all the redeemed. They shall rest not day nor night, crying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name; for thou only art holy?"

God is all and in all in heaven. Delight in him is the great absorbing emotion that thrills through the millions upon millions of throbbing hearts that surround his throne. Angels bow before him in humble, joyous adoration. Archangels cast their crowns at his feet, and strike their harp-strings to his praise in their perpetual song, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory.

If we are admitted to heaven, we must be prepared to have a holy God the central light of its glory, and to find our bliss in sitting in that light, and serving God in that glory. There will be gathered redeemed friends from the earth, with whom life's toils have been shared. We may love them still. Angels, that have been ministering spirits of good to us in our earthly pilgrimage, standing high in their original majesty and blessedness, we may also love. Thrills of delight may run through the soul, as we cast our eye over the congregated millions of heaven's holy ones, redeemed sinners, and those who have never sinned; and we may love and delight in them all. But the Lord God and the Lamb will be first of all. These will be more than all. For all that is good, or beautiful, or excellent in the rest, is but an emanation from these. Are we meet for this? And, in view of this, can we say, practically sweeping every thing from the field of our vision, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee."

We may be like Elijah.

BY REV. J. T. PECK, D. D.

We have the same God. "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." "His arm is not shortened that it cannot save, neither is his ear heavy that it cannot hear." Whatever he could do for helpless man in olden times, he can do to-day. We dare not, cannot question this. If we should

for a moment, entertain a doubt of it, we should hear him say, in tones of rebuke and authority, "I am the Lord; I change not." And revelation would echo the truth, He is "the Almighty, in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Then his goodness, his deep and yearning love, is the same. He cares as much for us as he did for Elijah. He is just as unwilling that we should perish—just as anxious, we would reverently say, to do us good, to enrich us with heavenly endowments, as he was Elijah; will send as much divine influence, use as much forbearance and persevering effort to achieve a triumph in our hearts, and over our foes, as he did in behalf of Elijah. We should tremble to question a word of this.

And the power of Elijah is needed to-day as much as when the worship of Baal rivalled the worship of Jehovah. At least his spiritual, holy power to prevail with God in prayer is needed. We want to-day, as much as any day since the cause of sin struck this earth, power to command gracious influences, for ourselves and others, which shall break the strength of infidelity, which shall check the license of speculation, which shall arrest the proud, headlong career of crime, and entirely purify the heart. Who will not own that sin is to-day the same obstinate, cruel, daring foe of God and man as in the days of Ahab and Jezebel? Who will claim that the soul is now less than then, naturally in love with it?—that a less amount of holy power will suffice to break its force, and utterly remove it? Who will say it? Surely no one who has any just acquaintance with his own heart, or with the state of the world. Then some holy men are needed,—men intimate with God,—men not afraid to go into his very presence-chamber,—men who know his power to save, and the secret of obtaining it,—men who can and do ask large measures of grace for themselves and receive them,—men who command mighty influences from the Spirit of God to change the views, and feelings, and conduct of individuals, and neighborhoods, and cities, and kingdoms. Whatever may be the actual influence of men in prayer, we must insist that its strongest force is needed now as much as ever.

Besides the world in contest with God upon the great questions of fact which Christianity raises, as much as at any time, needs examples of clear, unquestionable holiness. For example, the question returns upon us with as much force to-day as in the days of Wesley, how much can religion do for us? What wrongs in fallen human nature can it regulate? What evils can it remove? What degree of harmony and power with God can it give? What elevation of soul? What purity of motive? What strength of faith? In all these respects, the wickedness of man seeks to lower and degrade it; and the feebleness and timidity of the church half concurs in the effort.

Now, upon every particular involved in this great question, we have strong, indubitable argument,—logic as strong as revelation itself; but this alone does not answer. We want the demonstration of fact,—we want the living power of holy example. The world needs it. The church need it. Poor guilty sinners and wicked infidels need it. A few such men as good old Elijah would be more valuable as examples of what God can do for sinners than all the discussions that fill our libraries, and teem in our periodicals. Living men before our eyes completely saved! Living men walking with God on earth!—bearing, in spirit, and word, in expression and action, always and everywhere, the meekness and fearfulness of the holy Prophet! O, what moral force, what overwhelming power would they reveal!

And the privileges of this glorious gospel day cannot be less than those of Ahab's time.—Less? How could that be possible? Christ has come. The world has seen the God-man walking, and smiling, and weeping, amid its corruptions and ruin. Guilty men have heard him speak, and the gracious words and startling revelations he

uttered are on the record! Our eyes have seen them, and our hearts have felt their power! The nature and design of his mission, in Elijah's time only faintly symbolized, or uttered in holy prophecy, have been answered by his own lips, and demonstrated by his life, and agony, and death, his resurrection, manifestation, ascension, and mediation!

And then the achievements of his grace and power have been filling up the records of history, and gathering his trophies home in blood-washed millions. O, let not us, who see the glorious light, which prophets and kings desired so long, which hear the joyful sound of the gospel's jubilee, seek to place the privileges of this day of glorious revelation below those of the other days which have gone before it, as herald-days, with trumpet notes, and glad acclaim, ringing through earth and heaven, to usher it in! We can have,—we *must* have as pure a church as the eyes of men have ever seen. Our Immanuel "gave himself for it, that he might cleanse it from all iniquity, and purify to himself a peculiar people, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing."

Only one great question now remains. Can we fulfil the conditions? Why can we not? When the whole aim of the gospel day is to rouse and strengthen us for our great probationary struggle,—when the Holy Spirit is so copiously poured out upon the church,—when the sacred command is complete, and here to guide us,—when the means of grace, in all their essential, holy influences, are so ample and constant, how can it be possible that there are any disabilities that cannot be overcome,—any requirements that we cannot fulfil? It cannot be. God surely will keep us; and, if we take to ourselves the might of his Holy Spirit, we can achieve the triumph demanded. "Looking unto Jesus, who is the Author and Finisher of our faith," the very feeblest among us can say, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Can we not give attention to the subject of a deeper religious experience? Cannot the question be prayerfully and thoroughly examined? Can we not think, and read, and hear, and pray, to get greater light, and holier power? Can we not throw aside our prejudices against holiness in effort, as well as holiness in principle, and character, and life, and gaze at its beauty and excellence, until attracted and overpowered? Can we not rouse ourselves from the lethargy which has stolen over us, and, by the grace of God, preserve an active, inquiring state of mind, and, if it must be, sustain a struggle against our natural disinclination to seek for holiness, against the powerful current of worldly, popular influence in the church? Can we not so candidly, so freely, and fully open our hearts to the most gracious influences of God's Holy Spirit, as that we can have his illuminating, energizing, guiding, sanctifying power in this struggle? All this we can surely do. We beg you to look it carefully over, and see if there be a single impracticability here.

We can give up what is in the way of this experience. Let us examine and see. Our love of the world is a strong and powerful obstacle, but the world is of little use to us,—none at all, indeed, unless we use it for the glory of God. We think it is; we look at its gilded treasures with longing eyes; we aspire after its honors with unholy ambition; we think, and wish, and toil to be richer, greater, more influential than we are! Alas! we have need to hear the rebukes of revelation thundered in our ears, "Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God!" Come, beloved, let us cut loose from those worldly snares. We can spare the world,—we surely must lay down our borrowed treasures, our reputation, every thing for the sake of a holy triumph in this fearful struggle. Self, the great adored idol of the heart,—even *self* can be laid upon the altar. We know it can; we have seen it done; we have even done it ourselves; we know God requires

it; and that we cannot conquer without it. Let us then see how promptly and cheerfully we can bid adieu to all that God abhors, and bring all in our possession which he claims to him; lay it down at his feet, and never claim it more. Till this is done, we can never be like Elijah.

Finally, we can grasp the strength that nerved Elijah's heart, and intellect, and will. We can be strong as Elijah only in the might of Elijah's God. Where is the keenness of spiritual vision that apprehends him? Where is the self-abandonment that prepares his way? Where is the holy breathing after him which brings him into the soul? Where is the power of living trust that fills, and nerves, and fires the whole being with his love? O, we can have all these. As sure as he is the same God—as our necessities are essentially what Elijah's were, and our Savior lives, we may be like Elijah.

"Cast thy Care on Him who Careth for Thee."

BY ANNA.

WEARY traveller, cast thy care
On the Savior;
Quickly to his throne repair,
He will hear thy humble prayer,
Always, ever.

True and faithful is thy friend,
Ever near;
He will watch thee, and defend,
He 'll be with thee to the end,
And wipe thy tear.

Or is thy soul by sorrow riven,
Mid sin and care;
Hope on,—this promise sure is given,
The pure on earth shall meet in heaven,
No sorrow there.

There is beyond a happier land,
Far, far from this;
Martyrs next the throne will stand,
Saints will meet, a glorious band,
A world of bliss.

As on life's rugged path we go,
We 'll trust thy love;
Whate'er our lot on earth, we know
We soon shall part with all below,
And meet above.

Then cast thy load of doubt away,
And never roam;
He 'll lead thee to the realms of day,
He 'll guard, and lend a beauteous ray,
To guide thee home.

The Tuesday Afternoon Meeting.

"Many are we now in one,
We who Jesus have put on,
Names, and sects, and parties fall,
Christ alone is all in all."

QUESTIONS have often been asked, by persons interested on the subject of Christian Holiness, in relation to the meetings held on Tuesday afternoon in the city of New York. An English correspondent, in a letter published in the December number of the Guide, repeats these inquiries, and we have been asked to answer them in the Guide, for the satisfaction of the lovers of holiness. We will notice the inquiries in the order in which they are asked.

1st. WHAT IS THE CHARACTER OF THESE MEETINGS?

Perhaps we may not be able to answer this question better than by giving an extract from an editorial which we copy from a Congregational paper. It reads thus: "Friends, we assure you that these meetings are not for sectarian or party purposes. A free, hearty, general invitation is extended to all of every name, to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Inquirers of different denominations are taken with equal cordiality and warmth to the heart of love. Instruction is imparted to all, and every one without distinction, seeking higher attainments in the divine life. Prayer to God is offered with equal fervency and prevailing importunity in one case as in another. Our very soul has leaped joyfully in witnessing how completely the spirit of God annihilates the spirit of *sectarianism*, and leaps over the boundaries of shibboleths. Here we see Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Quakers, United Brethren and Jews, in Christ, forgetting creeds, confessions, hair-splittings and party distinctions,

sitting side by side, drinking deeply at the one living fountain. And should there happen to be any one present, who, through mistake, or for want of a due sense of gospel propriety, gives a preponderance in favor of any party, creed, or sect, a cold chilliness steals over every one present. And those who follow such an one, pour in the oil and wine of gospel grace, to obliterate, if possible, the least *tincture* of the sect, and smooth off the rough edges, and calm every rising suspicion.

THE BIBLE, THE BLESSED BIBLE, IS THE TEXT BOOK. Not Wesley, not Fletcher, not Finney, not Mahan, not Upham, not Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, but the Bible,—the holy BIBLE, is the first and last, and in the midst always. The BIBLE is the standard, the groundwork, the platform, the creed. Here we stand on common ground, and nothing but the spirit of this blessed book, will finally eradicate and extirpate forever a sectarian spirit. No meetings are attended with more direct and *special* indications of divine acceptance. God is evidently present in a very remarkable manner to bless, sanctify, and purify. Hundreds have stepped into this Bethesda, and come out every whit whole. The atmosphere is invigorating, healthful, and heavenly. Any one has perfect liberty to rise and request prayers, or relate the dealings of God with his soul, drop a word of exhortation, exposition, or consolation, or pour out his heart in prayer or praise, always remembering to be brief, and to the *point*, and never losing sight of the main object of the meeting, 'Holiness to the Lord.' These meetings are not for debate, controversy, or speechifying, but for holiness. Every one that enters those consecrated halls is expected to conform strictly to the objects and purport of the meeting. Such is the nature, exercise, and spirit of these social gatherings, that we feel assured that even the skeptic, the subtle caviller and objector will be constrained to exclaim, 'The finger of God is in it.'"

HOW ARE THESE MEETINGS CONDUCTED?

The meetings commence at 3 o'clock, P. M., and are opened with reading the Scriptures, singing, and prayer. Frequently two or three succeed each other in prayer. Several ministers are generally present, and the opening exercises are conducted by some one of these, but much oftener than otherwise, by the venerable and devoted Dr. Bangs, who, during several past years, has seldom been absent.

This meeting is far more social in its character than ordinary religious gatherings. It is rather the design of those under whose supervision it is held, that it should be regarded as a social religious company, than as a formal meeting, requiring set exactions of any sort. The children of this world have their social gatherings, where, in intelligent, social converse, heart meets heart in unrestrained fellowship. We can conceive how undesirable any set forms would be under such circumstances, and this social gathering is designed to be, in the religious world, answerable to this want of our social nature as children of the kingdom. After the opening exercises, any one is at liberty to speak, sing, or propose united prayer. Strangers from various regions are more or less present at every meeting, and it therefore is not unusual for those in charge to say something calculated to give direction to the exercises explanatory of its objects. Many inquirers after the "way of holiness" here gather, and it is not unusual for the meeting to assume something like the form of an inquiry meeting. There are always present a goodly number who profess the attainment of this grace, and who are ever ready, with yearning hearts, to testify to the praise of Christ, just how they were enabled to overcome every difficulty through faith, and plunge into the open fountain that cleanseth from all unrighteousness. It must indeed be delightful to the truly pious of every sect, to witness the blended sympathy of hearts made perfect in love, and those aspiring to that

state. Here you behold the streams of heaven-originated sympathy flowing out in word, in song, and in prayer, so that the prayer of Christ becomes a heartfelt realization, "that they may all be one, even as we are one." Surely the words of the poet here become an experimental verity:

"The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love."

Testimony follows testimony in quick succession, interspersed with occasional singing and prayer, as the circumstances may seem to demand, in sympathy with the condition of the cases brought before the meeting. In no meeting that we have ever attended, have we seen the spirit of the law of Christ so sweetly fulfilled, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

The testimony of the seeker of salvation, or of the timid, lisping babe in Zion, is listened to with as much interest as that of the most deeply experienced. Whether male or female, all are one in Christ Jesus. We have often thought, in our observings, whether this meeting is not very like that gathering of the early disciples, when the one hundred and twenty were assembled with one accord in one place. Here were the chosen apostles of our Lord, and here, also, were the beloved Marys, Joanna, and the "many other women," who, through evil and good report, with undaunted step, followed the Man of sorrows, receiving as their reward the first commission to proclaim the gospel of a risen Lord, "Go tell my disciples that I have risen." And these disciples being thus assembled, with their Lord in the midst, they wait the promise of the Father, "which, saith He, ye have heard of me." And here they continue with one accord, in prayer and supplication, looking to be endued with power from on high, which, irrespective of persons or sex, had been promised to every one of those waiting disciples. And when it fell, though it may have dispensed gifts differing after some sort, yet it was to each singly, *a gift of power*, and this gift of power moved its recipient, whether male or female, to speak as the spirit gave utterance. They had now entered upon the dispensation of the Spirit. The day of which Joel spake, in which, saith God, "I will pour out my spirit upon my sons and daughters, upon my servants and my handmaidens."

And truly does this Pentecostal scene shadow forth what we would say of this interesting weekly gathering. To the praise of God it may be said, that many have here received the full baptism of the Holy Ghost, and so penetrating, efficacious and far-reaching have been its influences, that we verily believe thousands will, in eternity, give God glory for the establishment of this precious means of grace. Intelligence comes on the wings of the wind from near and remote regions, of those who, through the influence of this meeting, have been led to receive Christ as a Savior from all sin; and are now in turn bearing witness experimentally to the truth of the doctrine, and others are believing through their testimony.

In these meetings, the utmost freedom prevails. The ministry does not wait for the laity, neither does the laity wait for the ministry. There are seldom less than from six to ten ministers present, and often more. These commingle as one with the laity, irrespective of theological views or dignity of position. It is not unusual for those of different denominations, who, in the religious and literary world, are the observed of all observers, sitting undistinguished in those crowded rooms, and only brought out as they may desire the privilege of indentifying themselves openly with the interests of the meeting. We will give a case illustrative and also descriptive of the prevailing spirit of the meeting, and quite in keeping with other cases which might be given.

The Rev. Dr. ——, known by reputation to tens of thousands of the religious and literary world, came for the first time to

the meeting. We were with him as he passed through the hall, before entering the rooms. "Let me sit down in some corner—I do not care to be brought out," said the doctor pleasantly. We were well aware that he might desire the privilege of being brought out before the meeting closed, as scores of others had done before him, without getting the opportunity. But we thought we would let him learn the fact from memorable experience, and only assured him, that he need feel no uneasiness from the fear of being brought out, and told him to choose his own seat. The doctor chose a seat favorable to his wishes. The meeting had progressed but a short time, before the gift of power seemed to fall upon the doctor, and the grace of utterance, so copiously poured out upon many present, also fell upon him, and as if impelled by an influence which seemed well-nigh irresistible, he made an effort to rise. But he had crowded himself down in a corner, and in the most ineligible place for either seeing or being seen, otherwise we might have observed his desire to speak, and respect for his position and his age, would have prompted us to open the way for him. At last, when he could forbear no longer, he reached over to one of his lay brethren who sat before him, and told him that he desired the privilege of speaking. But when he rose, another Doctor of Divinity not observing him, rose also, and both were on the floor at once; which succeeded in speaking first, we do not remember. And truly as those early disciples spake as the Spirit gave utterance, so we believe did this servant of Christ. After he sat down, his full soul burst out in heavenly song:

Our souls by love together knit,
Cemented mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'T is heaven on earth begun;
Our hearts have burned while Jesus spake,
And glowed with heavenly fire,
He stooped, and talked, and fed, and blest,
And filled the enlarged desire.

CHORUS.

A Savior let creation sing,
A Savior let all heaven ring,
He 's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fulness in our souls he pours;
'T is almost done, 't is almost o'er,
We 're joining those who 're gone before,
We soon shall reach the happy shore
We soon shall meet to part no more.

The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain,
We haste to catch the teaming shower,
And all its moisture drain.
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour a mighty flood,
O shake the nations, fill the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

CHORUS.

A Savior let creation sing, etc.

Would that we could describe the scene of melting power that succeeded. The conscious oneness of soul. O, it was a baptism of melting, uniting love. And we need not speak of the equalizing influences of such baptisms of fire. How small do all merely earthly distinctions appear, when brought under the equalizing influences of pure, perfect love! And it is this equalizing process, that to our mind forms one of the important characteristics of this meeting. It has not been induced as the result of human forethought, and can only be accounted for from the fact, that He who is no respecter of persons is in the midst, and so holds the minds of those who enter these consecrated rooms under a conscious realization of his presence, that each one feels in living verification that the words are ever being respoken, "Behold a greater then Solomon is here."

WHERE ARE THESE MEETINGS HELD?

They are held at a private house, the residence of Dr. W. C. Palmer, 54 Rivingston, corner of Eldridge Street, New York. They were commenced over twenty years ago in the same place where they are now being held. It is estimated that the number in attendance average about one hundred and twenty. In view of the crowded

state of the rooms, the question has been asked, why not remove them to a church? There are reasons beyond what we may now occupy space to state, why we think the recognition of the meeting as a friendly religious gathering, rather than as a formal church gathering, of any particular sect, is far more favorable to the interests of the meeting. We have desired that it should not be regarded as a sectarian meeting. Holiness is not the distinguishing doctrine of a sect, but the crowning doctrine of the Bible. And many, very many among both the ministry and laity of various denominations, are being urged by the Holy Spirit, not only to investigate it as a scriptural doctrine, but greatly to desire the attainment of the experience. They have learned that there is a little social circle where experimental testimony may be heard on this subject, and where, in unreserved fellowship, they may inquire, "how these things can be." If the meetings were held in a church, whether Methodist, Congregationalist, Episcopalian, Baptist, etc., it would be recognized as a meeting of the church, patronized as a matter of course. But being held at the residence of persons whose efforts to spread scriptural holiness have become more widely known than their efforts to build up a sect, inquirers of different denominations feel less restrained in pursuing their investigations. It is not unusual for ministers of three or four different denominations to be scattered about in different parts of the rooms, men whose relative position in the religious world is such, that their presence at a church gathering on the subject of holiness would expose them to observations which they might prefer not to meet, until more fully established in experience and views. Here, free from all imposing restraint, ministerial position is seemingly unthought of and all, whether of the ministry or laity, mingle freely in testimony on the common ground of Bible truth and Bible experience. Hundreds among various denominations of Christians who love their own people, and have no wish to manifest a preference to any other denomination than their own, are being impressed with the belief, that the Bible teaches the necessity of *present holiness.* And these convictions not having been gained through the teachings of a sect, but through the teachings of the Bible, how relieving to know that they may have unrestrained access to a social gathering where they may meet Christians of various evangelical denominations, and listen to and consult with experimental witnesses of the desired attainment! Many such have come to the Tuesday afternoon meetings as inquirers, and have returned as believers to diffuse the testimony among their own people.

DO PARTIES ATTENDING COME BY SPECIAL INVITATION?

Though a negative answer to this question may be inferred from what we have already written, yet it is due to the praise of grace to say, that, in a sense in which the deeply pious heart will appreciate, invitations are given. We acknowledge that we are willing to be classed among those little ones of the kingdom, who verily believe that the humble disciple may in childlike confidence ask what he will, consistent with the teachings of the WORD, and it shall be done unto him. We will give our idea of how the invitations are given, by transcribing some occurrences in experience, given by one who ever bears the interests of the meeting on her heart most largely before God. She says, "I had been in the habit of devoting as much time as I could command on Tuesday mornings to the work of preparing my own mind for the occasion, and praying for the interests of the meeting. Deeply did I feel the weight of responsibility which was continually pressing, more and more urgently on my heart, as the meeting became increasingly extensive and commanding in its influences. I shall never forget one eventful Tuesday, as hour after hour, of the day devoted to the meeting, was seized by pressing emergencies, leaving no time for special prepara-

tion for the responsibilities of the afternoon. Thus hours passed on, till near the time for the commencement of the exercises. It was my mid-day season of devotion; though delayed beyond my stated time, as usual I knelt, with the word of life, and opened it at my regular lesson, according to my usual custom of reading the Scriptures in course. It was the 2d chapter of the Gospel of St. John, where the fact that Jesus and his disciples were present at a marriage in Cana of Galilee is recorded. Believing that *all* Scripture, whether historical or otherwise, is given by inspiration, I asked in faith, that I might learn just the lesson of grace, which the Holy Spirit would teach me through the presence and doings of Jesus at the marriage feast in Cana, when most inspiring, ever-memorable instructions of the Spirit were so graciously given, that, though years have past since I received the teachings of that hour, its influences have been abiding. The instructions of the Spirit were thus: if Jesus and his disciples were at this marriage feast, it was in answer to a *special invitation* from the persons under whose supervision the feast was made. Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day and forever, will be as truly present in answer to special invitations from those who desire his presence now, as when invited in the days of his incarnation. And why not invite Jesus to be as actually present at the meeting this afternoon, as he was present at this marriage feast?

Ask that he will come as the Master of the assembly, and take the lead of the exercises. Ask that he will come and also bring his disciples with him, so that just such a company shall assemble as may be drawn together through the special invitations of his Spirit, and come prepared for the reception of just such blessings as they need. Ask that he will manifest his glory to all his waiting disciples, so that every one on entering the place may be arrested by a divine consciousness of his presence. Ask that *Truth*, in whatever form uttered, may be felt in its deep spirituality, whether in the reading of the word, the voice of prayer, the sacred hymn, in testimony or exhortation, and, as living truth, penetrate every heart. Tell Jesus that you will, as his servant, give the entire orderings of the assembly to him, and that "whatsoever he saith unto you, you will do it." If we had not already occupied space quite beyond our anticipations, we would portray a faint semblance of the manner in which that afternoon meeting was divinely ordered and blest. Surely the Father sent the Son in answer to the intercessions of the Spirit. The simple prayer of faith prevailed. And such a living realization of the presence of Jesus was given that all were constrained to feel that he spoke through the medium of all the exercises. The servant of Christ, who opened the meeting by reading the Scriptures was so penetrated with the force of its glorious revelations, that he was unable to proceed, and paused to give vent to his emotions. O surely, in wondrous condescension, Christ manifested his glory that afternoon, giving an earnest for all future meetings, of what we might anticipate in answer to the prayer of faith. Ever since has the presence of the Savior been, in like manner, supplicated, and scores or hundreds have we heard testify that they had no sooner entered those "consecrated halls," than they were arrested by a divine conviction of the presence of the Sanctifier. In using the terms employed by our congregational brother,—in speaking of the place where these meetings are held, in his repeated commendations to his readers, our pen paused over the words "consecrated halls," and questioning whether some might not demur to the use of such phraseology in designating a private residence. And here we will take our reader back for a few moments to a scene of interest which occurred years since, when the present occupants of that residence took their abode there. Scores of the servants of Christ had assembled to participate in the solemnities of the dedication. The house being ar-

ranged on what is called the basement plan, the second floor was set apart for a chapel. By a favored minister of Christ, it was consecrated in the name of the holy Trinity, for holy service. Most signal were the tokens of heavenly acceptance. The cloud of the divine presence rested down upon the people. Several were enabled, through the power of the Holy Spirit, to enter by the new and living way into the holiest, and were newly added to the number of those who witness that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all unrighteousness. In conclusion, we will say, that the motto of this meeting has ever been, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." We pray and trust thus it will ever be, and we ask that every lover of heart purity will unite now with us in asking that the future, in regard to the prosperity of this means of grace, may not only be as the past, but far more abundantly signalized by the manifestations of God's saving power, and the praise shall be given to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and let all the people say, AMEN.

Seven Seasons of Silence.

1. It is never in season to speak until we have a call.

2. It is a season to be silent when we are not rightly informed upon the question to which we must speak.

3. When we know the state of a question, yet we must not speak without a suitable preparation, either actual or habitual.

4. It is a season to be silent when what we speak is likely to be a snare unto ourselves.

5. As it is a season for silence when the passions and corruptions of others are excited, so we are to be silent when it is thus with ourselves.

6. It is a season for silence when men are not capable of attending to what we speak.

7. It is a season for silence, when what we speak may be a grief and burden to the spirits of any, especially of those that are already afflicted.—[Caryl, on Job xiii. 5.

SEVEN SEASONS OF SPEAKING.

1. When by speaking we may bring glory to God, and good to our brethren.

2. When we have an opportunity to vindicate the honor and truth of God.

3. When we may relieve the credit of a brother that is wronged.

4. When by speaking we may instruct or direct those that are ignorant.

5. When we may comfort and support those that are weak.

6. When we may resolve and settle those that are in doubt.

7. When we may duly reprove and convince those that do evil.

At such times as these we ought to speak; for then to be silent is our sin and weakness.—[Caryl.

Christ a Refuge.

SHELTERED 'neath the Rock of Ages,
Trembling soul, why dost thou fear?
Though the tempest round thee rages,
And the storm-cloud hovers near.
In this blest, secure retreat,
Why fear the tempest's rage to meet?

Are the surges breaking o'er thee?
Sinkest thou beneath the wave?
Seest thou no hope before thee?
None to cheer thee, none to save?
Jesus rules the tempest too,
He will bring thee safely through.

Ever at the helm he's standing,
He 'll sustain thy sinking bark,
Cheerful, haste at his commanding,
Cling to him though all be dark.
Sheltered in his bleeding side,
Sure no evil can betide.

Is darkness o'er thy path now resting?
Gropest thou without the sun?
God thy faith and love is testing;
"Father, let thy will be done."
Mid the gloom hear now descend,
"Lo I 'm with thee to the end."

Then, timid soul, no longer fearing,
Bravely meet the stormy blast;
Know the Port of Peace thou 'rt nearing,
Here thy toils will all be past;
Cling thee to thy Pilot's side,
Past the reefs He 'll safely guide.

And while the clouds are beating o'er thee,
Let this truth thy spirit cheer:
The "Land of Rest" is just before thee,
And the storms but wing thee there.
There no chilling blasts arise;
No lowering clouds obscure thy skies.

M. A. BERNHARD.

Cleaveland, ——.

Believing and Knowing.

BY REV. E. J. PECK

HAVING considered what is implied in consecration, and its relations to believing and knowing, we now come to inquire what is that faith, or form of faith, which is the last and principal element in the conditions of sanctification. It is certain that this faith, whatever it may be, whether it is to believe, "He has saved," "does save," or "will save," is not imaginary or merely intellectual, but must always be *heart faith*, or some specific form of such faith. Had this always been strictly kept in mind, we think the ground of fear in the use of either form would have appeared far less alarming and the church saved from much unprofitable controversy.

Before attempting, however, to determine the particular form, it may be well to inquire, more definitely, what we are to understand by the substance. This, we think, usually embodies the dictates of two distinct axioms, which axioms may be expressed as follows: First, what a holy God affirms to be true, it is our duty to believe on the simple authority of his affirmation, without any other evidence whatever. Second, it is our duty implicitly to obey a holy God in all things. Under the control of the first, we may believe all that God has said or promised, and yet be nothing more than mere moralists. Under the control of the second alone, or the two united, we have the obedience of faith, or a faith working by love, (obedience,) which is the faith of the heart, since this faith is as much an act of obedience as any other act. Indeed, we regard voluntary obedience to God so essential to the existence of the faith of the heart, that, could we possess a faith that would remove mountains, it would be of no religious value whatever, unless it be connected with such obedience.

This, then, being the substance, or generic idea, of evangelical faith, we now proceed to inquire for the particular form in question. That we may be the more readily understood, we shall speak of antecedent and subsequent faith. By the former, we mean that faith of the heart which is antecedent to the reception of some specific blessing, and is the principal condition of such reception; by the latter, we mean a faith which takes a form corresponding to a reality supposed to exist as a consequence of previous conditions having been fulfilled, hence cannot be the condition of such reality, since its exercise is subsequent to the existence of the reality itself. Just here we wish to be very explicit, and point out, if possible, extremes into which we think different parties have unconsciously run. One class, earnestly desiring to do the *entire* will of God, and seeing that, "without faith, it is impossible to please him," have zealously urged antecedent faith in the use of reasons, we think more appropriate to subsequent faith. By this class, we are told to believe that we do now receive—that he does now save etc., as a condition of being saved, and urge this form of faith on the ground of a mere promise. We have no objection to this form, as a condition, but have never been able to see the validity of the argument by which it is commonly inculcated.

It is said, when we have given up all, or laid all upon the altar, we may then believe, on the authority of God's word or promise, that he, the very next instant, does his work or does save. Very true, if giving up

all is the entire condition on our part; but just here is the difficulty. Mark the order—the conditions are fulfilled—in view of which, the very next instant, the blessing is being bestowed, and now, on the authority of a promise, it is said, we must believe just what is actually taking place. But do you not see that this faith is logically subsequent to the bestowment of the blessing, hence could not have been the condition of such bestowment? Neither will it relieve the difficulty, to suppose that what we receive is not something done in us, but is a specific intention or purpose, in the mind of God, to *now* give that for which we have sought, and that we may believe this, on the same authority that the sinner may believe that he has, in the mind of God, his condemnation, though his punishment is not, as yet, inflicted upon his person. We see no absurdity in the supposition, but still claim, that, as an antecedent faith, it cannot be logically argued on the ground of a mere promise. The same difficulty meets us here as before; this intention, in the mind of God, exists as the result of some condition having been fulfilled on our part, and the principal element of that condition is this very faith about which we are speaking; hence the believing in what already exists can never be the condition of such existence, whatever that existence may be. Besides, we cannot see how the believing in the present existence of an intention, can be the condition of that intention's being carried into effect, since all the conditions of its being carried into effect must have existed before this specific intention could have been absolutely formed. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not mean to say, that no species of faith can be logically inculcated on the ground of a mere promise. By no means; so far from this, if God has conditionally promised to do some specific thing, as soon as we *know* that all the conditions have been fulfilled, we may, on the simple authority of this known promise, as certainly believe that he does his work at the time promised as if he should appear in person, and tell us, for himself, that he is actually doing it. We may also exercise the same positive faith in the fulfilment of a promise, made unconditionally; but faith in the fulfilment of either would not be antecedent or conditioning faith, since, in the one case, there were no conditions, and, in the other, they were fulfilled before we believed. Of antecedent faith, therefore, it seems to us more appropriate to affirm that God has promised because we believed, than that we believe because he has promised. It is true, God has made us many gracious promises, but, for the most part, they become absolute intentions only in view of conditions having been fulfilled on our part.

Having thus briefly noticed the considerations generally used in support of *does save*, let us now glance at the other form, *will save*. The advocates of this form, seeing the calamities brought upon the church by fanaticism, and the sad results of merely imagining that we are saved, when there is no reality, tell us not to believe he does save, but *will save*, and continue thus to believe, till, either from consciousness, or by the witness of the Spirit, we *know* that he does actually save. The correctness of this theory they would illustrate in various ways, but especially by the case of a little child suspended over a fearful precipice, while the father stands beneath, with outspread arms, promising to catch him if he will only let go. The child believes, not that the father has saved, or does save, but *will save*, and lets go. This illustration we regard defective in three essential particulars; first, the child might have let go simply from prudential considerations, without being actuated by any principle of obedience whatever; second, his being saved did not so much depend upon his faith as his letting go; third, the child's believing that the father *will save*, was only appropriate to the period when he let go, and not to the period when he had fallen through the intervening space and had arrived at the arms of the father,—in other words, it was

appropriate to the period of commencing consecration, but not to the period of its completion. We admit that there is danger of intellectually believing too much, and equal danger of believing too little, but we venture the assertion that when "*will save*" is merely intellectual, and means some indefinite future time, it becomes an error far more to be dreaded than believing he does save; but when by "will save" is meant will *now* save, we see no difference between "will save" and "does save," since the adverb *now* must mean the present indivisible instant, and whatever takes place within this period must be instantaneous, and will not admit of a future; hence, whatever be the language used, the idea of the fact must be the same. These are three instants so related that making the first our stand-point, it is proper to say *will*, the second *does*, and the third *has*, and there may be a faith corresponding to this order of realities, but, if it is derived simply from the future, present, or past existence of these realities, whatever else it may be, it cannot be the antecedent faith of the heart.

What then is the truth? Long have we sought for it as for a hid treasure; long have we looked for the revelation of some new fact by which contending parties may be harmonized. We dare not affirm that we have found it, yet are fully satisfied in respect to the following; first, that antecedent faith, whether it take the form of *does* or *will* save, cannot be explained on the ground of a mere promise; second, that the whole of consecration must be performed under the promptings of voluntary obedience to God, including, of course, such an undivided desire to please him as will sacrifice every thing for the accomplishment of its object; hence the main difficulty will always be in the prompting principle, and is it not just here that we find it? The obedient, who know little or nothing of so-called theology, believe almost unconsciously, while it is utterly impossible for the disobedient, however learned, to believe with a heart unto righteousness. With this view of the subject, we shall find no difficulty in the literal translation of Mark xi. 24, "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive," etc. This we regard as a command, and inasmuch as it involves no absurdity, it may be obeyed as readily as any other positive command, the reasons of which we are unable to comprehend. Indeed, if our faith is to determine the fact and time of our receiving, that which claims the blessing now seems to us as the only appropriate form, and can be attended with no possible danger, so long as it is exercised in obedience to a command and we remember that believing is not knowing.

The relation of this faith to the subsequent results, will be best seen by contemplating the relation of a causative faith to its effects; for instance, a man believes that he is dying, and actually dies, here faith acts as a cause; now substitute for this causative faith a faith which is merely a condition, and we shall obtain a pretty correct idea of the relation between this antecedent faith and the reception of the conditioned blessing.

South Norwalk.

Silent Teachers.

In one of the rooms in the Tract House in Nassau street, may be seen side by side Whitefield's pulpit from which he addressed his immense congregation in the open air: and the chair the Dairyman's Daughter sat in during her last illness.

Whether the near proximity of these precious relics is from accident or design I know not, but it seems as if they had been placed there by the hand of Him who seeth not as man seeth, to teach an important lesson to obscure Christians, and for the humbling of the eloquent and gifted.

Little did that suffering woman think, as she sat weak and weary, drinking the word of life from the lips of the man of God, that, years after her death, her dying words and Christian experience would be printed

in many languages, and be the means of converting multitudes of souls. Less could she foresee that the rustic chair in which she sat should be carried across the ocean, be preserved as a precious remembrance by praying Christians, and be placed side by side with the pulpit of one of the most eloquent preachers who ever lived.

What a lesson of cheering does this convey to the humble unknown Christian, confined by ill health and family cares, and unable to take any prominent part in the work of converting the world. Such persons often feel that they are useless cumberers of the ground, and wonder why they are permitted to enroll their names among the sons of God.

But he who sees the heart and knows his own, and hears their prayers, and counts their tears, can bring glory to his name, and blessings on his church, out of the most obscure life. In his sight such an one may rank higher in the church than he whose praise resounds throughout the land. Let those who speak to assembled thousands from Sabbath to Sabbath, go look at those precious relics, and there receive a lesson. Such persons are sometimes tempted to feel that their work is so great that the Church could hardly stand, should the eloquence of their lips be sealed by death.

They overrate their importance in the sight of Heaven, and forget for a moment that some bed ridden Christian may, by earnest wrestlings with God, and holy living, be doing a work which shall yet, in the sight of posterity, and of the assembled multitudes in the last great day, be ranked with theirs in importance.

The Young Cottager in her garret, the Dairyman's Daughter in her rustic chair, and Bunyan in his jail, may through God's blessing have done a work equal to Whitefield, Wesley, or Baxter.

Let not the Christian, to whom God has given gifts, grace and opportunities of moving multitudes by the tongue or pen, despise the humble work of the unknown, obscure, and ignorant Christian; while such should feel that, by carefully improving their one talent, they may ensure the reward "well done."—[Evangelist.

The Prayer of Importunity.

In July, 184–, the ship —— was seen quietly sailing from a port in Virginia. The crew were a fine company of hale young men, and light-heartedly they obeyed the orders given, for not one of their comrades had fallen by the dreadful pestilence which had visited other ships, and they felt as if life was secure if they could once more launch forth upon the boisterous element. The captain was the only one on board who feared God, and his own spirit rejoiced that they had all been spared to sail again together, and breathe a purer atmosphere. After they had been at sea about a week, the mate entered the cabin, saying, "There is a man sick, sir, in the forecastle." The captain immediately visited him, and instantly perceived that the dreaded bilious fever was among his men. Another and another were seized, and then the first officer. He was a noble youth. Four years they had lived in love together, and the idea of separation was almost insupportable. Day and night, for two weeks, the captain stood beside the dead and dying, without a moment's conscious rest; his soul was stayed upon his God, and with groans he begged for his people. One morn the sun rose upon the deep blue sea with all his splendor, as if to make the beholder sadder. One young man lay in his ocean shroud. The bell tolled eight o'clock, summoning all to prayer. Enveloped in canvass, which is the sailor's coffin, they lowered the body into the deep,—then others followed. The captain, sick at heart, turned him towards his mate. The seal of death was on his brow,—reason had long since departed, and in bitter agony he set beside him to watch the last flickering of the lamp of life. He died. The funeral service over, again the captain passed to hear the ravings of

another whose cries sent anguish through every heart. Filled to the very soul, in intensest grief, he cried, "Oh God! it is enough, it is enough! Command thine angel to sheathe his sword in mercy!" In an instant the cries of the sick man ceased, a calm passed over the mind of the sufferer, and he lay as quiet as an infant. The fever left the ship, and to this day the captain feels that unless the Lord had heard prayer, not a man would have been left to have buried his companion.

Why Should the Work Cease.

BY U. B.

THE cause of holiness is in the hands of God; and is destined to spread and fill the whole earth. To put this beyond all contingency, we have the promise of Him who cannot lie. This fact being admitted, does not prove however, that the progress of holiness in the earth will always be the same, nor that God will convey it on to an ultimate triumph, without human agency. The universal spread of holiness was designed from the beginning, and its progress has been accelerated, or retarded, in the exact ratio in which Christian faithfulness or unfaithfulness, has been brought to bear on the subject, though not, of course, in such a sense as to be independent of, or to preclude the divine agency. God, the sovereign Ruler of all events, has, in all ages, raised up men, and so ordered other circumstances, that, by the faithfulness of the one, and the advantages of the other, the cause of holiness has from time to time not only been kept alive, but greatly advanced. Such was the case at the Reformation under Luther; and such was the case in a peculiar manner, under the immortal Wesley, and his coadjutors. The cause of holiness which was then well-nigh extinct, receieved an impetus such as it had not received before since the days of the apostles; and which, I trust, will not cease till the advent of millennial glory. Under this influence, which has so extensively permeated the Old World and the New, we behold its onward march; and should thereby be inspirited to aid in its promotion. Thus will God continue to work through his own appointed agencies until the cause of holiness shall reach a glorious consummation. In view of these facts, how imperious the call of the Master to all his sanctified ones, to gird on the shield of faith, and the sword of the Spirit, and the armor of all prayer, and go forth to the conquest of the world:—go forth to teach the doctrine of holiness by precept,—by standing up as witnesses to the power of the blood of Christ to save to the uttermost, and by a pure and holy life. If those who have been called into the inner sanctuary of holiness, and have been baptized into the household of perfect love and faith, do not engage in this heaven-sent mission, the cause must cease; and the dark pall of sin and unbelief will settle down on the church, and darken all its now cheering anticipations and glorious prospects. What possessor of holiness can contemplate such a result, without having his heart stirred, and his soul moved, to do all in his power to help forward the cause of truth and holiness—a cause which should be dearer to him than every thing else! I need not say to the readers of the "Guide," that they are now enjoying a favorable time, and facilities to aid in this heavenly work; and that there are responsibilities resting on them, which, perhaps, have not on any previous generation. The spirit of the times calls you to vigorous action; and the demands of the cause of God to laborious effort.

Fourteen years have past since I was enabled by faith to receive a full Savior. Every thing relating to the subject of holiness was then new to me; and my soul was so ravished with its blessed effects on my own personal enjoyment and peace, that I felt an irrepressible desire to be made instrumental of leading others into the same blessed state; and from that time to the present, I have found no place to rest from my labors and prayers, to help for-

ward such a glorious cause; nor have I had any desire to be exonerated from this a delightful duty, and privilege. Soon after my full espousal to Christ, I became acquainted with the Guide to Holiness, and it has done much to confirm my faith, and to lead me in the King's highway of holiness. I have taken much pleasure in giving the reading of them to others; and pressing on them the great truths which they inculcate and elucidate. Some, by them, have been enlightened and greatly strengthened and blessed; but all along I have been pained to find so few who really loved and appreciated them. Should all of the thousands who read the Guide use all their available influence to gain over souls to the love and possession of holiness, how vast indeed would be the result! Then would not the day-star of millennial glory rise so tardily; and the dark night of sin and unbelief recede so slowly; but the full-orbed Sun of Righteousness, high above the horizon, would dispel darkness, and flood the world with ineffable light and glory. O, how transporting the thought, that amid all the turmoil and strife which now distracts the world, there are a happy few, who have found rest and peace in God; and who can calmly wait for the undeveloped issues of the future; who have already enlisted under the banner of the Prince of Peace, and are reposing under the broad pavilion of his love.

Dear brother, dear sister, can you who have professed to enjoy the grace of sanctification, and have tasted of its heavenly sweets, be willing that others should be without it; and make no efforts to win them into the path of holiness? If you can, I greatly fear the genuineness of your own experience, and the soundness of your professions. If the doctrine of holiness is not the all-absorbing theme of your thoughts, and the source of your sweetest enjoyments, you should be alarmed at such an unnatural result. Unnatural, I say, for it is the nature of holiness to engross the highest affections of the soul, and call forth its strongest and best emotions. Let me close this imperfect sketch by asking, why, under all existing circumstances, should the great work of holiness cease to advance? Let all the lovers of holiness do their duty, and the cause will move forward with greater rapidity than the church has ever witnessed; and the prophetic visions of the past will find a full and glorious consummation.

Augusta, N. Y.

Means of Promoting Love and Harmony among Church Members.

To remember that we are all liable to failings of one kind or another.—Psalms cxix. 96.

To bear with and not to magnify each other's infirmities.—Galatians vi. 1, 2.

To pray for one another in our social meetings and parties, particularly in private.—Ephesians vi. 18.

To avoid going from house to house for the purpose of hearing or telling news, secrets, etc., or in any way interfering with the affairs of others.—1 Timothy v. 13.

Always turn a deaf ear to slanderous reports, and to believe no charge which may be brought against any person until well sustained.—1 Corinthians xiii. 4, 7.

If a member be in fault, to go and tell him of it between him and thee alone, and never mention it to others, unless to avoid some evil which would otherwise arise, and fervently entreat the Lord to pardon the individual, and preserve him in future.—Matthew xviii. 15.

Sincerely to request others to mention any thing they see in you contrary to the gospel, and manifest gratitude for any such instance of their love, lest they should do so no more.—Psalms cxli. 5.

If you have offended any one in word or deed, to acknowledge it to them, and ask their forgiveness.—James v. 16.

To watch against shyness of each other, and put the best construction on any action which has the appearance of opposition or

resentment, recollecting that it is a grand artifice of Satan to promote disturbance and animosity among members of churches. —2 Corinthians ii. 11.

To remember your own liability to mistake, and hence, so far as truth and conscience will allow, always to acquiesce in the decisions of the church, since peace cannot long be maintained in any society where matters are decided by numbers, unless the minority peacefully submit to the majority.—1 Peter v. 5.

Often to consult the precepts of Scripture, and look at the example of the Savior. The question "How would Jesus have acted?" would throw light on many difficult cases.—1 Peter ii. 21.

If a fellow-member has offended you, to consider how glorious, how godlike, it is to forgive, and how unlike a Christian to revenge.—Colossians iii. 18.

To consider in how many ways Christian usefulness is promoted when love prevails among believers, and what sad effects follow when they act alone, and in a contrary spirit.—Ecclesiasticus iv. 12.

To recollect how deeply your minister is concerned in your peace and prosperity, and how cutting it is to the heart of a faithful pastor to hear of strifes and divisions among the followers of the Savior. —2 Corinthians ii. 3.

To avoid, as you value the prosperity of your own souls, and your mutual peace and comfort, all idle disputings about words to no profit, observing that "strides of words" are not only barren of profit, but productive of envy, railing, and evil surmising.—1 Timothy vi. 4.

To remember and regard the wise rule of Solomon, to leave off contention before it be meddled with.—Proverbs xvii. 14.

If, notwithstanding all your care, offences should arise, and brethren disagree, to endeavor, by every means in your power, and at any expense of personal feeling, to reunite them in love. Blessed are the peace-makers.—Matthew v. 9.

Lastly. To think much of heaven, where all real Christians, however divided on earth, will meet at last in one grand assembly, and where all shall unite in everlasting ascriptions of glory and blessing to him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever.—Revelation vii. 9–12.

True Faith.

BY S. S. LEONARD.

ALTHOUGH Christ has died for all, it does not follow that all will be saved. The atonement proves efficacious only to those who comply with the condition on which God has seen fit to suspend salvation. The doctrine of the Bible is, that none were justified but those that possess faith in Christ. When the Philippian jailer asked Paul and Silas what he should do to be saved, they replied, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—(Acts xvi. 31.) "For by grace are ye saved, through faith," says the apostle to the Ephesians.—(Ephesians ii. 8.) The establishment of the doctrine of justification by faith meets the great end that St. Paul had in view, in writing his epistle to the Galatians.

But what is the character of the faith? It is not a mere intellectual belief in the truths of Christianity. A belief in these is requisite as the foundation for a justifying faith. It is impossible for him who disbelieves any of the cardinal doctrines of the Scriptures, to exercise faith in Christ. Indeed, such persons generally deny altogether the necessity of the atonement. But, while this is true, it is not less true that there are thousands who would not dare to call in question any of the doctrines of the Bible, who are utterly destitute of the faith that brings the sinner into the favor of God. We are informed that even the devils believe and tremble.—(James ii. 19.) If a mere belief in Christianity be true faith, it must follow that no one that possesses this belief can feel that the wrath of God abideth upon him; for we were told that "There is, therefore, now no condemnation

to them that are in Christ Jesus."—(Romans ix. 1.) But is this the case? Alas! hundreds realize that their knowledge of sacred things but adds to their sense of condemnation.

Saving faith is a work of the heart. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness."—(Romans x. 10.) It is a t rust in Christ as *my* Savior. It not only apprehends him as having made an atonement for sins in general, but lays hold upon his death as the propitiation for my own particular sins. Mere belief receives him as the Savior of the world; but justifying faith looks upon him as having made provision for my especial case. The sinner feels that he has offended against a just and holy being; and gazes around, in search of some shelter from the storm of God's wrath. But where shall he fly? The law thunders in his ears, "Pay me what thou owest," and he is utterly unable to comply with its demands. His works have now lost all the merit that he once ascribed to them. Neither can he find comfort by looking into the future; for, as he gazes forward, the clouds that gather around him appear to become more and more dense. While he thus stands and trembles as he thinks of the holiness of him whose law he has broken, he catches a glimpse of the cross; and upon his ear falls the exhortation, "Look unto me and be ye saved." He flies to Calvary. And, as he bows there, and sends up the heart-felt prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," his faith lays hold of Christ as his only hope; and he feels that God smiles upon him. The language of this faith is—

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

This faith always produces obedience to the law of God. It always begets in the heart love to God and to man. We cannot love God until we have at least good reason to suppose that he smiles upon us. But wherever there is confidence in God, that confidence is accompanied by love; and love and obedience are inseparable.—(John xiv. 21.)

But to the law and the testimony. St. James tells us, that "As the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also."—(James ii. 26.) And does not St. Paul teach the same doctrine in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews? When he would illustrate the character of faith, he points us to its influence upon the conduct of those who possess it. He tells us that it was his faith that led Abraham to become a sojourner in a strange land.—(Hebrews xi. 8–10.) It was this that caused Moses to turn away from the wealth and honors of Egypt.—(Hebrews xi. 24—26.) Indeed, the apostle has, in this chapter, cut up antinomianism by the roots. May we not then safely conclude that faith in Christ and a bad life are never found together?

Personal Experience of Mrs. Caroline McKibbin.

With the subject of the following sketch, I am personally acquainted. Her residence is Rochester, N. Y. As a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, she is numbered among the most influential females in the city. Declining to write it herself, she has consented to give me the leading facts of her Christian experience, to be arranged for the Guide.

Sister McKibbin was converted in 1830. For five years she lived in the faithful discharge of duty, and felt the approving smile of Heaven on her daily course. She then began to lose her hold on God, and gradually sank into a state of half-heartedness and formality, which are the too general characteristics of professed Christians. Thus she lived on for years, sometimes considerably revived in seasons of special religious interest, and again bidding farewell to almost the last spark of vitality, which had been kindled in her heart. She saw the masses in the church floating on the popular current, and why could not she as well? If they indulged high hopes of endless life, her own prospect was quite as

encouraging as theirs. By such reasoning as this her spiritual eye-sight was dimmed, and by living on the imperfections of others her soul was well-nigh starved to death. Yet her conscience was not wholly seared, nor her light entirely extinguished. Though she conformed to the world by adorning herself with the trappings of pride, yet she *knew* these were all wrong, and often sought to conceal her jewels in class-meetings and other religious gatherings. In this fluctuating way, she lived for years; a reputable member of the church, regarded as a real Christian by her leaders, and often called upon to open or close a social meeting by prayer.

But four years ago, a new era dawned in her history. During a powerful revival of religion in St. John's Church, she became deeply stirred. The light of eternal truth began to penetrate the dark depths of her heart. She looked around, and saw her family unsaved; and saw, too, how she had lived before them. She had been married eighteen years; but no family altar, no earnest entreaties, gave evidence of concern for the salvation of her unconverted husband. Responsibility, in its overwhelming solemnity and magnitude, loomed up before her. She was full of self-reproach and self-abasement, in view of her guilty neglect. O how shorn of her strength; how destitute of love and zeal; how backslidden from God in the bosom of the church! She saw and *felt* that sudden death would be sudden hell! Her emotions and fears were all awake. She struggled hard and resolutely; and ere long, was clearly restored to the favor of God.

In close connection with this, she felt her responsibilities to her family, as she had never done before. She saw them sinking, and sent up an earnest cry for their rescue; solemnly promising if God would save them, her entire energies should be consecrated to his service, though at the expense of every thing she held dear. God took her at her word. Her entire family converted within a few days. She rejoiced exceedingly in the mercy of God which had been shown both to herself and those whom she so tenderly loved. Still, she felt the lack of something in her own heart which she could hardly define. The doctrine of holiness had not been distinctly preached in her hearing; yet she felt the existence of something in her heart, which did not partake of the divine nature. The consciousness of her own weakness, and the lively remembrance of her past delinquencies, reminded her very forcibly that she would be no more likely to stand in the future than she had in the past, unless the conscious inward want of purity and power should be supplied. This realization drove her to earnest effort. Her desire was kindled to a flame, and increased to a mighty intensity. Yet with all these earnest longings, there was an ignorance of the way of full redemption. She knew not the precise steps to be taken, but expended her energies to a great extent in vain, and lingered long in the twilight; without hardly knowing whither to turn for help, or how to be fully delivered. On one occasion she arose three different times in meeting, and tried to define her position, but was after all unable to express the deep strugglings and earnest desires of her heart. But though she did not clearly understand the matter at once, she struggled on, resolved not to rest, till her feet were set in a large place. Several months thus passed away, and, in the following August, she attended the Bergen Camp-meeting, in Genesee County. Here she heard the way of holiness clearly explained by ministers who enjoyed its inward blessedness; and listened also to the thrilling experiences of private members in the deep things of God. Under such instruction, her vagueness and obscurity soon vanished, the work of crucifixion was complete, and she emerged triumphantly into the sun-light of perfect love. The swelling shouts of saints on earth went up to heaven, and mingled with the out-gushing melodies of angel choristers, proclaiming the joyful tidings that another heart had been fully

redeemed from sin. She soon felt the duty imposed upon her of *professing* what wonderful triumphs grace had achieved in her soul. This cross was readily taken up, not only on the camp-ground, but after she returned home; though for a time it seemed a heavy task to talk it out in definite terms, before those with whom she had so long mingled. And this cross was rendered still more heavy by the advice of her preacher not to profess it publicly, but to smooth and generalize it over, so as to be less objectionable. But no sooner did she open her mouth in declaration of God's gracious work, than she felt the smile of Jesus beaming with heavenly sweetness on her soul. Nor was it a transient blessing which she received; for Jesus entered and *kept* her heart. He *abode* with her, a permanent guest. Onward has been her course, and the light has shone with increasing brightness, as she has followed the footsteps of Jesus Christ. Nor has she been wafted along on "flowery beds of ease;" but *crosses* and *sacrifices* have been scattered along her pathway, which nothing but deep sympathy with Christ, and a yearning love for souls, could have qualified her to bear. But what are all these, when balanced against the far-reaching sympathy and love, which the Friend of sinners has borne to us? Finally, I would say, it is clearly observable that her *gifts* have increased with her *graces*; so that her real usefulness has been greatly augmented by her entire devotion to Christ.

A. A. PHELPS.

March, 1857.

Eye-Service.

Do you know what "eye-service" means? You remember where the expression is used? St. Paul, in his epistle to the Colossians, iii. 22, writes—"Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye-service, as men pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God." I have no doubt that you have often seen persons performing eye-service. Did you ever see a boy at school, who kept his eyes upon his book and seemed to be studying his lesson very attentively and very diligently, because he knew his teacher was looking at him, and who, as soon as his teacher's eyes were turned in another direction, was gazing about neglecting his task, and, perhaps doing some mischief? That was eye-service. I hope you never do anything like that, but that, "in singleness of heart, fearing God," you always try to be good and do your duty, whether any one is looking at you or not. I heard an amusing and instructive story lately, which will help you to remember what eye-service is, and which may be of use to guard you against it, if you are tempted to be so foolish and wicked as to say or do what a mere human eye would have kept you from saying or doing. A party of slaves were engaged in a West India sugar house, attending to the various processes by which the fresh sweet juice of the cane is made into what I suppose we all are very fond of—sugar. They were dipping the juice out from one of the sugar vessels in which it was boiling, and pouring it into the next, several of these vessels being in a range; they were skimming, and at last running off the juice, when in a fit state, into large flat receivers, great shallow trays, where it soon cooled and crystallized, and presented the inviting aspect of sugar. Now these workmen had a "sweet tooth," and were glad of a chance to take a drink of the cane juice, or to slip into their mouths lumps of the new sugar. But they dared not do this while the overseer was present, looking at them and directing their labors. They kept their hands from picking and stealing then. But sometimes the overseer would grow weary and throw himself down in the sugar house and go to sleep. Then was the time for those who did only eye-service. Any who obeyed in singleness of heart, fearing God, kept on with their work, and were just as honest as though the overseer had continued wide awake. The rest helped themselves to the juice and sugar. A new overseer had recently been set over

them, and one day he threw himself down to rest. The eye-service people waited a while, and one of them took a look at the overseer, hoping he was asleep; but no, his eye was open. Presently he began to breathe as people do when they are falling asleep. Now, thought they, we shall have a chance. But, no, on looking, still the eye was open. They waited awhile till they heard the overseer snoring. This was a sure sign, they thought, that there was no danger now; but they deemed it safest to take another look. To their amazement and consternation, still the eye was open. They were almost ready to suppose there must be a sort of witchcraft about this; an overseer sleeping, snoring, with his eye open. But there was no witchcraft about it. The overseer lying on his side had turned towards the workmen his *glass eye;* he had lost an eye, and a glass eye had been put in its place; and there it was, always open, keeping watch while he slept, serving a good purpose with those who were only men-pleasers and did nothing but eye-service. Afraid of a glass eye—kept from stealing by a glass eye; how they must have been laughed at, and have laughed at each other, when the circumstance came to be known! Now I think we might call all honesty and industry which were practised only because they were seen of men, "glass-eye honesty," and "glass-eye industry." If you are ever tempted to be good, only because parent or teacher is looking at you, or to do wrong because he is not, think of the "glass eye." Let each child say, I will not be satisfied with "glass-eye obedience."—[Banner of the Cross.

Cheering tidings from Bangor.

DEAR BROTHER:—THE lovers of the "Guide" will be happy to learn that, in many instances, there is an unusual awakening to the subject of holiness, with the members of our sister churches in this city. One year last January, a lady connected with one of the Congregational societies came very clearly into possession of this great blessing, and through her influence it has been diffusing its mild but radiant light, attracting many hearts. Last autumn, a female prayer-meeting was established, having, for its especial object, the searching of the scriptures, conversation and prayer, upon this point. The original number was seven, five Congregationalists and two Methodists; but, although small in its beginnings, it has been like the leaven, working silently but surely. About fifty names have been numbered with us during the progress of this effort, and the average attendance, (each fortnight) not less than twelve. Several individuals have been signally blessed in connection with this means of grace. The spirit's influences have been present, to "lead in the paths of righteousness, to restore the soul." In some instances, the advancement in grace has been marked as with a sunbeam, and the clouds which had long enshrouded the spirit, have passed rapidly away. Much prejudice has been removed by a correct presentation of that "purity of heart," which God requires, and which is everywhere brought out in his holy word. A similar effort was commenced about three months since, in the form of a Bible Class, which is held once a week on Saturday evening. This is open to all, both brethren and sisters, who are sincerely seeking to know and possess the mind that was in Christ. This class has had an average attendance of fourteen, and is found to be a privilege of deep interest. The time (with exception of an opening and closing prayer,) is occupied in a mutual examination of the lesson, selected the previous week, a suitable person being appointed to lead in the exercises. In this, as in the occasion above attended to, nearly all the evangelical churches in the city are represented, which, we hope, may result in the answer to that prayer, "That they all may be one; as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." The evening of the 28th March

was a season of deep interest, while the class was dwelling upon the words, "that ye may be filled with all the fulness of God," a divine influence seemed to fall upon every heart. At this point, an aged Baptist brother, (who is remarkable for his simple and child-like piety,) related his early experience of that "purity of heart," which sees God in all things. How beautiful it appeared! There was no cavilling spirit, no doubting Thomas. All were ready to exclaim "Amen,—so let it be." One brother was enabled to step into the "pool, while the waters were troubled." Others saw and felt more clearly their privilege as children of the New Covenant, and have been led more earnestly to seek the mind that was in Christ. That these united meetings may redound to his glory, is the prayer of many hearts.

Bangor, April 17th, 1857.

Humility.

BY I. STACY.

TRUE humility, which consists in self-abasement, and a proper estimate of one's own unworthiness in the sight of God, is very commendable, as well as very desirable, and is inseparably connected with the Christian character. Waging war as it ever does, with pride, haughtiness, arrogance and the like, it manifests itself in meekness, and in quiet submission to the Divine will. It need be looked for only in the life and example of the truly pious. This is true, from the consideration that it cannot be obtained but by a knowledge and practice of the sublime truths of the Bible. Hence the Apostle James says: "Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and He will lift you up." This accomplishment shines bright in the beautiful constellation of Christian graces, and helps much to make an impression on those unrenewed by Divine grace of the reality of the Christian religion. Its true source, as above intimated, is found in the Bible. The Spirit teaches humility in beauty, in simplicity, and in power, to the faithful, devoted child of God. Far from manifesting an ostentatious spirit, therefore, the individual who possesses it as required in the Scriptures, "Let his moderation be known to all men;" and instead of being satisfied with things fanciful and imaginary, turns his attention to things real and substantial. The practical workings of it are necessary to secure to the soul prosperity in pure and undefiled religion. A person, or nation, may be humbled or brought low by the force and ingenuity of a superior power, and yet be destitute of genuine humility, for the plain reason that there has been no submission of the heart. The soul that has placed itself under the tuition of the Spirit of Truth, consents to leave its haughtiness and imaginary dignity, and "becomes clothed upon with humility," and "yielding the peaceable fruits of right eousness." The individual who professes follow Christ without it, may have the form of godliness, but will be destitute of its power. He may have a name to live, but will be dead. It therefore becometh the Church, in its individual members, to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before the Lord." And we have the authority of the great Teacher in saying that he that thus "humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Queensbury.

A Beautiful Incident.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cambridge *Chronicle*, writing from Nantucket, gives the following beautiful example of disinterested benevolence:

Many years ago, a husband and father started from his home to commence his morning work in a rope-walk upon our island. Breakfast time came, and as was her wont, his faithful wife left her home to convey her husband's breakfast to him. The snow had been falling for some time, but she heeded it not, and started to cross some open lots in the outskirts of our town. The wind blew violently, and the blinding snow disturbed her so that she lost her path; and when found, some time after, she was

leaning against a rail fence *smothered*, frozen, dead. The father died also, I think, ere long, and their two orphan children were taken to our almshouse. Years passed, and the children grew to womanhood, and, in turn, were wives and mothers. The husband of one of them was drowned a few years ago near our island, leaving several young children. An aged man who had befriended his wife in early years, then took her to his home, and there she toiled hard to support her children. In some way the old man's property was used, until he had nothing left but his humble dwelling. Then the widow toiled to support him, till he saw that she was wasting away under her arduous labor, and *nobly, generously*, sent for a lawyer, and gave her his cottage, which he had toiled hard to obtain, and in which he had hoped to spend his days, and went himself to dwell in our almshouse. He shares a pauper's home to-day, but his gray hairs are a crown of glory to him. The widow would have preferred to struggle on for her benefactor, but he knew that his life's sands were almost run, and it mattered little where he should lie in the hour of death. One day last winter, a lady gave the children of this poor widow some food for their hard-working mother, and an apple each for themselves. When she next saw them, she asked how they liked the apples, and the reply was, "We did not eat them ourselves, but carried them to our grandfather at the poor house."

The teacher of our High School recently related the above to a large audience at a Sabbath School Festival in our town, and while tears flowed freely even down the cheek of manhood, at the pathetic account, of which very few had any knowledge, every true heart recognized the real nobility of the aged pauper, and deemed such an act of self-sacrifice at once generous and disinterested.

It must needs be that offenses come, but woe to him by whom the offense cometh.

A Scotch Sabbath.

We often hear complaints of the rigidness of the old Puritan Sabbaths, but the Scotch, who most nearly resemble the Puritans in their reverence for the Lord's day, do not find its hours heavy, or its duties irksome. A writer in *Frazer's Magazine*, viewing this strict observance wholly in a worldly point of view, gives the following account of it:

"A Sunday at the sea-side, or, as Scotch people prefer calling it, a Sabbath, is an enjoyable thing. The steamers that come down on Saturday evening are crammed to the last degree. Houses, which are already fuller than they can hold, receive half-a-dozen new inmates—how stowed away we cannot even imagine. Every one, of course, goes to church on Sunday morning; no Glasgow man who values his character, durst stay away. We shall not soon forget the beauty of the calm Sunday on that beautiful shore—the shadows of the distant mountains, the smooth sea, the church bell faintly heard from across the water, the universal turning out of the population to the house of prayer, or rather of preaching. There is a general air of quiet; people speak in lower tones; there are no joking and laughing. And the Frith, so covered with steamers on week-days, is to-day unruffled by a single paddle-wheel. Still, it is a mistake to fancy that a Scotch Sunday is necessarily a gloomy thing. There are no excursion trains, no pleasure trips in steamers, no tea-gardens open; but it is a day of quiet domestic enjoyment, not saddened, but hallowed, by the sacredness of the day. The truth is, the feeling of the sanctity is so ingrained into the nature of most Scotchmen by their early training, that they could not enjoy Sunday pleasuring. Their religious sense—their superstition, if you choose—would make them miserable on a Sunday excursion."

"None but Christ to me be given,
None but Christ in earth or heaven."

The Power of God.

AN INCIDENT.

PROFESSED religion, and united with the church when a child. Occasionally, I had the witness of justification, but lived most of the time in the spirit of the world. Notwithstanding the pious training with which I had been favored, and the examples of the few who lived as way marks to heaven, I gradually became sceptical in my views. About this time, I attended a camp-meeting. It was the first opportunity of the kind I had been privileged with. As I entered upon the ground, I felt a lack of congeniality with those who were there to worship God. During the progress of the meeting, a superannuated minister arose to preach. His subject was "The purpose of Joshua to have a heart fully set to do that which was right in the sight of the Lord." I do not know whether the sermon was systematic or not. I only remember the deep impression it produced. At its close, my eyes were red with weeping.

The last evening at length arrived. At the close of the public service, arrangements were made in the tent where I staid for a prayer-meeting. Circumstances looked forbidding, as some had left the ground and others were weary. The superannuated preacher, above referred to, together with two other ministers, (an aged man and his colleague) and a few lay members, composed the company. They knelt in prayer. The power of God was present

"The passions to recall
And bid them upward rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes."

The moral aspect of things immediately assumed a more cheering aspect. The young minister who, a short time before, had complained of a want of feeling, was now laid prostrate on the ground, the subject of deep spiritual exercises. While one was engaged in prayer for the penitent backslider, the other was watching with intense interest and pleasure, at the work which God was carrying on in the heart of his colleague. Others partook of the gracious influence in large measures. I left the ground the next morning with an abiding impression of the vitality of revealed religion which I have never since lost, and which has led me to become both a seeker and partaker of like precious faith.

ELVIRA THOMPSON.

The Midnight Awakening.

REV. MR. E—, missionary to Turkey, when, several years since, he was returning from the presbytery which gave him license to preach, stopped for a night with a younger brother who was attending school in the town of L—. After retiring to rest, he was seized with a violent attack of disease which his physicians had told him might prove fatal if another assault ever laid him low. He awakened his brother, and calmly stated the facts, desiring him to inquire immediately for the remedy prescribed in case of such an emergency. He alluded without agitation to the probability that the day would dawn upon his lifeless form.

This scene awakened an irreligious young man in an adjoining room, and he heard the calm words of the suffering Christian. Nothing was said, at the time, of the eternal realities that lie beyond death.

In the morning after Mr. E—, who was convalescent, had gone, the careless youth inquired of the brother, his classmate, "if his religion had anything to do with that tranquillity in view of death. The reply was, "It was that alone that could give it."

The traveller was ere long self-exiled on a foreign shore for his divine Master's sake. Upon his return, after the lapse of years, his brother reminded him of the scene of that night when eternity seemed so near, and gave him the pleasing intelligence of that young man's conversion who dated his saving convictions to the midnight waking, and had entered college with the gospel ministry in view. Very recently, Mr. E. learned further that he had sailed as a missionary

to distant lands. And yet they never exchanged a word, and may not till they meet before the judgment throne to see their Redeemer "make up his jewels." Life is not only more solemn than death, but when has any man a right to be careless of his words and example? Who dare say then the destiny of a soul and the blessing or curse to follow upon the world may not be poised upon his idlest speech or unconscious influence in the stillness of apparently solitary hours? And who can rashly live without a faith simple, yet so strong that death may suddenly come without a terror in his conquest? P. C. H.

God and the Soul.

A PARAPHRASE UPON 1 JOHN V. 16.

"——dwelleth in God, and God in him."

My God is all things unto me;
All God is also mine:
I am, O Lord, wholly in thee,
And also wholly thine.
God is all things unto me.

The powers of each created good
In God are all contained;
In him my comforts all do bud,
Flourish, and are maintained.
All God is mine.

He gave me all that he had made,
All which did not suffice
My larger soul; therefore I prayed,
He gave himself likewise.
I am wholly in God.

In the midst of God I live and breathe,
In him alone I 'm bright;
The rays with which I shine beneath,
Are borrowed from his light.
I am wholly God's.

O Lord I'm not at all mine own,
Nor for another free;
Let life be a reflection
Of beams received from thee.

All things below thee, Lord, I judge
To be below my soul;
O let my nobler mind e'en grudge,
Itself in dust to roll.

Be more myself, O God, to me,
Than I myself have been;
Make me, O God, more one with thee,
Than with myself! Amen.

The Itinerating Missionaries.

In the January and July numbers of the Journal for last year, there are notices of Rev. Messrs. Raglan, Fenn, and Meadows, missionaries of the English Church Missionary Society, who have devoted themselves to the work of going from place to place, preaching the gospel, in Tinnevelly. The following extract from a letter written by one of the missionaries of the American Board in the Madura field to a friend in this country, relating to these men, will be read with interest, though it has been mislaid, and is now some months old.

"Yesterday, we had a delightful visit from Rev. Dr. Sayers, a first-rate man, thoroughly evangelical, and with a good deal of ardent, simple-hearted piety. I enjoyed his visit much. He gave me a very detailed account of the labors of 'Raglan & Co.,' itinerant missionaries in Tinnevelly. There are four of them living together, and they spend their whole time preaching Christ in the villages. He gave the history of one day.

"They all rise at day dawn, and after a 'word of prayer together,' go in four different directions, to as many villages in the neighborhood. Returning about half past seven, after uniting in prayer, they bathe, dress, meet their servants and others for prayer and reading the Scriptures, and then breakfast; after which each one retires to a different corner of the common room, for private reading, meditation, and prayer.

"After dinner, at half past two, an hour or two is spent over some portion of the Bible, each one reading a verse, and making any remarks he may wish, all in an easy, conversational way. Then all go out in different directions as in the morning, and return a little after dark.

They are well, exceedingly happy and cheerful, and God is blessing their labors.

How simple-hearted and earnest they are! They have each a tent, and a large room in common. They seldom see strangers. Their expenses do not exceed sixty or eighty rupees per month—travelling, food, servants, every thing included. They did not seem to know that their clothes were getting shabby, shoes worn out, etc., or, if they did, they gave no thought to it. They had not heard the news, several weeks old, of important public events. They are all highly educated men, and Raglan himself is a 'fellow of Cambridge,' for which he gets £300 a year, not a farthing of which he draws, but appropriates it yearly to the Lord's service.

"This is my *beau-idea* of missionary life. But the best is untold. They are the most earnest, simple-hearted Christians you ever saw. Blessed Savior! Lord of the harvest! Send more such, and make us such."—[Journal of Missionaries.

What hinders Every One from being all the Lord would have them be?

We would begin with the unconverted. What hinders such, when the spirit convinces of sin, and the convict desires religion Why are there thousands of such, now strangers to the peace of the gospel? They trust not to the all-sufficiency of grace to make them what they should be just now, but try first to get better themselves. Why is not every justified soul all he should be? There are thousands who feel they are not. They are earnestly desired to be better. Ah! they, like the convict, believe not in the all-sufficiency of grace to make them what they should be, just now.

Why does even the sanctified soul fail, at times, to live up to his privileges, and be and do just what his Father would have him? At such times, he fails to realize the fact that grace sufficient for every want and every emergency is ready for him.

The Sad Consequences of this Unbelief.

The sinner excuses himself for living in sin, because he is not a Christian. The Christian excuses himself for not being wholly conformed to the Word because he is not sanctified.

The former says, I would not do so if I was a Christian, the latter, I would be different if I were sanctified. Thus speaking, they condemn themselves, for grace to make them what they should be is provided for them, and they are invited to come and take freely "*whosoever will.*" And yet they stay away, hungry, thirsty, unhappy, starving, perishing. Whatever your wants, whatever your condition, if not lost to all good, there is grace sufficient in Jesus, to make you what you should be. Will you believe it? Will you receive it? O that now you would so cease from your own efforts and trust for grace sufficient to overcome every difficulty. May the Holy Spirit guide you. It will if you depend on it.

Singular Coincidence.—We visited few days since, a spot rendered somewha memorable, as having been the scene of a duel between two of Kentucky's chivalrous sons. The position of the duelists, about eighteen paces apart, was marked by two trees, one of which bears the initials of one of the parties' entire name, cut in the bark, the other bears only the initia l of the last name of the other party. The tree, under which the party stood who was killed, is dead, having, as we are creditably informed, gradually decayed from that time. The other is singularly typical of the condition of the surviving party, who is now an inmate of a lunatic asylum, standing as it does, with the lower branches full of life and verdure, while its top is dead and leafless.—[Georgetown, D. C., Journal.

A calm hour with God is worth a whole life time with man.—[McCheyne.

Weep not, Christian.

The following lines, which appeared in the Christian Advocate and Journal, some twenty years since, we republish at the request of one of our subscribers.

Weep not, Christian, though oppression
O'er these wasted lands abound;
Wrongs with uncontroled aggression,
Spread their baneful influence round.
Still forbear impassioned feeling,
Wipe the trembling tear away;
God for thee, is now revealing
Worlds of infinite array.

Sigh not, Christian, though thy crosses
Far exceed what others bear,
Heaven will reimburse thy losses,
All thy injuries repair.
Beauteous robes will soon be tendered,
For the anguish here sustained,
More than double will be rendered,
More than paradise regained.

Fear not, Christian, war's fierce minions,
Firmer grasp thy sword and shield;
Dauntless hear their hostile clarions
Challenge to the battle-field.
Led by virtue's nobler interest,
Bolder than a lion stand;
God will mark thy way to conquest,
With a strong and mighty hand.

Fear not, Christian, life's rough ocean,
Though its waves infuriate be;
Raging seas in wild commotion,
Will not, cannot injure thee.
Thou shalt brave the howling tempest,
Fearless ride the foaming main:
By Omnipotence encompassed,
Heaven's own peaceful harbor gain.

There perpetual calm and glory
Past the surging billows roar;
Bliss unfading lies before thee,
Where the winter's storm is o'er.
Far surpassing expectation,
Blooms the regions of the blest;
There the grieved find consolation,
And the wearied soul its rest.

Sigh not, Christian, full enjoyment,
Shall thy endless portion be;
Sweetest praise, thy loved employment,
Chanted through eternity.
There where rest each gentle spirit,
Peace extends a boundless sway;
There the ransomed shall inherit,
Mansions of eternal day.

Here we know not what we shall be,
But when Jesus doth appear,
Clothed with all his dazzling glory,
Then we shall his likeness bear.
Halleluiah to our Savior,
He hath brought our souls to God;
Glory be to him forever,
Who hath washed us in his blood.

O ye cherub millions o'er us,
Tune your soft etherial lyres;
Praise him who redeemed and made us,
All ye high angelic choirs.
Halleluiah to our Savior,
He redeemed us with his blood;
Glory be to him forever,
Who hath brought us home to God.

"I."

In all I think, or do, or say,
"I" must come, must have its way:
"I" is first, and "I" is last;
"I" is present; "I" is past.
Yes, and oft this little "I"
Mars my generosity;
When I think 't is all for "you,"
"I" has motives not a few.
O, you little egotist,
Of my life the greatest pest!
If I could be rid of *you*,
I would act from motives new;
But to me you fondly cling—
With you ever sorrow bring;
Others vanished from thy sight;
Self seems only thy delight.
But 't will not be always so—
"I" shall learn its place to know;
Yes, this little tyrant "I,"
Shall leave its place before I die;
"I" no more shall rule my heart,
Nor selfish thoughts to me impart,
I 'll cast the petty tyrant down—
Nor shall it rule this little town.

Lonella.

The Guide to Holiness.

MAY, 1857.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

THE NEW BIRTH.—Rev. Dr. Tying, in a recent sermon in Philadelphia, illustrated the subject of the new birth by the following anecdote:

Shortly after the celebrated Summerfield came to this country, the young and beautiful preacher, on some public occasion, met a distinguished doctor of theology, who said to him,

"Mr. Summerfield, where were you born sir?"

"I was born," said he, "in Dublin and in Liverpool."

"Ah! how can that be?" inquired the doctor.

The boy preacher paused a moment, and answered,

"Art thou a master in Israel, and understandest not these things?"

THANKSDOING.—The following item is in the November Monthly and Bible Reporter of the British and Foreign Bible Society, under the head of DONATIONS:

A thank-offering for mercies in affliction,——£150 (about $575).

Is there not something in this act that says to the heart, Go thou and do likewise? It puts one in mind of some very pleasant thoughts by Jeremy Taylor, about *thanks-doing* and *thanksgiving*, and it is worth inquiring whether we Protestants, in our aversion to Roman and heathen usages, on the ground of the merit of good works, have not too much neglected a practice which is the dictate of the human heart everywhere, and universal in all cases, excepting where God is the benefactor.

PARIS SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—The London Patriot of March 5th, contains the following paragraph: A Christian of New York, interested for a long time past in Sunday Schools, said one day to himself—"The children divided into little groups of four or five, might employ the whole church of adults in teaching them, and this instruction given and received would be the most efficacious and prompt means to convert the world! Which nation is the most likely to carry out my idea? France, no doubt, so essentially propagandist! I will cross the sea, and inoculate her with my thoughts." Steam carries Mr. Woodruff over land and sea; in twelve days he reaches Paris; he then visits all the pastors, superintendents, teachers; exhorts and urges on, until at length, all the little Sunday Schools of Paris and the environs, hitherto unknown to each other, met on Thursday, the 12th instant, at the church of the Oratoire, to the number of one thousand eight hundred children, and sang hymns, and listened to speeches from Wesleyans, Calvinists, Nationals, Independents, English, French, and Americans. The crowd was so great, that many could not enter the church, already filled with thousands.

AN UNCOMMON OCCURRENCE.—The Albany *Knickerbocker* says a very singular affair occurred in the Court of General Sessions at the last term. A woman was brought up and placed before her own brother, who was on the Bench, arraigned on a charge of keeping a house of prostitution. The brother sat pale and motionless as marble, yet stern and inflexible as the Roman father who passed the sentence of death on his own son. The woman, though old in crime and lost to shame, was so overcome by the scene, that, on reaching her seat, she wept burning tears. It was a scene rarely witnessed, and we hope never to see the like again.

REVIVAL IN THE RHODE ISLAND STATE PRISON.—The following is from the Providence correspondent of the Christian Times:—In the State Prison, located here, where sin has abounded, grace much more abounds. For six months or more, the ordinary service of the Chaplain, and Bible class exercises, have been specially owned of God, and some twenty-five of the convicts have been hopefully converted. Among these are the entire class of Dr. Wayland, as also one taught by a Mr. Willard, a friend of mine, a layman in Rev. Mr. Field's church.

GLORYING. — An Anglican minister wrote in a Lady's Album as follows:—"I glory in being a member of the Church of England."

(Signed,) A. B.

"A Presbyterian minister wrote immediately under it, these words:—'But God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

THE LOCK.—A lock was shown to Gotthold, constructed of rings which were severally inscribed with certain letters, and could be turned round until the letters represented the name Jesus. It was only when the rings were disposed in this manner, that the lock could be opened. The invention pleased him beyond measure, and he exclaimed: "O that I could put such a lock as this upon my heart!" Our hearts are already locked, no doubt, but generally with a lock of quite another kind. Many need only to hear the words Praise, Honor, Pleasure, Riches, Revenge, and their hearts open in a moment, whereas, to the Savior and to his holy name, it continues shut. May the Lord Jesus engrave his name with his own finger upon our hearts, that they may remain closed to worldly joy and worldly pleasure, self-interest, fading honor, and low revenge, and open only to him.—[Friend's Review.

HARLAN Page once went through his Sabbath school to take its spiritual census. Coming to one of the teachers, he said: "Shall I put you down as having a hope in Christ?" The teacher frankly replied, "No." "Then," said Mr. Page, tenderly, "I will put you down as having no hope." He closed his little memorandum book, and went on to the next class. He said no more to the young man, but that word was enough; "No hope." God's Spirit strove with that teacher's soul, until he found a hope at the cross of Jesus.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

AN APOLOGY.—The lateness of our issue, and the delay to which we have subjected correspondents, in replying to their communications, seem to require, at least, a word of explanation. In the early part of March, we found it necessary to transfer our accounts to a new set of books. We had scarcely completed this task, (by no means a small one,) before we were left comparatively alone in the office; our principal clerk having entered, in accordance with a long cherished purpose, upon an educational course. We hope this explanation will be satisfactory; and as the vacancy in the office has been filled again, and our business brought up, we trust hereafter, we shall be able to avoid all occasions of delay. Should we, however, require further forbearance, we doubt not our friends will be ready to accord it.

RELIGIOUS PERIODICALS.—We find, from communications in our Exchanges, that there are some who deprecate the semi-secular character of the religious press. We suppose the charge is chiefly made against religious weeklies. If by this, it is intended to exclude all secular matter, we hardly think the complaint judicious, or well founded.

No one will question the need of information on general subjects as well as in regard to matters pertaining to the spiritual life—and as many are not able to take more than one newspaper, this want must be met by a department of general intelligence. If, however, the complaint is aimed at the meagreness of the religious element in papers professedly devoted to the promotion of spirituality, we think it not altogether groundless. Not every article written on religious subjects, can claim to be *religious*. There is a species of gladiatorship in the defense of our peculiar *ism*, a spirit of self-sufficiency and bitterness in the management of religious controversy, a bandying of compliments and of personal criminations which are a savor of death unto death, rather than of life unto life. How far the religious press are open to this charge, it would hardly become us to say; but, after giving due credit for all that has been done in the way of improvement, we think it not too much to say that more might be done. The religious press in its holy mission needs to be baptized as truly as over the ministry. May God, in his infinite mercy, quicken this, and every other instrumentality for good, in the land.

It is our sincere desire that the Guide should be a *means of grace* to all its readers. To render it more extensively useful, we propose to introduce variety into its pages, but we trust that nothing will ever be found in it, that may not profitably be read on the Sabbath, and in connection with the holiest exercises. Pray, beloved, that the spirit of power and of grace, may rest upon our enterprise.

THE JANUARY NUMBER.—As already announced in our last issue, we are entirely out of the number for January. If any of our Agents, or others, have spare copies of this number, they will oblige us by forwarding the same to our address.

RELIGIOUS INTEREST IN BOSTON.—We took occasion, in one of our late issues, to say that Prof. Finney had commenced a series of revival

efforts in our own loved city. We are happy to announce that his labors have not been in vain in the Lord. Though the tone of religious feeling was low when Prof. F. came among us, the power of truth, and the importunate intercessions of God's people at the throne of divine grace have prevailed, and a precious revival has been in progress.

The Congregationalist says, that "never within the memory of man, have there been in Boston so many cheerful tokens of the universal presence of the Holy Spirit. The influence has reached Harvard College, five students having recently experienced religion, and Professor Huntingdon has established a prayer-meeting for those under his spiritual charge. The revival at Easthampton continues, and from many towns in the State there are accounts of much awakening in the churches."

Professor Finney's labors have not been confined to any one church. He has preached every week, alternately, in the Park street, and Shawmut Congregational churches, and in Dr. Neale's church (Baptist.) In them all a very precious harvest has been gathered. But the gracious influence has not been confined there; all denominations have felt and shared in its blessings.

We are happy to find, from our exchanges, that Boston is not the only favored locality. The Independent devotes some two or three columns to revivals now in progress in the different churches in New York and Brooklyn. Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Dutch Reformed, Episcopalians and Methodists are all sharers in this blessed work.

GIVE US YOUR POST OFFICE.—We have often had occasion to make this request, but we are sorry to say it is as often unheeded. Our readers would be surprised to see what an amount of correspondence and expense this omission has occasioned us. Indeed, after all this labor and expense, we have often been compelled to give it up as a fruitless effort, and allow either monies to remain uncredited, or post office addresses unchanged. To give an idea of the difficulties that arise from want of attending to this request, we clip the following from one of our exchanges, which, it would seem, have their share of annoyance from this source as well as ourselves.

"We have often told our subscribers that the only clew we have to their individual names is by knowing their post-office address. The number of names is now so great that we do not even attempt to find any one of them until we have learned the post-office at which they receive the paper. The greater part of them appear now to understand the matter, so that they are careful to give us the very information required. But there are still not a few who give us, instead of their post-office, the name of the township, or the town title of the village, or the ecclesiastical designation of their parish, of all which we know nothing. Others are particular to give us all the topographical information we could wish, except the very particular thing we want, which is, THE NAME OF THE POST-OFFCE. We had a letter of complaint the other day from a subscriber now living in Wisconsin, who seemed to suppose that our particularity required a minute description of the place at which his letter is dated—which is nothing to the purpose. We copy his note:

"MILWAUKEE, April 2.

"Milwaukee Post-office, State of Wisconsin.

"DEAR INDEPENDENT:—The post-master at Lexington and myself have been writing to you since the first of January, requesting you to stop my paper. I see by your prospectus that no letters of business are attended to unless the names of post-office and State are given. If this is the cause of the papers' still being sent to Lexington, and re-mailed here, the cause no longer exists."

Our friend will see, on a moment's reflection, that he has not yet touched the cause of his repeated failures, inasmuch as there are no less than seventeen post-offices in the country by the name of Lexington, and we know not how many East Lexingtons, Center Lexingtons, and Lexington Villages, at any one of which he may have received the paper. He must try again, or continue to receive his papers until he can tell us which Lexington he means.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—We call the attention of advertisers to our advertising page. We do not propose to admit everything that may be offered. We must carry our consciences here as well as elsewhere. As far as we are able to judge, we will admit of nothing that we do not believe to be what it is recommended. Mrs. Allen's Hair Restorer, found among our other advertisements, is no exception to this remark. We were induced, at first, to admit it, on the strength of its numerous clerical endorsers. We now do it from actual experiment. That it promotes the growth of the hair where baldness had commenced, we now have the evidence of our own eyes. We know nothing of its ingredients, but we can testify to its effects.

As a medium for advertising religious works, we think few have the advantage over us.

A Mother's Portrait,

OR

The Model Mother.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. PALMER.

As morning when she shed her golden locks,
And on the dewy top of Hermon walked,
On Zion's hill, so glorious was her path,
Old men beheld and did her reverence,
And bade their daughters look, and take from her
Example of their future life; the young
Admired, and new resolve of virtue made.
* * * In holiness complete, and in the robes
Of saving righteousness arrayed for heaven,
How fair that day, among the fair she stood!
How lovely on the eternal hills her steps!

POLLOCK.

THE portrait from which we draw our sketch of a Model Mother, presents her as a woman of happy heart and joyous countenance. Now let no mother of careworn, disquieted countenance, after contemplating this sketch, say, so over-burdening and harassing are my cares, that my countenance as a faithful mirror, must picture forth the disquietude of my soul. How can my countenance speak of peace and joy, when overtaxing, diversified solicitudes are ever pressing on my heart? Say not so, dear Christian mother. If you may not readily apprehend causes of joy in your surroundings, or in yourself, yet with the subject of this sketch, it is your privilege to have joy in the Lord. With her, it is your privilege to have the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, filling and ruling your heart. This is the heritage of the believer, and should be your abiding portion. Our *privileges* are *duties*. Yes, high and holy *responsibilities* are involved. Are you indeed a *Christian?* Then you are divinely obligated by virtue of your profession to exemplify to the honor and glory of Christ, the power of his sustaining grace. You are called to testify in all the varied minutiæ of life, by your every look, word, and action, and to the eye of every beholder, the full power of saving grace. Its transforming, saving influences, are to be alike witnessed in its hallowing, joyous, diffusive influences, by those little pratlers around you, or those domestics that wait your bidding, or that beggar that visits your door, as by that titled Christian dignitary, who may occasionally, on set seasons, call on you. And the grace to be answerable to these divinely imposed responsibilities you may *now* have. God is no respecter of persons. We will again ask that you contemplate carefully this picture of *symetrical holiness*, which you here find in this "Portrait of a Mother," as drawn by the hand of a son, who for twenty-two years was closely eying the character of motherly and Christian excellence which you here behold. Say no more in view of your earthly cares, that you cannot be a happy, useful Christian. Think of our "Model Mother," with her sixteen living children, business making large demands on her time, and then mark her happy, orderly household, and herself the most happy of all. And then let us again ask ourselves, "what was the secret of might in the case of this blessed woman?" Here we have it. "She dwelt in God, and God dwelt in her." The words of Christ were fulfilled in her. "If any man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." She was filled with the Spirit. Holiness produced in her so much joy, that none can understand it, unless they possess similar spirituality. Many did not understand it, and yet the world saw that she was a completely *happy woman*. That was the impression she made on all who knew her. It was the phrase by which she was usually characterized; and when she passed away to her home in heaven, the public notice of her disease, by an unknown hand recorded, "This diligent and *happy* Christian, departed this life, etc." It would be well, indeed, if newspapers were constrained by the force of truth, to record the same of

every professing disciple of Christ who departs this life. Shall it be recorded thus of the readers of this sketch?

Gladly would we present this entire picture of excellence; but we must forbear. We will take a glance at her portrait, as we see her coming down to the brink of Jordan. She had sojourned in the wilderness for fifty-two years, and now, as she heard the last hiss of the Old Serpent, as she drew near the swelling waters, she trod peacefully and safely. For several days before her departure, she lay calm and serene, waiting the coming of the last messenger; but, as the end drew near, her happy mind seemed to rise superior to all natural restraints from bodily weakness and pain. Her spirit, in anticipation of being freed from the last incrustations of mortality, beamed out in her countenance, and burst forth into rapturous exultations and praises that turned the house of mourning into a house of joy. She bade others bless the Lord with her, and would have her family assembled around her bed, so that they might together praise the Lord, as in the days of her strength. She literally fulfilled the words of the Psalmist, "rejoiced in glory, and sang upon her bed." Feeling that faith's great battle was won, the last enemy conquered, and that heaven was opened around, she said, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; and I feel already such a weight of glory that I know not how to bear it in my enfeebled state; but still I know that there is more to come." Repeatedly she spoke of her cup of blessing as overflowing. To an esteemed minister, who was about to preach that day at the opening of a new chapel, she said with emphasis, "Preach *Christ;* preach Christ *crucified;* preach Christ crucified *for all men;* preach a *present, free and full salvation for every one that believeth.*" On the morning of her last day on earth, she said to her affectionate husband, as he entered her chamber, "My dear, draw up the window-blind, and let the blessed sunshine from heaven flow freely in, and fill my room." When he had done so, she said, "That will do; the place is now bright as it ought to be on this glad day. Many complain of this world as dark and bad, but I do not; it has been a good and happy world to me, and all whom I have known seem to have been my friends. Come, let us sing together once more our Sabbath hymn." On being reminded that it was not the Sabbath day, she answered, "I know, but it is a blessed day, and a Sabbath to me; for it will be the day when I shall enter my eternal rest!" She continued thus till evening, when her speech failed. But her countenance shone more brightly than ever. Her spirit seemed to beam through the frail tabernacle. And thus she passed away.

Personal Experience.

FOR some time past, it has been impressed on my mind that I ought to write some portions of my experience for the Guide. But a deep sense of my unworthiness has been the barrier to my doing so, and yet the silent impression ever and anon is presented,—perhaps it is your duty, and there may be some weak lamb of the precious fold that may be encouraged by your experience. This hope constrains me to comply, with the fear of resisting the gentle voice of the Spirit, if I refuse. I was blessed, from my earliest recollection, with pious training. Nothing was ever portrayed to my infant mind with so much fear and dread as that of sinning against a good and holy God. I was told of the awful destiny of the wicked, and the bliss of heaven, before I could speak plain.

I was taught to love the pious, particularly the ministers of the gospel, who ever received a hearty welcome under my father's roof, and I felt it a great pleasure to be permitted to hear them converse with my parents, and older brothers and sisters, on the subject of religion. These were the chosen guests of the family; and, thank God, ere I had become grown, I had the

pleasure of hearing four of my dear brothers preach the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ, and of seeing the remaining two members of the church, and one a class-leader. I have seen each of my sisters, three in number, happy in God. I embraced religion at the age of fifteen; felt that I had gained that which would make me happy always, and prepare me for those glorious mansions I had always heard of, as more desirable than all things else.

I, indeed, rejoiced for a season, but soon I felt, springing up in my heart, that which I felt to be sin. O, how grieved was my poor heart! I thought I surely had backslidden. But, on self-examination, I felt that I would sooner die than go back to the world. I loved God, I loved his people, better than before. I wept and prayed, and found comfort; but soon I would feel unholy tempers rising again. I felt discouraged. I seemed to get into a wilderness out of which I could not find my way. I prayed God to teach me my condition. I had formed a most inveterate dislike to the doctrine of perfect love, from what I had heard a lady say of it. I never would read any thing on the subject. One of my brothers, who was a travelling minister, without knowing any thing of the state of my mind, sent me "Christian's Manual," that precious little treatise on the subject, and truly I soon felt that it was sent by God; for it taught me where I was, and what I needed. It was so clearly in accordance with the word of God that I dared not reject its teachings. Indeed, I felt no disposition to do so; for it seemed exactly what I needed. I saw the finger of God in sending it, and took courage, and resolved to seek this full salvation until I obtained it, whether long or short, but felt that I must seek it a long time, as I was young, and but few old persons professed to enjoy it.

Providentially, I met with a young lady nearly my age who exemplified this blessing in her daily and hourly deportment. I was led to speak of the subject to her one night after all had fallen asleep but us, and, to my utter surprise, she told me she enjoyed it. "Oh, B—, as young as you are, to obtain such a great blessing!" "Yes," she meekly and sweetly replied, "it is not of works, but by simple faith in Christ that we receive it."

Never shall I forget that voice. Nothing ever fell so sweetly on my ear before. Then I exclaimed, "May I hope for it too?" "Yes," she replied, "even now Christ is willing to bestow it." I then commenced in earnest to seek it, hoping soon to realize it.

I was privileged, that fall, to attend a camp meeting in the county of D—, in the year 1827, and, on the third night of the meeting, while trying to encourage a penitent at the altar to believe in Christ, the blessing came. O, with what joy and delight, with what gratitude did I tell to all around that the blood of Jesus was sufficient to cleanse from all sin!

One young lady, who had been converted only three months, took courage, and received the blessing the next day. I felt then that Satan would let me alone, and I should be happy all the balance of my life; but did I find it so? No, indeed; he soon came back, and tried me where he had so often successfully assailed me before. I felt the temptation painful for a moment, but looked to Christ, and the tempter fled.

My heart was then filled with love; yet I felt the temptation. I knew I did not yield, and I felt no hurt. It only taught me that temptation is not sin. But he was not content. He came again so soon as my joyful emotions had somewhat subsided, and said, "Ah, you have sinned, or you would not have lost those joyful emotions. Those, cleansed from sin, feel happy all the time."

Weeks rolled on. Sometimes I was happy, but feared I would not remain so. This fear, *yielded to*, brought depression, and then he would accuse me of having sinned in some way, and that depression was the natural effect of it. Now I see

that the great *fear* of falling destroyed *my faith*, and caused me *to fall*. Yes, I fell again and again, but so miserable was I, that I could not rest in that fallen state. No, I have invariably gone to the same fountain, and found its streams as efficacious as at first.

Nearly thirty years have rolled round since that memorable night, and now my heart rejoices for what was there and then done for me. I have never felt the same since. Though often foiled by the tempter, I have known where my strong Rock might be found, and I have never felt that the grace then imparted had been entirely forfeited, and this precious grace has enabled me to come off more than conqueror, when, without it, with my natural temperament, sure I am, Satan would have caused me to dishonor my bleeding Savior most sadly and awfully.

If there be one of the readers of your most excellent Guide more weak, more feeble, in spiritual things than all the rest, I say to that dear one, seek to have your heart cleansed from all sin now. If you were converted yesterday, to-day is better far than to-morrow to begin this work, and when you have obtained it, resolve not to give up your own confidence when you feel a want of spiritual joy. Many, I believe, have given up their faith just here. Hang on to Christ by faith, saying, I will not let thee go, happy or miserable. I will be thine alone.

And O, let me say to all who have felt that the monster sin had again entered and defiled that which Christ had cleansed, do not despond and feel that all is lost, but fly right back to the foot of the cross, and there abide until the blood that cleansed is applied again, and you feel that Christ is as willing to bless as when you first went to him. Wait not for the rising of another sun; just at the moment you feel his entrance, or become conscious that he has entered, go then right away and get the stain washed away which has been made. This course would prevent many from giving up their confidence, who, by so doing, say to the world that it is a hard matter to live in the enjoyment of perfect love, and deter many from endeavoring to obtain this precious pearl for fear of losing it.

O, the many and sad backslidings that would be prevented if young converts were to set out to seek this pearl as soon as they were adopted into the family of Christ! When I hear many, who have long professed faith in Christ, speak of their experience, I feel my heart burdened to tell them of this great salvation; but, for the most part, they will not believe, are not *willing to* believe these truths. They call for too much sacrifice, too much of the crucifixion of the flesh, too much of the cutting off the right arm, and plucking out the right eye, for this age of self-indulgence.

O, when will our church arise, and claim her glorious privileges, and no longer hold the truth in unrighteousness? Will our ministers think of their great and weighty responsibilities, and live this doctrine, and teach it to the young convert, as well as to the adult Christian? Then sure I am that our Zion shall come forth clear as the moon, bright as the sun, and as terrible as an army with banners. HANNAH.

March 15, 1857.

A Word of Caution to Those Who Love God.

WHAT is your present religious state, dear reader? This is a world of continual excitements, and if you are not very careful, you will lose sight of the "one thing needful,"—of that humble, child-like, confiding, quiet, unobtrusive piety, which after all is "the true riches."

The world is full of fuss—full of wrongs,—always has been and is likely to be for a long time to come; and if we give ourselves up to them, we will be hurled along from one excitement to another—out of one whirlwind into another—until we shall forget our dear Lord,—forget that we were ever "purged from our old sins,"—forget

the tender, sweet and holy love, in which we rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory at the time of our conversion.

It is true we have our duties to discharge as citizens, and the world has certain claims upon us; but our civil duties must not absorb our attention, the world must not carry us away. Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,—no more—no less. But alas, what havoc these worldly excitements make of our faith, and love, and hope!

But, Christian brother, this world is not your home,—here is not your rest—you are a pilgrim and a stranger—you are journeying. How is it with you, to-day? Are you living near to God? Have you been growing in grace during the last week? Have you the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ? Do you love to pray? Have you fellowship with all saints? Is your interest in the cause of Christ increasing? Do you love to pray for the conversion of men?

The Sanctified must grow in Grace.

BY REV. JOSEPH HARTWELL.

MANY, both in our own church, and in others, have supposed that one who is sanctified cannot grow in grace—that he has reached a point beyond which there is no advancement. With many, this error is induced by using the term *perfection* in a wrong sense—in a sense nearly or quite *obsolete*, although in that sense the term applies to God alone. But with a correct view of *Christian* perfection, no such difficulty can exist. Cannot our physical system improve, *because* it is freed from disease? Cannot the wheat grow, because the tares are entirely eradicated? Cannot your garden flourish, because the noxious weeds are rooted out? Cannot the plants of righteousness grow and strengthen in "your heart, because the dire root and seed of sin," is destroyed? Must the graces of spirit cease to grow and strengthen in the sanctified heart, *because* there they do not stand in contact with inbred sin? We had supposed the contrary to be true. But our object is not to argue, but to afford instruction to those who desire it. Said one, "I lost sanctification, not knowing that I must grow in it, in order to retain it." He said within himself, "The great, the glorious work is at last accomplished. Those troublesome dispositions and propensities, are at last destroyed." He was "all love, all meekness, and all praise." What a pity that the necessity of growing in this grace, had not been timely placed before his mind!

We will hear Mr. Fletcher on this subject: "Another capital mistake lies at the root of the opposition which our Calvinian brethren make against Christian perfection. They imagine that upon our principles, the grace of an adult Christian is like the body of an adult man, which can grow no more. But this consequence flows from their fancy, and not from our doctrine. We exhort the strongest believers 'to grow up into Christ in all things;' asserting that there is no holiness and happiness in heaven, (much less upon earth,) which does not admit of a growth, except the holiness and happiness of God himself; because, in the very nature of things, a being absolutely perfect, and in every sense infinite, can never have anything added to him, but infinite additions may be made to beings every way finite, such as glorified saints, and holy angels are.

"Hence it appears that the comparison which we make between the ripeness of fruit, and the maturity of a believer's grace, cannot be carried into an exact parallel. For the perfect Christian grows far more than a feeble believer, whose growth is still obstructed by the shady thorns of sin, and by the draining suckers of iniquity. Besides, a fruit which is come to perfection, instead of growing, falls and decays: whereas a 'babe in Christ' is called to grow until he becomes a perfect Christian; a perfect Christ until he becomes a disembodied

the spirit; and a disembodied spirit, till he reaches the perfection of a saint glorified in body and soul; and such a saint, till he has fathomed the infinite depths of divine perfection,—that is, to all eternity. For if we go on from faith to faith, and are spiritually 'changed from glory to glory,' by beholding God 'darkly through a glass' on earth, much more shall we experience improving changes, when we shall 'see him as he is,' and behold him face to face in various, numberless, and still brightening discoveries of himself in heaven."

Mr. Wesley says of sanctification; "It is improveable. It is so far from lying in an indivisible point, from being incapable of increase, that one perfected in love may grow in grace far swifter than he did before." In another volume of Wesley's Works, we find the following:—"I was considering how it was, that so many, who were once filled with love, are now so weak and faint. And the case is plain; the invariable rule of God's proceeding is, 'from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath.' Hence, it is impossible that any should retain what they receive, without improving it. Add to this, that the more we have received, the more of care and labor is required, the more watchfulness and prayer, the more circumspection and earnestness in all manner of conversation. Is it any wonder, then, that they who forget this, should soon lose what they had received?" Mr. Wesley was obliged to warn the people against a class much like the sect called "*Perfectionists*" in this country, who then virtually *taught* believers not to watch and pray, "under pretence of praying always!" In another connection, he adds, "you must continue to grow if you continue to stand, for no one can stand still;" and this was addressed to those who enjoyed perfect love. If we are faithful, after our hearts are cleansed from sin, we will, and *must* advance in Christian experience. The graces of the spirit will strengthen and abound in us more and more. Our knowledge of divine things will be increased, our spiritual discernment improved, and we be enabled greatly to assist those who have not travelled in "the way of holiness," as far as ourselves. God has ordained, that by faithfulness we shall advance. And who does not know that in unfaithfulness we shall surely fall? The inspired word says, "If ye forsake him, he also will forsake you." Here then, is the *reason why* "we cannot stand still," and why we at once decline when we cease to go forward, whether in a justified, or sanctified state.

Not realizing this, many suppose, when they see persons sink below the state of perfect love, that they never enjoyed it. And by many, the same view is taken of those who lose their justification. With such persons, the great moral lesson which teaches that we must *increase*, in order to *retain* our spiritual possessions, is lost. But, dear reader, it should be otherwise with us. We see what is our solemn duty and glorious privilege. Let us not be discouraged by apprehensions of great trials! God will either gently clear our way, or give us strength to surmount whatever can oppose. And then how pure and elevated the joys which accompany the remembrance of faithfulness in times of trial! And such are not the most unfriendly seasons to a growth in grace. The mariner often makes the best head-way in a storm.

Let us remember that, if we obediently trust in Jesus, the voice that hushed the waves of Galilee, will still the loudest storm, or, if he sees best, so *direct* it that it shall facilitate, rather than hinder, our progress to the heven of rest. The efforts of our enemies shall tend to their own defeat, and we shall leave the contest with greater strength, and with far better discipline; and this will be of great service to us in the future.

I know a brother in the ministry, who enjoyed the blessing of perfect love, with a large number of his flock. A time of trial came upon him which lasted several weeks. During this time, he had but little joy—his

faith was tried—the strength of every grace was tested. Many of the most devoted in the membership were tried in nearly the same way, and about the same length of time. But by faith they hung upon the Lord—*labored* during the whole time as diligently as they had done, and as a result souls were justified and sanctified as before this trial of their faith commenced. They said but little to each other of their struggles, and yet each seemed to know through what the other was passing. At length, they began to sigh out before the Lord, "How long? My Father, how long?"—still keeping their hold courageously by faith, when, on a blessed Sabbath day, the minister broke into light and peace, and joy; and so nearly all who had been passing through trial with him. In a few days they were all again in clear sunlight together. But they could now see by looking back, that they were *very—very* much *stronger* than when this trial began. And the conscious strength which they had gained was very far more than a compensation for a trial which had called into such vigorous exercise all their graces, and had subjected them to a test so severe. The trial was *not regretted*, while they rejoiced greatly in the strength acquired.

Let us then recognize distinctly that it is *sin*, whether actual or inbred, whether in the heart or in the life—that it is *sin* that interposes the great hinderance to a growth in grace, and that the Christian is never so well prepared to *progress* as when purified from all sin. And let us remember that we must grow in grace, or again sink below the blessed state of inward purity, and lose from our heart this intimate communion with God, this firm and constant trust, this sweet, peculiar peace, this heaven of love! Yes—lose it all, and sink into gloom and sadness, mortification, perplexity and fear, and wander about like a lost child in a dark forest, inhabited by beasts of prey—thinking often of home, but as to reaching it, bewildered and discouraged. O! how much easier to *keep* grace, than to *regain* it when lost! Shall we regard the state of holiness as a *talent*? Certainly we may. And if so, it must be improved. If improved, it will increase; if not, it will be taken away like any other talent unimproved. Not realizing this, but being under a vague impression that entire sanctification introduces its possessor into a kind of *fixed* state, unguarded ones have fallen, whom warning might have saved.

Aurora, Illinois, April 22, 1857.

Cost of Faith's Superstructure.

BY MRS. P. PALMER.

Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?—JESUS.

HE who hath begun a good work in you will surely carry it on, and finish it in righteousness, if you will only abide carefully in his presence, and, with earnest circumspection, attend to all the dictations of his gracious Spirit.

Yes, Lord, thou still dost lead
The children of thy grace,
The chosen, the believing seed,
Through this vast wilderness.
* * * * *
Thy chart the written word,
The Holy Ghost thy Guide,
And Christ thy glorious, risen Lord,
Will in thy heart reside.

And would you indeed be willing to meet the cost of having the foundation of the superstructure of your faith deeply laid, and the building reared after the pattern shown in the holy mount? O, would you, with every coming hour, feel yet more of the ennobling, confirming, ever-abiding influences of the Spirit, causing your rapid growth and maturity in grace? Then count the cost. Though the awards of grace are free, yet there is a sense in which the reception of grace always costs us something. That we may have all the grace we will live for, we judge a well ascertained fact. But the answer to the prayer for an

extraordinary bestowment of grace stands in connection with compliance on our part with the condition that the divine gift shall be *tested*. As in the case of the two brothers, who would have had the signal honor of sharing in the honors of Christ's coming kingdom to an extraordinary degree, so the question comes to the disciple of the present day, who would covet the glorious gift of great nearness to Christ. Those brothers had not counted the cost. They knew not what they asked. But knowledge is increased, and, by their erring, we may be instructed. We are admonished to covet earnestly the best gifts. And if the bestowment of large measures of grace implies the necessity of remarkable tests, why not stand ready for the application, and conclude to receive the grace at the well ascertained cost. Counting the cost suggests the idea of some tax on the *intellect*. Though the claims of the blessed religion of our Lord Jesus Christ may be apprehended by persons of small mental capacity, yet it also commends itself most significantly to men of mind. Does not this divine admonition, to count the cost, call into requisition the *mental* ability? Can cost, involving such far-reaching consequences, be counted without making some tax on the *intellect*?

I knew one who, verily and strongly impressed with the belief that the claims of the Redeemer levied an absolute tax on the entire being, *intellectual*, spiritual, and physical, was induced thus to count the cost of living in the actual, ceaseless surrender of her whole being. Deliberately and understandingly, and unimpelled by exciting influences, she, with solemn calmness, counted the cost of entering into the bonds of an everlasting covenant, desiring that it should be well ordered and sure, so that no regrets or questionings might mar the future, now destined to entire devotedness. She looked abroad over earth, far as her mental vision could reach. Cherished ideas of worldly position and fondly indulged objects of intellectual ambition passed in solemn review. But the assurings of the Spirit, that every mere earthly ambition must perish, and the pearl which cost all demanded all, in return, prevailed. Grace triumphed. All things were counted loss. Earthly endearments, worldly preferments, and all ideas of mere intellectual ambition were surrendered and bound everlastingly to the altar of the cross. And here sorrow and joy commingled. Nature suffers in the process of crucifixion. We cannot bind our Isaac to the altar without the cost of some unutterable heart pangs. But light emanates from the cross. The cost being counted, and all sacrificed for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ, then Christ, as our light and our salvation, reveals himself in the soul, and becomes our life, light and power, and we quickly find that, in giving all, we have received all in Christ. Your foundation being thus deeply laid on the Rock of Ages, the superstructure of your faith will rise rapidly in glory and strength. Having given up the citadel of your heart unconditionally and irrevocably to Christ, he comes to abide with you forever. Christ undertakes the work of your salvation, and works in you; and calls you to be a *worker together* with him, with articles of agreement clearly specified that you are to draw upon him for all your resources. In him all fulness dwells. Beginning to build thus surely, you will be able to finish. Of Christ's fulness, you will ever be receiving grace for grace. Yet we do not wish you to be unmindful of the fact that these ever-augmenting accessions of grace will be *tested*, aye, tried to the uttermost. But we do wish you to be ever mindful of this, that Christ consummates a holy *partnership* with those who enter into covenant with him by sacrifice. And the articles of agreement specify, that it is your privilege to draw upon Christ in every conceivable emergency to which your faith may be subjected. And, with the privilege of raising the superstructure, with infinite resources at command, surely you need never fear a

failure. The foundation of your building being thus begun, you need fear no bankruptcy. Yes, you will be able to finish. Your supplies in Christ will be unfailing. Forever will your almighty Helper be saying to you, "Ask what ye will in my name, and it shall be done unto you."

"I have a never-failing bank,
A more than golden store,
No earthly bank is half so rich;
How, then, can I be poor?

'T is when my stock is almost spent,
And I without a groat,
I 'm glad to hasten to my bank,
And ask a little note.

Sometimes my Banker, smiling, says,
Why don't you oftener come?
And when you ask a little note,
Why not a larger sum?

Why ever live a moment poor?
Thy Bank contains full plenty,
Why ever ask a one-pound note,
When you might have a twenty?

Yea, twenty thousand, ten times told,
Is but a trifling sum,
To what your Father has laid up
In Christ, his precious Son.

Since, then, my Banker is so rich,
I have no cause to borrow;
I 'll live upon my cash to-day,
And draw again to-morrow."

Holiness a Sweet Perfume.

THE perfume of flowers has ever been employed as an emblem of the pure and sanctifying influences of holy character. A popular writer, in a recent work published, speaking of the characters of those followers of Jesus, who maintain a heavenly walk, says: "Their whole walk is fragrant with Paradise." It is an apt figure to denote what is very agreeable to us in the amiable piety of another. A poet has expressed the same sentiment in the following lines:

When one that holds communion with the skies
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'T is even as if an angel shook his wings.
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores
Has dropped her anchor, and her canvas furled
In some fair haven of our western world,
'T were vain inquiry to what port she went,
The gale informs us, laden with the scent.

Bible Holiness.

BY MRS. E. R. WELLS.

THE Scriptures of divine truth, are replete with thrilling interest, and there is no subject within the range of thought, which is not directly or indirectly introduced. Its pages are the most varied, and I may say classical, of any within the range of literature. No human composition can compare with it. It is said that the pen of Dante seemed to be dipped in terror, Milton's in sublimity, Young's in beauty, and Shakspeare's in description; but all the uninspired productions of combined ages, must yield the palm of superiority to the Bible. Coming unimpaired through the lapse of time, bearing the original tinge of Heaven's own language, bedewed with the eloquence of love, its precedence to all human productions established, we see upon it, the stamp of Divinity, and view, in its reflected rays, the *Great I Am.*

But though such *variety*, there is but *one* topic discussed; all the power of inspired pens is concentrated upon this one theme, Holiness. It is the Alpha and Omega of inspiration—the sun and source of all biography, prophecy, and imagery. That man might be holy, Paradise was formed, and Eden bloomed, that happiness might be the fruit of holiness. That he might come back to purity, Sinai thundered, and, amid its mutterings, the law was given. For this was there silence in heaven, until the Son of God appeased the demands of Justice, by promise of blood-shedding, and all the stupendous scenes of redemption, which were prefigured by the rites and

ceremonies of four thousand years, pointed to this one result—the purification of man, and presenting him, without spot or blemish. For this, the Son of the Ever Blessed, arrayed in vesture of mortality, wandered, suffered, died.

For this, all the tragic events of the hour of crucifixion, and the wondrous scenes of the resurrection, and for this, that feeble band linger around their Master, receive the great commission, and, following him out as "far as to Bethany," receive his last benediction, and witness his glorious ascension. For this, the descent of the Holy Ghost and tongues of fire, on that Pentecostal morning. Now, clothed with power, the feeble speak of holiness and heaven, through the crucified, and on to the end of time, does the commission run, that every man may know this great salvation.

And how beautifully do the inspired limners illustrate the way from sin to holiness, from earth to heaven! Those who have been washed in Jesu's blood, are represented as walking in a way, a highway, where no evil comes, leading through green pastures, and beside still waters. Again, like ships at sea, amid the tempest, but safely anchored! Anon, their feet upon a rock, and though amid the howling torrent-rolling storm, they stand secure; while he who is their life and light, beckons them on to heaven. He is the shadow of a great rock to the weary traveller—a mighty bulwark and defence to the warrior—a city of refuge to those who fly to him, from the hand of the avenger. He is the bread of heaven to the hungry, the water of life to the famishing and fainting. Light to the blind, health to the sick, inexhaustible riches to the poor, the beginning and end of the Christian's joy.

And then in the soul's strivings to rise akin to angels and to God, how graphic the pen of inspiration! "He shall mount up on wings, as eagles!" What an illustration of the Christian—the holy Christian! They shall mount up above the cares and toils of life, undisturbed by its tumults and strifes, and breathe the pure, free, atmosphere of heaven. What though reproach and scorn are heaped upon them, and poverty and distress their portion, untramelled and joyously free, their spirits mount above it all, and live and talk with God. *Beneath* them are the clouds and storms, above shines the glorious Sun of Righteousness, clear and unclouded to their gaze. And more, "they mount up on wings, *as eagles*," with perfect *ease* and *fearlessly*, with steady gaze upon the sun—no obstruction to free and rapid ascent, upward they mount, each movement strengthening for farther flight; with rapturous joy they speed, soaring for very love of soaring, the redeemed. sanctified soul rises higher and yet higher, until he sees, far in the distance, the forest-clad hills and goldlit summits of Zion, the city of the living God. Fired with the prospect, with more rapid wing he mounts, until, lost to earth, he joins the song of Moses and the Lamb.

We have feebly described some of the Bible illustrations of the way of Holiness. But this is not mere imagery, there is a *practical* to all this, and, reader, *you* and *I* may be that freed, happy spirit, soaring above the world, and joining in that song. This great salvation *is* attainable, it *is* practicable in the *nineteenth century*; we *may* "walk in all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameless." Praise the name of the Lord! *many* have believed this, and *now* rejoice in the power of cleansing blood. Others are quickened and are seeking it, and Bible holiness has more living, breathing, burning advocates, than in any former period of the church. May the Lord speed the day, when this blessed doctrine shall be the received standard of every denomination of Christians, and be tested by the mass of those professing godliness.

Dr. Nettleton adopted the following as a maxim for the government of his life:—"Do all the good you can in the world and make as little noise about it as possible."

Sermon.

"I have learned by experience that the Lord hath blessed me."—Genesis, xxx. 27.

EXPERIENCE is God's university. In this school he instructs us as he does nowhere else. Here we learn his lessons. We do not simply hear and then disregard them; they are ground into our souls by such discipline that we cannot forget them. The school is not always pleasant—the lessons not always easy—the rod not always light. But the severity of the discipline impresses us more forcibly, and instructs us more thoroughly. We prize more highly what we have gained at most expense, and remember most clearly what we have learned under chastisement and the rod. Bitter experiences produce better lives. The strokes which fall upon us may be frequent and heavy; the files of anguish that rasp the fibres of the heart may be torturing to the sensibilities; but all these disciplinary instruments only tend to give our souls a higher polish, and make them reflect a brighter glory.

Our natural tendency is to *forgetfulness of God.* Objects around us absorb our attention, and the world that now is swallows up the world that is to come. But calamity restores us to our senses and to God, and we cling to him again as the frightened bird clings to the bending bough, and clings more closely as the fury of the blast shakes the tree.

"Before I was afflicted,"—says the Psalmist,—"I went astray; but now have I kept thy word." When the shepherd takes up the lamb of the wandering sheep in his arms, she wanders no more, but follows closely where her offspring is; so when God takes our blessings to himself, we follow him.

Our natural tendency is to *indifference.* We sail along pleasantly, and imagine that the wind will always be fair, and the ocean smooth. We say "peace and safety" to our souls, and complacently think that they have much goods laid up in store for many years, and that we may as well take our ease, eat, drink and be merry. But when the strong north-east wind blows over our smooth sea, and its quiet bosom is lashed into fury by a whip of storms, then we start from our security, and cry, "Master! save! we perish!" When some impending sorrow, riding perhaps on the viewless winds, thunders in our ears the awful message, "Thou fool!" then we remember that our souls have a higher mission and a nobler destiny than to eat, and drink, and be merry.

Our natural tendency is to *pride.* We think of the great Babylons that we have built; of the wonderful works that we have accomplished; and we begin in our hearts, if not outwardly, to "play such fantastic tricks as make the angels weep." But Nebuchadnezzar, from all his imperial pomp and self-inflation, was driven out to eat grass with the cattle of the field, and thus we, indulging a similar haughty spirit, are frequently driven to meaner food. Our Babylons fall down over our own heads; our language becomes confused just as we are beginning to think that our Babel-towers are beyond the floods; our dearest pleasures wither, and our brightest flowers fade, and then by experience we learn that

"All, all below must fade and die;
The dearest hopes we cherish,
Scenes touched with brightest radiancy,
Are all decreed to perish."

Thus trouble becomes a marvellous mortifier of pride, and an effectual restrainer of self-will. The temper is mellowed and the feelings refined. It needs repeated strokes of the hammer to break the rock in pieces; and so it sometimes requires repeated strokes of anguish to break our hearts in pieces, and make us humbler and wiser men. And, as the longer you keep the canary bird in a darkened cage, the sweeter it will sing; so the more severe the discipline of the good man's experience, the sweeter the songs of his spiritual

life. The gold that is refined in the hottest furnace comes out the brightest, and the character moulded by intensest heat will exhibit the most wondrous excellencies. God's children are like stars, that shine brightest in the darkest night; like torches, that are the better for beating; like grapes, that come not to the proof till they come to the press; like trees, that drive down their roots farther and grasp the earth tighter, by reason of the storm; like vines, that grow the better for bleeding; like gold, that looks the brighter for scouring; like glow-worms, that shine best in the dark; like juniper, that smells sweetest in the fire; like the pomander which becomes more fragrant for chafing; like the palm tree, which proves the better for pressing; like the chamomile, which spreads the more you tread upon it:

"Here is a flower, when trampled on,
Doth still more richly bloom,
And even to its bitterest foe
Gives forth its sweet perfume.

The rose that 's crushed and shattered,
Doth on the breeze bestow
A fairer scent that further goes
E 'en for the cruel blow."

Let me now speak more particularly, yet somewhat discursively, of what we have learned in the school of experience:

First. We have learned by experience the *sinfulness of our hearts.*

The Bible declares our sin. The history of the race corroborates the Bible. But our experience must convince us, if all these fail. I envy not the man who can look complacently into his own heart; who can remember his neglects of duty and commissions of wrong; his unkind words and ungenerous suspicions; his passions, his hatreds, his prejudices and his resentments; his constant violations of the law of God, and his disregard of the necessities of the race;—I envy not the man who can thus look into his own heart, and then fold around himself his pharisaical robes, and thank God that he is not as other men. No, my hearers, our experience teaches us better. And it would be well for us, and well for society, if we paid more attention to our individual sins, and less attention to the sins of our neighbors; if we labored with the same zeal to get the beams from our own eyes, as we do to get the motes from the eyes of others; for, as Fleming says:—"In the worst of times, there is still more cause to complain of an evil heart, than of an evil and corrupt world." Corrupt and degenerated as the world may be; glaring as may be its inequalities, and monstrous as may be its crimes; fiercely as it may set upon us with all its implements of conscienceless hostility; yet our main business is with ourselves,—because nothing can be very ill with us, when we are striving to keep well within; we are not hurt till our souls are hurt. But, in the quaint language of an old theologian, "if the soul itself be out of tune, outward things, however pleasant, will be to us like a fair shoe to a gouty foot."

Secondly, we have learned by experience the *vanity of life.* I use the term as embodying the general uses and labors to which men apply their lives. A *true* life is not vain. Life is real, earnest, noble, when it appreciates the dignity of its work, and the eternity of its destiny. Then moral forces throb through it; moral issues spring from it. Then the great Psalm of Life has notes to which an angel might listen in an ecstasy of admiration. Then life becomes but a tedious journey to a blessed rest; but a rough sea voyage to a delightful haven; but a stern conflict, ending in an everlasting song of victory.

But experience teaches us that life, as it is usually employed—prostituted to purposes of ambition, of rivalry, of unhallowed gain; life, absorbed by the present, and regardless of the future; devoted to self, and neglectful of God; fond of pleasure, and averse to piety;—life thus desecrated and degraded is the "vanity of vanities." The fancied good men follow, like the deceitful stream, frustrates the thirsty traveller's ex-

pectations. The objects around us, like the monument of Semiramis, delude us with many a promising motto, but when we come to look within, they afford us nothing but a conviction of our own folly in expecting satisfaction from them, or from anything short of God. As Jonah's gourd withered in the morning, when he most needed its shelter from the heat of the day; so we suddenly find our purposes thwarted, our passions crossed, our dreams blighted, and the tree blasted, under the shadow of which we expected to lie in the heat of day, and enjoy its pleasant fruit. A misappropriated life is necessarily unsatisfying, and man roams a wanderer, and finds himself a stranger, unsatisfied and unblest. Ahab, with his kingdom, longs for Naboth's vineyard; Alexander, with a conquered world under his feet, sighs for another world to conquer; ambition, the more it is fed, grows the more hungry; riches, the more they are acquired, only torment the possessor with more penurious longings; pleasures, the more they are enjoyed, only pervert the taste, and aggravate the desire; and the universal experience is that a life untrue to God is untrue to its noblest interests, and productive only of misery, dissatisfaction, and unrest.

"Then, man, be wise; thy constant care
To purer joys be given,
Nor let delusive objects share
The place of bliss and heaven."

Thirdly. We have learned by experience the *reality and value of the Christian religion.*

Our experience teaches its reality. "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth," was the positive faith of the old Patriarch, even when the night was darkest and the storm wildest. Everything else had gone like the baseless fabric of a dream; children, servants, property, health, reputation, by one wild blast of misfortune had been swept away, but his religious conviction remained "more bright and clear when tempests raged without." In the saddest desolations of his tempest-driven career, Paul could say with most assurance, "I *know* whom I have believed." The journey to Damascus, with its dark intentions; the bursting of the light brighter than the sun; the voice of the persecuted Jesus; the first trembling question of his broken heart, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—his three days' blindness—his praying spirit—his regenerated temper—such experiences as these taught him what philosophies, or oppositions, or sciences, or storms could never convince him to be false. See the dignified captive standing before his accusers, and listen to the story of his Christian experience, and does it not irresistibly force upon us the *reality* of his hope? I loved my own righteousness, I now esteem it as filthy rags; I hated Christ, he is now altogether lovely; I sought the death of his followers, I would now willingly die in their stead; I was proud to be a Roman, I am prouder to be a Christian; I counted the Cross foolishness, and hurled against it all the fury of my scorn, but now God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. "One thing I *know*, that whereas I was once blind, now I see!" And this is the testimony of universal Christian experience, in all ages and in all lands, and among all Christian people. It is not impulse; it is not fanaticism; it is not fancy; it is sober, certain conviction. I was sick, I am well—I was blind, I see—I was deaf, I hear—I was dead, I live—what I loved, I hate—what I hated, I love. "Old things have passed away, and all things have become new."

I say, this experience, my dear hearers, forces upon you the *reality* of the Christian religion. Say what you will about other things, you cannot deny this universal testimony which has come up from the heaving bosom of Christian experience, through all the ages of the past. Why, men who never saw each other, who do not know each other's language, testify to the same identical experience. Bring me an igno-

rant Hottentot, bring me a degraded African; bring me any man, from whatever portion of the globe, and if he has once been melted and subdued at the feet of Christ, he stands here and tells the same simple story—"I was once imprisoned, I am now at liberty; my soul was once in bonds, it is now free as the winds of the morning; I was dead in trespasses and sins, now I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Experience teaches us not only that religion is a fact, but that it is a fact of infinite *value*. It finds us sinners, and forgives us; sufferers, and comforts us; dying, and behold, we live! When everything else fails; when fortune frowns, and friends cool, and health forsakes us; when the stranger persecutes and the brother betrays; when calamities come down upon us with stunning, withering, deadening strokes—then, above our gloomiest desolations, religion sings her sweetest songs,—in our blackest night, she shines with serenest ray. When the battle is the fiercest, and its issue most uncertain, she drops from the blue heaven the guerdon of victory, and thrills the contending soul with the heroic watchword, "Be thou faithful until death, and I will give thee a crown of life!" When death spreads out his dragon wings above our dwelling, and touches with his icy dart the hearts of those we love, she stands at the door of the sepulchre, and sings;—and while she sings, the starless grave is made to shine, the portal of immortal day;—"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live!" And when death calls for us, and we go down into the dark valley, and tread the damp, dreary avenues to the grave, she wrests from his hand his cruel sceptre, tears from his brow his black diadem, and enables us to chant, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

Fourthly. We have learned by experience, as I have already intimated, that *our severest discipline is often our best.* Whatever may be the particular nature of our trials, we may be sure of this—that they are adapted to us, and, if wisely heeded, will be of lasting benefit. Infinite wisdom designs them, and infinite wisdom cannot err. He is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind." He knows what is best for us. We cannot understand his designs; "his ways are past finding out." A child looking on a piece of complicated machinery, thinks it all entanglement and confusion; yet it works admirably, and accomplishes its wonderful purposes. So we, looking at the vast machinery of the universe, stagger at its intricacy, and are blinded by its mystery; but still its parts are all harmoniously fitted to each other, and are grandly and surely working out the magnificent purposes of the Almighty. We flutter about the stupendous proportions of God's designs, and scrutinize and criticise applaud or condemn, just as appropriately as an insignificant insect might fly around this Temple, and pronounce upon its proportions, or the wisdom of its architect. God knows what is best, and always does what is best. If we allow those things which God designs as blessings, to soothe, and soften, and cheer,—if we allow them by their idolators influence to become snares to us; if rank becomes a snare by fostering pride or ambition,—or wealth, by increasing the thirst for worldly show,—or talent, by inspiring a love of human applause,—or friendship, by weaning the heart from Christ,—then our Heavenly Father shields us from these unholy influences. The world is not our rest, and he agitates it;—it is not our portion, and he embitters it;—it is not our friend, and he sometimes arms it with a sword. God is the centre of his universe. He is its sun; out of, or away from him, every human plant will wither; and when, like wandering stars, lost in shadows and darkness, we are away from him, he calls us back, kindly if he can,

severely if he must. And this is the object of his discipline. He teaches us by experience. If we sin, he shows us its enormity. If we are careless in our general deportment, not anxious to avoid the *appearance of evil*, though we may avoid the evil itself, he teaches us to what fearful extremities our indiscretion may lead us. He chastens us while he loves us, and scourges those whom he has received. And though the scourging may be terrible, its effect will be salutary. Though the storm may be severe, its end will be peace.

"In trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn,
That round my footsteps lay.

"The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they 're bruised.

"The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart on heaven.

"All gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times my be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee."

I close as I commenced, with the truth which these hasty remarks have tended to develope; "I have learned by experience that the Lord hath blessed me." "He hath carried me through six troubles, and in the seventh, he hath not forsaken me." In each event of life, how clear I see his ruling hand! I am lost in wonder at his mysterious providence; still more at his abounding goodness. I thank God and take courage to-day.

My brethren, if we overcome, we shall inherit all things. All is yours—"principalities and powers, and things present, and things to come," all are yours, and you are Christ's, and Christ is God's." The conqueror in ancient times was received, on returning from battle, carrying in his hand a palm branch. The conqueror in the world's contest will be welcomed to the shores of immortality with palms of victory and wreaths of triumph that shall never fade. Here we must struggle; there we may reign. Here we must toil; there we may rest.

"After warfare, rest is pleasant:
O, how sweet the prospect is!
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this:
Toil, and pain, and conflict past,
All endear repose at last."

Then let us press onward and look upward. If the clouds are dark, behind them shines the morning star. If the road of toil is hard to travel, there is a blessed Canaan at its end. If sorrows lash their burdens on our shoulders, they are not to be compared to the eternal weight of glory beyond the grave; and I say, with good old Habakkuk, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation; for I have learned by experience that the Lord hath blessed me."

A Dirge.

BY C. G. EASTMAN.

Softly!
She is lying
With her lips apart;
Softly!
She is dying
Of a broken heart.

Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest;
Whisper!
Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

Gently!
She is sleeping—
She has breathed her last;
Gently!
While you 're weeping
She to heaven has passed.

The Blind Christian Slave.

A VOLUME of "Biographical Sketches," by Dr. Edward Thompson, has lately been published, in which is found the subjoined "sketch" of an aged slave woman whose acquaintance he formed at Mount Vernon, on the estate once owned by Washington:

As we left the garden, we passed a hut, white-washed, and apparently clean and comfortable, on the door-way of which squatted "one of God's images cut in ebony." Time had wrinkled her cheeks, and frosted her temples, and chilled her blood, and palsied her limbs, and put out her eyes. She was one of the most wretched-looking objects I ever beheld. Her arms were like drum-sticks, her whole frame like a skeleton covered with skin, and her face destitute of expression—a mere blank; or, as Mrs. Royal said of Dr. C.'s, "like the but-end of a log of wood." By an invisible attraction, and without any consultation, we were drawn in a semi-circle around the old woman, when the following colloquy occurred:

Mr. X. "Old woman, did you know General Washington?"

Negro. "Yes, sir, I knew him well."

Mr. X. "How old are you?"

Negro. "I don't know my age; but I was a smart girl at the time of Braddock's defeat."

Mr. X. "Have you any children?"

Negro. "Yes; but they are all down the river."

The old woman now turned querist and raising her drooping head, she said, with a firm voice and a deep solemnity and interest, "Are any of you soldiers of Christ?" There was a silence. One looked at another for an answer. At length Mr. Y. replied, with evident and perplexing embarrassment, "We don't know." As he stammered out his reply, I thought of King Agrippa before Paul. Mr. Y. is an intelligent, amiable, honorable man; but he stands confused before old Quashee. "O, yes," rejoined the old woman, with a voice of commanding tones and flute-like melody, "O yes, if you are soldiers of Christ, you *know* it. The Lord does not do his work so poorly that his creatures don't know when it is done!" Another dead pause, and more embarrassment, by mutual sympathy. The old woman, as she waited for an answer, seemed to assume a new appearance. Her ebony countenance beamed with penetrating intelligence and Christian sympathy. I understood Solomon's declaration, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine." My heart, as I gazed upon her, whispered, "Glory to God!" and I verily believed, had my companions been "cedars of Lebanon," I should have tried a shout. Brother P. was the first to break the silence, by saying to me, "Brother T., this is a good doctrine."

Mr. X. "Old woman, are you blind?"

Now he need not have asked that question. She had no eyes. Turning her sightless eye-balls toward heaven, she exclaimed, with emphasis, "*No*, blessed be God! though I am blind to the things of this world, I am *not blind* to the things of the spirit."

Methought the old woman's soul sustained the same relation to the world that her body did to her cottage. She was sitting at its door-way, her spirit's feet already upon the green of heaven, and her soul's eyes opening on its rainbow hues.

Mr. X. "Old woman, you are very old, and must soon die."

Negro. "Yes, blessed be God!"

Mr. X. "Well, you are old, and sickly, and feeble, and blind, and your children are gone, and you are a slave. I should think that, with your hopes of heaven, death would be desirable. Are you not anxious to die?"

Negro. "O, no, I wait God's time; I learn to suffer as well as do his will. I shall gladly go when he calls me."

Mr. X. "What church do you belong to?"

Negro. "In the language of this world,

I belong to the Baptist Church; but when we get to heaven, I suppose my answer will be, I am a member of the Church of Christ."

Now when you talk of moral sublimity, don't point to Alexander conquering the world, to Hannibal surmounting the Alps, to Cæsar crossing the Rubicon, to Wolfe dying in the arms of victory, to Lawrence wrapping himself in the American flag, and crying, "Don't give up the ship!" Here is a specimen of moral sublimity far superior to all that was ever exhibited upon earth's battle-fields—a poor, old, blind, diseased slave sitting upon the rock of truth, while the waves of affliction dash in mountains at her feet; yet looking up to heaven, and clinging to some beautiful promise, she gives glory to God, and smiles upon the world.

We departed silently from the old saint. I said, within myself, as I took my place in the carriage, "This, blessed Christianity, is thy triumph. Philosophy may teach man to endure excruciating torment without a murmur; it belongs to the gospel alone to teach him to rejoice in affliction."

A Voice from the Dying.

In illustrating the importance of a direct appeal to individuals on the subject of personal religion, Mrs. Winslow would frequently quote a touching incident related to her when at Cambridge, of the late excellent Charles Simeon. On one occasion he was summoned to the dying bed of a brother. Entering the room, his relative extended his hand to him, and, with deep emotion, said, "I am dying; and you never warned me of the state I was in, and of the danger to which I was exposed from neglecting the salvation of my soul!" "Nay, my brother," replied Mr. Simeon, "I took every reasonable opportunity of bringing the subject of religion before your mind, and frequently alluded to it in my letters." "Yes," exclaimed the dying man, "you did; but that was not enough. You never came to me, closed the door, and took me by the collar of my coat, and told me that I was unconverted, and that, if I died in that state, I should be lost. And now I am dying; and, but for God's grace, I might have been for ever undone!" It is said that this affecting scene made an ineffaceable impression on Mr. Simeon's mind.—[Life in Jesus.

Rev. Henry M. Adams.

The following account of Mr. Adams' triumphant death is furnished by Rev. Albert Bushnell for the Missionary Herald, and may doubtless be relied on as fully within the truth. Mr. and Mrs. Preston, also eye-witnesses, "think Mr. Bushnell has caught the words and spirit of those last sayings, as nearly as it is possible to repeat them; though they say that the full *reality* can never be felt but by those who were present, who heard with their ears and saw with their eyes, seeing his face as it had been the face of an angel."

TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

About 11 o'clock, Tuesday morning, he sunk into another paroxysm, and we again thought him dying; but, after an hour, he revived, and lay for some time in a quiet state, during which he seemed to be engaged in silent prayer. Then, suddenly starting up, with great animation, he exclaimed, "I hear music—beautiful music—the sweetest melodies! I see glorious sights; I see heaven. Yes, the gates are open; let me go. I want no more of earth; detain me no longer; let me go! I started once, but I saw demons. I saw the chains of hell and was afraid! But now I see another view. O, how beautiful! O, wonderful, *wonderful* views I have! O, the love of Christ, the love of Christ, to save such a sinner as I have been! I have been very unfaithful to him, yet he gives me such sweet visions of glory as these."

Addressing those who stood around his

bed, he said, in tender accents, "I see you now, and my tongue is unloosed. I see you wiping your eyes. Weep not for me. I am happy. I am sorry for you, brethren, to leave you to toil on alone. Would that you could be with me here. Be faithful, and God will bless you. I have been praying most earnestly for this mission, and trying to gain evidence that it will not be broken up. I had hoped still to enjoy seasons of prayer and of labor with you, and to have lived to see the salvation of this people." It was remarked, "You felt special interest in the poor Pangwes." He replied, "Yes, but their prospects are dark; the Bakeles are so jealous of them. I did hope to learn their language, write it out, and be able to tell them of the love of Christ. But it is all right."

Starting again, he exclaimed, with emphasis, "Yes, God has showed me—I knew he would—what he is going to do for Africa. Africa shall be redeemed! Brethren, *glorious* times are coming! These people *will* be converted, and all the land shall be the Lord's. These hills back here shall all be holiness unto the Lord! Go on, brethren, be not discouraged, for I see *glorious* things in reserve for this mission! It will be sustained. Tell Christians in America that it will. O, why will they not cease wrangling, and wake up, and know the *blessedness* of engaging in this work. But if God should raise me up, and send me back to America, to tell them the visions I have seen, I fear they would not believe, no, not even if one should rise from the dead."

The boys belonging to the school coming in, arrested his attention, and he raised his voice, and cried out, "O banabame, bishambe, bishambe, bishambe," (my children, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!) Then addressing them in English, he said, "I want you all to become Christians, and go and teach your countrymen." "Why do I linger? I am going; I am going; the cords of life are breaking; O, the *pain*—no, the *bliss* of dying. There is no pain. Blissful, blissful, *blissful!* Who would have thought that *I* should have had these glorious views! Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful things I see!" A cup of water was handed him, and he remarked, "You are very kind. A cup of cold water, given in the name of Christ, shall not lose its reward. I am satisfied, my thirst is quenched with the waters of life. Sweet waters! Beautiful fountains are there!" Naming the different members of his mission, he said: "I love them all. And my brothers and sisters. I fear my brothers are not Christians. O that they were here, to see me die! Tell them to prepare for this." "Do go and see Bezia, and tell him I have prayed for him," referring to a poor boy who is condemned for witchcraft, and expects soon to be tortured to death. "Why do I linger?" It was remarked, "perhaps it is to teach us how to die, and to comfort us by your words of encouragement." He replied, "No; it is because I have been so unfaithful. But I shall soon go. I shall be the first missionary buried at Nengenenge, and I am glad it is so; I hope my ashes will be the seed of a church here. I rejoice that I came to Africa! How wonderful that I should have been permitted to engage in this work, and then be brought to enjoy such visions of glory as these! The *bliss* of this hour alone, is a recompense for a life of toil and suffering. I am going; I am going; but I have no fears; all is bright."

It was said, "We feel that we can hardly spare you. Would you not be willing to remain and labor for these poor heathen, if it was your Heavenly Father's will?" He replied, "O, yes, certainly; go or stay; but surely he would not show me al this glory, and then send me back to earth again? O wonderful, that such a sinner as I have been, should be brought to this, and with tongue unloosed, and the bonds of sin broken, see and describe such scenes as these! But I am going. Farewell. Give my love to all the brethren and sisters, and to all Christians, and urge them

to live for Christ. Remember what I have told you. I am going. My speech on earth is finished." Then, with both hands raised, and gazing upward, he became insensible to earth, and apparently unconscious. But it was not the will of God to release his servant immediately. He lingered for about twenty hours, generally speechless and blind, but at times conscious.

About four o'clock, the following morning, Dr. Ford, who had been sent for on Monday, arrived, and, for several hours, continued the means which had been used to prolong his life; but nothing effectual could be done. During the last six hours that he remained with us, though unable to speak, his countenance was illumined with a celestial radiance, clearly indicating the rapturous communings of his departing spirit. He ceased to breathe at twenty minutes past twelve o'clock, August 13th, without a struggle or a groan. The following morning, his funeral was attended at seven o'clock, and we laid him to rest in a quiet place on the mission premises, a few rods in the rear of the mission house.

The Gospel Echo.

Found in a pew in a church in Scotland, written in a female hand, and supposed to be suggested by observing an echo.

TRUE faith producing love to God in man,
Say, Echo, is not this the gospel plan?
Echo—The gospel plan!

Must I my faith in Jesus constant show,
By doing good to all, both friend and foe?
Echo—Both friend and foe!

When men conspire to hate and treat me ill,
Must I return them good, and love them still?
Echo—Love them still!

If they my failings causelessly reveal,
Must I their faults as carefully conceal?
Echo—As carefully conceal!

But if my name and character they tear,
And cruel malice, too, too plain appear;
And when I sorrow and affliction know,
They smile, and add unto my cup of woe;
Say, Echo, say, in such peculiar case,
Must I continue still to love and bless?
Echo—Still love and bless!

Why, Echo, how is this? Thou 'rt sure a dove;
Thy voice will leave me nothing else but love!
Echo—Nothing else but love!

Amen, with all my heart, then be it so;
And now to practice I 'll directly go.
Echo—Directly go!

This path be mine, and let who will reject,
My gracious God me surely will protect!
Echo—Surely will protect!

Henceforth on him I 'll cast my every care,
And friends and foes embrace them all in prayer!
Echo—Embrace them all in prayer!

Meditation.

WHEN the solid foundations of a perfect conversion of heart, a scrupulous repentance, and a serious meditation of all the Christian virtues have been laid, both theoretically and practically, we become gradually so accustomed to these truths, that we regard them at last with a simple and steady look, without the necessity of going back to examine and convince ourselves of each of them in detail. They are then all embraced in a certain enjoyment of God, so pure and so intimate, that we find everything in him. It is no longer the intellect that examines and reasons; it is the will which loves and plunges into the infinite Good.

But this is not your state. You must walk for a long while in the way of the sinners who are beginning to seek God; ordinary meditation is your lot, too happy that God condescends to admit you to it.

Walk then in the spirit, like Abraham, without knowing whither you go; be content with your daily bread, and remember that in the desert the manna of to-day could not be preserved until to-morrow without corrupting. The children of God must be shut up to the grace of the present moment, without desiring to foresee the designs of Providence concerning them.

Meditate, then, since now is your oppor

tunity, upon all the mysteries of Jesus Christ, and upon all the gospel truths which you have for so long a time ignored and rejected. When God shall have entirely effaced from your mind the impression of all your worldly maxims, and the Spirit shall have left there no trace of your old prejudices, then it will be necessary to ascertain the direction in which you are attracted by grace, and to follow step by step without anticipating.

In the mean time, dwell in peace in the bosom of God, like a little child on the breast of its mother; be satisfied with thinking on your chosen subject simply and easily; suffer yourself to be led gently to the truths which affect you, and which you find to nourish your heart. Avoid all exertions that excite the intellect, which often tempt us to believe that there is more piety in a dangerous vivacity of the imagination, than in a pure and upright intention of abandonment to God. Avoid likewise all refined speculation; confine yourself to simple reflections, and recur to them frequently. Those who pass too rapidly from one truth to another, feed their curiosity and restlessness; they even distract their intellect by too great a multiplicity of views.

Give every truth time to send down deep roots into the heart; the main point is—to love. Nothing gives rise to such severe fits of indigestion as eating too much and too hastily. Digest every truth leisurely, if you would extract the essence of it for your nourishment, but let there be no restless self-reflective acts. Be sure that your exercise will not be acceptable unless performed without agitation or tumult.

I am well aware that you will have distractions enough; bear them without impatience, dismiss them and recur quietly to your subject as soon as you perceive that your imagination has wandered. In this way these involuntary distractions will produce no injurious effects, and the patience with which you bear them without being discouraged, will advance you farther than a more continuous meditation, in which you might take more self-satisfaction. The true method of conquering wandering thoughts, is never to attack them directly with bitterness, and never to be discouraged by their frequency or duration.

Suffer yourself, then, to be quietly occupied by the subject you have chosen; only let the exercise be as holy as you can make it, to which end take the following directions:

Do not encumber yourself with a great number of thoughts upon a subject; but dwell upon each sufficiently long to allow it to afford its proper nourishment to the heart. You will gradually become accustomed to regard each truth steadily by itself, without flitting from one to another; this habit will serve to fix them deeply in your soul. You will thus, also, acquire a habit of dwelling upon your themes with pleasure and peaceful acquiescence, instead of considering them rapidly and intellectually as most persons do. Thus the foundation will be firmly laid for all that God intends to do in you; he will thus mortify the natural activity of the mind, that ever inclines it to seek novelties, instead of deeply imprinting the truths already in some degree familiar. You must not, however, forcibly restrain your mind to a subject which no longer seems to afford any nourishment; I would advise only that you should not abandon it so long as it still ministers food.

As to your affections, retain all which the view of your subject naturally and quietly induces; but do not attempt to stir yourself up to great efforts, for they will exhaust and agitate you, and even cause aridities; they will occupy you too much with your own exertions, and implant a dangerous confidence in your own power; in short, they will attach you too firmly to sensible pleasures, and will thus prepare you great trouble in a time of dryness. Be content, then, to follow with simplicity, and without too many reflections, the emotions which God shall excite in view of

your subject, or of any other truth. As for higher things, have no thoughts of them; there is a time for everything, and it is of the greatest importance that nothing should be precipitated.

One of the cardinal rules of the spiritual life is, that we are to live exclusively in the present moment, without casting a look beyond. You remember that the Israelites in the desert followed the pillar of fire, or of cloud, without knowing whither it was leading them; they had a supply of manna but for one day; all above that became useless. There is no necessity now for moving rapidly; think only of laying a solid foundation; see that it is deep and broad by an absolute renunciation of self, and by an abandonment without reserve to the requirements of God. Let God, then, raise upon this foundation such a building as he pleases. Shut your eyes and commit yourself to him. How wonderful is this walking with Abraham in pure faith, not knowing whither we go! and how full of blessings is the path!

God will then be your guide; he himself will travel with you, as we are told he did with the Israelites, to bring them step by step across the desert to the promised land. Ah! what will be your blessedness if you will but surrender yourself into the hands of God, permitting him to do whatever he will, not according to your desires, but according to his own good pleasure!

Extract from the Experience of Mrs. Edwards.

WIFE OF PRESIDENT EDWARDS.

JAN. 19, 1742.—I felt very uneasy and unhappy, at my being so low in grace. I thought I very much needed help from God, and found a spirit of earnestness to seek help of him, that I might have more holiness. When I had for a time been earnestly wrestling with God for it, I felt within myself great quietness of spirit, unusual submission to God, and willingness to wait upon him, with respect to the time and manner in which he should help me, and wished that he should take his own time, and his own way to do it.

While Mr. R. was at prayer in the family, this morning, I felt an earnest desire that, in calling on God, he should say, *Father!* on which the thought turned in my mind, "Why can I say, *Father?* Can I now at this time, with the confidence of a child, and without the least misgiving of heart, call God my Father? This brought to my mind two lines of Mr. E.'s sonnet:

> "I see him lay his vengeance by,
> And smile in Jesus' face."

I was thus deeply sensible that my sins did loudly call for vengeance; but I then by faith saw God lay his vengeance by, and smile in Jesus' face. It appeared to be real and certain that he did so. I had not the least doubt, that he then sweetly smiled upon me, with the look of forgiveness and love, having laid aside all his displeasure towards me, for Jesus' sake; which made me feel very weak and somewhat faint. In consequence of this, I felt a strong desire to be alone with God, to go to him, without having any one to interrupt the silent and soft communion, which I earnestly desired between God and my own soul; and accordingly I withdrew to my chamber. It should have been mentioned, that before I retired, while Mr. R. was praying, these words came into my mind. "Who is he that condemneth," etc.; and also, "who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"—which occasioned great sweetness and delight in my soul. But when I was alone, the words came to my mind with far greater power and sweetness; upon which I took the Bible, and read the words to the end of the chapter, when they were impressed on my heart with vastly greater power and sweetness still. They appeared to me with undoubted certainty as the words of God, and as words which God did pronounce concerning me.

I had no more doubt of it, than I had of my being. I seemed as it were to hear the great God proclaiming thus to the world concerning me: "*Who shall lay anything to thy charge*," etc., and had it strongly impressed on me, how impossible it was for any thing in heaven or earth, in this world or the future, ever to separate me from the love of God which was in Christ Jesus! I cannot find language to express, how *certain* this appeared,—the everlasting mountains and hills were but shadows to it. My safety and happiness, and eternal enjoyment of God's immutable love, seemed as durable and unchangeable as God himself. Melted and overcome by the sweetness of this assurance, I fell into a great flow of tears, and could not forbear weeping aloud. It appeared certain to me that God was my Father, and Christ my Lord and Savior, that he was mine, and I his. Under a delightful sense of the immediate presence and love of God, these words seemed to come over and over in my mind, "My God, my all; my God, my all." The presence of God was so near, and so real, that I seemed scarcely conscious of any thing else. God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ, seemed as distinct persons, both manifesting their inconceivable loveliness, and mildness, and gentleness, and their great and immutable love to me. I seemed to be taken under the care and charge of my God and Savior, in an inexpressibly endearing manner; and Christ appeared to me as a mighty Savior, under the character of the lion of the tribe of Judah, taking my heart with all its corruptions under his care, and putting it at his feet. In all things which concerned me, I felt myself safe under the protection of the Father and the Savior; who appeared with supreme kindness to keep a record of every thing that I did, and of every thing that was done to me, purely for my good. The peace and happiness which I hereupon felt was altogether inexpressible. It seemed to be that which came from heaven; to be eternal and unchangeable. I seemed to be lifted above earth and hell, out of the reach of every thing here below, so that I could look on all the rage and enmity of men or devils, with a kind of holy indifference, and an undisturbed tranquillity. At the same time, I felt a compassion and love for all mankind, and a deep abasement of soul, under a sense of my own unworthiness. I felt myself more perfectly weaned from all things here below, than ever before. The whole world, with all its enjoyments, and all its troubles, seemed to be nothing. My God was my all, my only portion. No possible suffering appeared to be worth regarding; all persecutions and torments were a mere nothing. I seemed to dwell on high, and the place of defence to be the munition of rocks.

Jan. 28.—Hearing Mr. B. read a hymn of Dr. Watts's, concerning the loveliness of Christ, the enjoyments and employments of heaven, and the Christian's desire of heavenly things; the truth and reality of the things mentioned in the hymn, made so strong an impression on my mind, and my soul was drawn so powerfully towards Christ and heaven, that I leaped unconsciously from my chair. I seemed to be drawn upwards, soul and body, from the earth towards heaven; and it appeared to me that I must naturally and necessarily ascend thither. These feelings continued while the hymn was reading, and during the prayer of Mr. C. which followed. After the prayer, Mr. B. read two other hymns, on the glories of heaven, which moved me so exceedingly, and drew me so strongly heavenward, that it seemed as it were to draw my body upwards, and I felt as if I must necessarily ascend thither. At length my strength failed me, and I sunk down; when they took me up and laid me on the bed, where I lay for a considerable time, faint with joy, while contemplating the glories of the heavenly world. After I had lain awhile, I felt more perfectly subdued and weaned from the world, and more fully resigned to God, than I had ever been conscious of before. I was entirely swallowed

up in God, as my only portion, and his honor and glory was the object of my supreme desire and delight. At the same time, I felt a far greater love to the children of God, than ever before. I seemed to love them as my own soul; and when I saw them, my heart went out towards them, with an inexpressible endearedness and sweetness. I beheld them by faith in their risen and glorified state, with spiritual bodies refashioned after the image of Christ's glorious body, and arrayed in the beauty of heaven. The time when they would be so appeared very near, and by faith it seemed as if it were present. That night was the sweetest night I ever had in my life. I never before, for so long a time together, enjoyed so much of the light, and rest, and sweetness of heaven in my soul, but without the least agitation of body during the whole time. The greater part of the night I lay awake, sometimes asleep, and sometimes between sleeping and waking. I seemed to myself to perceive a glow of divine love come down from the heart of Christ in heaven into my heart, in a constant stream, like a stream or pencil of light. At the same time, my heart and soul all flowed out in love to Christ; so that there seemed to be a constant flowing and reflowing of heavenly and divine love, from Christ's heart to mine; and I appeared to myself to float or swim in these bright sweet beams of the love of Christ, like the motes swimming in the beams of the sun, or the streams of his light, which come in at the window. This lively sense of the beauty and excellency of divine things, continued during the morning, accompanied with peculiar sweetness and delight. To my own imagination, my soul seemed to be gone out of me to God and Christ in heaven, and to have very little relation to my body. God and Christ were so present to me, and so near me, that I seemed removed from myself. I never felt such an entire emptiness of self-love, or any regard to any private, selfish interest of my own. It seemed to me, that I had entirely done with myself. The glory of God seemed to be all in all, and to swallow up every wish and desire of my heart.—[*Vol. I. of President Edwards' Works.*

A Reminiscence.

OUR spirits bow instinctively to the shrine of beauty; with her twin sister melody, she can soothe our quivering heart-strings, when they are wrought up to the most intense suffering. A vision of beauty comes before our mind's eye now, a lovely child, of some half-dozen summers, the playmate of my childhood, the sister friend of my riper years, the *guardian angel of to-day*.

In imagination, I am passing my hand fondly over the soft, curling tresses which hung around a snowy brow, and, looking into a pair of deep, dreamy eyes, and admiring the deep rose color of a cheek and lip, which to my childish fancy seemed fairer than any other in the wide world. The years sped swiftly by, and the lovely child grew into the gifted, beautiful maiden, who, with every earthly prospect beaming brightly around her, sought and found the "pearl of great price," and henceforward, leaving the gay paths of worldly pleasure, walked in the "straight and narrow way" of the pilgrims, to the "celestial city." Her hand was sought by one well worthy of her love, and she became a happy young wife; and when, a few years afterward, a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy comes to their pleasant cottage home, and the dear word mother, falls upon her ear, her cup of happiness would seem to be full. There are some hearts, however, which will never be satisfied with mere selfish happiness. They burn with an intense desire for usefulness. Realizing how brief is the longest span of human life, they strive to fill it with good deeds, and leave footprints which shall never be effaced throughout the cycles of eternity. The home of my friend Mary was in a pretty little village on the banks of the U., which was not distinguished for

wealth or piety. The one church, where the half-dozen different denominations alternately worshipped, was in a sadly ruinous condition, and when the little band with whom she had connected herself spoke of building a place of worship, the proposal was met only with smiles of incredulity and ridicule. "An M. E. Church in the village of Mt. —— which can scarcely boast of a dozen members,—*preposterous!*" Now the heart of our friend was filled with an earnest faith that this same preposterous thing could and should be done. Two years afterward, a neatly finished and furnished M. E. Church, appeared in the centre of the village, filled with an intelligent and attentive congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath.

How far the unceasing labors and prayers of our friend contributed to this result, eternity alone will divulge. It seemed very strange and unwelcome tidings when the news flew from lip to lip, a few months ago, "Mary is ill." Her life seemed so bright, so filled up with usefulness, that the thought of sickness and death, in connection with her name, seemed almost sinful. The flush upon her cheek was even brighter than usual, and her eyes of almost painful brilliancy, when we first saw her upon her sick bed. She was not very ill, only a languor which she could neither shake off nor surmount, hung about her. "She would soon be well again—yes, in that land where there is no more sickness or death." Slowly, yet surely, the insidious consumption, wrapped his deathly folds about our beautiful one, hiding his repulsive form in many a deceitful lure, till the conviction forced itself upon her mind, that her days were numbered. Then came a short, severe struggle. It was hard to leave all the dear ones who clung to her with such earnest love; harder to leave the infant church in whose interests her soul was so deeply wrapped, but the struggle was a brief one, and the victory was glorious.

We had come to bid her a last farewell, knowing that, ere we met again, her ransomed spirit would be an inhabitant of the "realms of light." It was hard to think of so much beauty and goodness going down so early to the tomb. Her piano stood silent against the wall. Those fair fingers would never call forth tones of melody from its keys again. A golden harp awaited her, and the voice which we loved so well to hear, would join the songs of the angels. The drawings which had employed the hours of her happy girlhood seemed to say to us, "her work is done," she will soon gaze upon those beautiful landscapes which feast the vision of the glorified in that land which "our Father" has prepared for those who love him. Turn which way we pleased, some familiar object met the eye, which brought mournful memories to our aching hearts. Thoughts of gloom and sadness vanished, however, when we stood by Mary's death-bed. I had heard people attempt to describe the angelic beauty which sometimes encircles the dying saint, but never before did words seem so utterly powerless. With a smile of heavenly sweetness, she gave me her farewell kiss, and whispered, while the glow which lit up her countenance thrilled through my soul with an unearthly power, "We 'll meet in heaven."

"We 'll meet in heaven." The damp of death was creeping
O'er the blue veined and polished marble brow
Of her, my bosom friend, while sadly weeping,
I listened to her whispered accents low.

"We 'll meet in heaven." My heart was crushed and bleeding,
Until I looked upon that face so fair
For eye, and lip, and brow, were brightly beaming,
And more than mortal beauty lingered there.

"We 'll meet in heaven." Ah, "*will* we meet in heaven?"
And my mind's eye turned inward to my heart,
Oh could I lay *me* down to die so gently,
Shall *I* thus triumph when *I must depart?*

It was her last farewell, and memory ever,
Like a true guardian, faithful to her trust,
Shall keep those sacred accents, never, never,
Forgotten till this casket turns to dust.

[Northern Christian Advocate.

"There are no Tears in Heaven."

The author of the appended lines, Mr. John T. Twartz, conferred a benefit on society, and on the religious world at large, when he sat himself down to write a poem which intuition taught him would make every one a holier and a better man, after he had read it.

I MET a child, his feet were bare,
His weak frame shivered with the cold,
His youthful brow was knit with care,
His flashing eye his sorrow told.
Said I, "Poor boy, why weepest thou?"
"My parents both are dead," he said;
"I have not where to lay my head;
O, I am lone and friendless now!"
Not friendless, child; a Friend on high
For you his precious blood has given;
Cheer up, and bid each tear be dry,—
"There are no tears in heaven."

I saw a man in life's gay noon,
Stand weeping o'er his young bride's bier;
"And must we part," he cried, "so soon!"
As down his cheeks there rolled a tear:
"Heart-stricken one," said I, "weep not!"
"Weep not!" in accents wild he cried,
"But yesterday my loved one died,
And shall she be so soon forgot?"
Forgotten? No! still let her love
Sustain thy heart, with anguish riven;
Strive thou to meet thy bride above,
And dry your tears in heaven.

I saw a gentle mother weep,
As to her throbbing heart she prest
An infant seemingly asleep,
On its kind mother's sheltering breast.
"Fair one," said I, "pray, weep no more."
Sobbed she, "The ideal of my hope
I now am called to render up;
My babe has reached death's gloomy shore."
Young mother, yield no more to grief,
Nor be by passion's tempest driven,
But find in these sweet words relief,
"There are no tears in heaven."

Poor traveller o'er life's troubled wave—
Cast down by grief, o'erwhelmed with care—
There is an arm above can save,
Then yield not thou to fell despair.
Look upward, mourners, look above!
What though the thunders echo loud;
The sun shines bright beyond the cloud,
Then trust to thy Redeemer's love.
Where'er thy lot in life be cast,
Whate'er of toil or woe be given—
Be firm—remember to the last,
"There are no tears in heaven."

"Mine 's a Religion for all Weathers."

THERE 's a fishing village on the coast of Cornwall, where the people are very poor, but pious and intelligent. Last year they were sorely tried. The winds were contrary, and for nearly a month they could not put to sea. At last, one Sabbath morning, the wind changed, and some of the men whose faith was weak went out toward the beach, the women and children looking on sadly, many saying with sighs, "I'm sorry it is Sunday, but—if we were not so poor."

"But if," said a sturdy fisherman, starting up and speaking aloud, "surely, neighbors, your buts and ifs do break God's law."

The people gathered around him, and he added, "Mine 's a religion for all weathers, fair wind and foul. 'This is the love of God, that ye keep his law.' 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' That 's the law, friends. And our Lord came not to break, but to fulfil the law. True, we are poor; what of that? Better poor and have God's smile, than rich and have his frown. Go you, that dare; but I never knew any good come of a religion that changed with the wind."

These words in season staid the purpose of the rest. They went home and made ready for the house of God, and spent the day in praise and prayer. In the evening, just when they would have been returning, a sudden storm sprung up, that raged terribly for two days. After the tempest came settled weather, and the pilchard fishery was so rich and abundant, that there was soon no complaining in the village. Here was a religion for all weathers. Remember the words: "Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed."

The Guide to Holiness.

JUNE, 1857.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

THE MAY NUMBER.—Through a mistake of our Binder, quite a number of our subscribers received the "Merchants' and Manufacturers' Magazine," done up in the Guide covers. We regret that this should have happened—but if any of our friends who have received the above Magazine, will return it to us, with their names and P. O. address marked on the cover, we will at once forward them the Guide.

EXCERPTA FROM CORRESPONDENCE. — The following, from a Wesleyan Missionary at Cape Haytien, Hayti, will be read with interest by our readers, not only as furnishing a sketch of the work in that foreign field, but as exhibiting the spread of the principles we advocate, and the abiding conviction which the missionary feels of the necessity of holiness to ensure success in his labors.

"Though a perfect stranger to you, I take the liberty of writing. Belonging to the great Methodist family, and being engaged in the same glorious work as yourself, I can, though not in person, give you the right hand of fellowship, and bid you God-speed in your labors of love.

"I have been a reader of the Guide to Holiness for some three years, and admire, as I have always done, the object proposed by that excellent publication, and the spirit in which it has been conducted. I have often been indebted to its pages for encouragement and comfort in the work in which the great Master has permitted me to engage. It has not seldom quickened my energies, and raised my drooping spirits; in fact, it has often supplied, and still continues to supply, in some degree, the place of that communion with experienced saints, of which, in this country, we are singularly deprived. Ours, among this people, is a work of preparation, and requires much insisting upon the very first elements, the very A, B, C, of religion. True, here and there, we have some who can digest strong meat, but the generality of our small societies are babes, requiring the very simplest food. There is a want, therefore, which we feel very much, a want of advanced and mature experience, to stimulate us to greater and higher acquirements in the life divine. There is so much danger of settling down upon our lees, when placed in circumstances such as those in which we are placed. But the reading of such works as the Guide, I have found ever beneficial, acting as a corrective to over-valuing of one's self and making one feel one's own littleness after all. We need to be placed in contact with something higher and better than ourselves, that pride may be checked, and good desires and strivings stimulated and encouraged. This I find in the Guide.

"Conscious of many imperfections, much unfaithfulness and coldness, my desire, nay, more, my determination is, to be holy. There is, I am sure, a close connexion between holiness and usefulness. I intend to be useful, and must therefore be holy. If I would preach holiness, I must be able to say, with Paul, 'Those things which ye have seen in me, do.'

"We beg an interest in your prayers, and in those of the people of God, in behalf of ourselves, and the mission in which we are engaged; that our testimony to the whole truth as it is in Jesus may be received by many who are now walking in the region of the shadow of death, preferring darkness to light, and wallowing in sin and iniquity, to walking in the highway of holiness. May the Lord make the Guide increasingly useful wherever it may come. May he give you and your colleague all needful wisdom, that its pages may be increasingly acceptable to seekers and professors of purity.

"With Christian love to yourself and colleague believe me, dear brother, yours most affectionately, in the gospel of a full, free, and a present salvation. CHARLES H. BISHOP."

OUR CALL FORGOTTEN.—A brother clergyman belonging to another branch of the Christian church, writes: "The Guide is still a great treasure to me, and I intend, if possible, to get some new subscribers for it. There are three Methodist Episcopal Churches here in E—, and suburbs, and, as far as my knowledge extends, there is not a single copy of the Guide received here save my own. It seems they have forgotten their glorious call, "to spread scriptural holiness over these lands." Although I do not belong to that church, yet I esteem it highly for its pure doctrines. A thousand pities that they are so little enforced and practised."

Beloved, this is no captious fault-finding. It is the comment of a heart who loves holiness, and who is pained at the paralysis that has fallen upon what promised, at the outset, to be one of the most effective agencies for the promulgation of spiritual life and holy living that the world has ever seen. How should we, as a church, appear, if summoned to judgment, with the words still inscribed on our banner, "The people raised up to spread scriptural holiness throughout the land?"

In contrast with the foregoing, we are happy to introduce the following, an evidence that the Methodist Church are not all asleep to the vital importance of holiness.

"My dear brethren, God knows the deep interest I feel in the circulation of the 'Guide,' and often, upon my bed, in the silent watches of the night, do I find myself planning how I may aid in this desirable object. I have concluded to request you to send it to two of my friends, (ministers,) that they may get subscribers for it. One I have seen, and he promised me to get as many on his circuit as he could; he is one who lives and loves this precious doctrine. The other one I have not seen, but know his spirit, and feel confident he will do what he can, whether that be little or much. If they do not get subscribers enough to entitle them to a copy, I will pay the balance at the end of the year.

"Think me not officious, as ladies are wont to be thought; believe me, nothing but an ardent desire for the spread of gospel holiness would embolden me thus to act; but I feel, in my heart and conscience, that God approves the effort, though it may fail of success, which I do not believe. I am often encouraged in small efforts by that little passage of God's word,—'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!'"

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

Summerfield.—Rev. T. H. Stockton, in the Bible Times, draws the following beautiful picture of Summerfield:

"In all probability, no more saintly ministry has been performed by a young man, than that of John Summerfield. It was a ministry full of gifts and graces, and all manner of richest fruits; but to us, its chief charm was its heavenly humility and holiness. It was the all-consecrating 'Spirit of glory and of God,' that perfected his attractiveness, and made him irrestible in winning sweetness of truth and love. We have heard many eminent preachers, and read the lives of as many more; but the subduing saintliness of Summerfield, modestly and serenely maintained in the midst of all flattering excitement, abides with us a thing of beauty and wonder by itself. O there is nothing like this, the true life divine; the air celestial, meek, and pure, and calm; the mind that was in Christ Jesus; the soul that is conscious of the presence, solemn with the greatness, and happy in the goodness of God. How different all this from the hauteur and pertness of many a self-conceited popular favorite, proclaiming the gospel with natural eloquence, but nearly, if not utterly, witless of its spiritual glory, and searching, saving power! Would to God the people knew what true religion is! Would to God we knew it infinitely better on our own part! O for an increase of faith and hope, and love!"

EXCELLENCY OF CHRIST.

He is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is he!
To dead men life he is, to sick men health;
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth—
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

GILES FLETCHER.

A Gem from an old Book.—It has been eloquently and truly said, that, if Christianity were compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of philosophers, the halls of legislators, or the throngs of business men, we should find her last retreat with women at the fireside. Her last audience would be the children gathering round the knees of a mother; the last sacrifice, the secret prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God.

An Appalling Statement.—A ragged school association, in a public appeal, states that there are in London, 1,400,000 persons who never attend public worship, 150,000 habitual drunkards, 150,000 open profligates, 20,000 professional beggars, 10,000 gamblers, 30,000 destitute children, and 30,000 receivers of stolen goods. More than 10,000 young men under eighteen years of age are annually committed for theft in Great Britain.

THE BIBLE IN CHINA.—There has been much doubt whether the rebellion in China, led by Thae Ping Mong, had any connection with the circulation of the Scriptures. Some light is thrown upon this subject by the following letter, which was written by a soldier in the army of the so-called rebels, to a Chinese friend of his in Hong Kong, and which is probably a specimen of many letters which Chinamen are writing to each other:

"I have joined this army because God has raised up our true Lord to drive out the Tartars and deliver China from idolatry. Our army is a holy army, and we are sure of success. Every morning and every evening, we pray to God at our meals. Formerly I was an idolator, and worthy of death as you are now. Worship God!—*go to some of the foreigners at Canton and get a copy of God's Holy Book.* That will teach you what to do." There is no mistake in such language as this. This poor soldier at least had learned to associate the worship of the true God, and the destruction of idolatry with the reading of God's Holy Book.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.—A lady attended a festival in Paris, given at the house of a wealthy but Godly and evangelical Christian, of which she writes as follows:

"The company was large and select; but it was not composed of the rich, the fashionable, the gay or the distinguished. Aspiring to entertain the "best of society," while craving the company of friends in whom he delighted, this man sent his cards to the elect of the Lord, and gathered at his house the kindred of the household of faith. Hard-handed laborers and humble serving-women—for "not many rich, not many noble are called"—mingled freely and fraternally among Christians of all other classes, in the rich saloons of the pious host, and made a scene of heavenly unity and affection, such as is too rarely known in the churches on earth. A large table was covered with religious books, in elegant bindings, from which every person present received a hallowed souvenir of the occasion. *When shall selfish isolation and arrogant exclusiveness* be displaced by a spirit like this, in all the churches of the meek and lowly Jesus?"

Reader! have you never yet spoken one word for Christ? Have you never invited one sinner to the Savior?

BOOK NOTICES.

BRIEF RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE REV. GEORGE W. WALKER. By Rev. Maxwell P. Gaddis. With an Introduction, by Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D.

No class of men furnish such material for a biographical sketch as Methodist preachers. Constantly itinerating, and brought in contact with all classes in community, they must, of necessity, be full of incident, and that of the most interesting character. We have not had time to read the volume before us; but a hasty glance at the table of contents, and the good-natured face of the subject of this memoir, an engraving of which adorns the title-page, together with our knowledge of the author's qualification for the work he has undertaken, leads us to expect a feast in its perusal. *Cincinnati, Swormstead & Poe.*

AN ANALYTICAL CONCORDANCE TO THE HOLY SCRIPTURES; or, the Bible presented under Distinct and Classified heads or Topics. Edited by John Eadie, D. D., L. L. D. Boston, Gould & Lincoln. New York, Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

This is a work of immense labor, and truly invaluable to the biblical student. It does not supersede a common concordance, the design of which is simply to assist the student in finding some passage of Scripture by means of a leading word; but presents a concordance of subjects arranged in a most systematic manner. Not the least valuable part of the book, is a *Synopsis,* giving, in the author's own words, what, in the Concordance, is spread over many pages, and expressed in Scripture language. Also an *Index,* embracing nearly two thousand leading words, arranged in alphabetical order.

THE WELL IN THE VALLEY. By Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D. "Who, passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well."—Psalms lxxxiv. 7. pp. 430.

The design of this little volume is to explain to the young, the nature of Christian duties and ordinances, and urge upon them the necessity of giving their immediate personal attention thereto. It is illustrated with several wood-cut engravings. *American Sunday School Union,* Boston, H. Hoyt, Agent.

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL AND ITS ADJUNCTS. By James W. Alexander, D. D.

The name of Dr. Alexander is of itself a sufficient guaranty to any thing that may come from his pen. The whole subject is here canvassed by a master's hand. *American Sunday School Union.* H. Hoyt, Agent.